ROME
R. Tiber
L. Fucino
Termoli
ABRUZZO
Apennine Mountains
Casino
Campobasso
Terracina
M. Circello
Gaeta
Gulf of Gaeta
Capua
Benevento
Pontine Isles
NAPLES
Avellino
Pozzuoli
M. Vesuvius
Ischia
Gulf of Naples
Castellammare
Salerno
Amalfi
Battipaglia
Capri
G. of Salerno
Paestum
Capaccio
Agropoli
Pt. Licosa
R. Alento
TYRRHENIAN SEA
English Miles
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NAPLES
Posilipo
Portici
Mount Vesuvius
Cuma
Baja
Resina
Torre del Greco
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C. Miseno
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GULF OF NAPLES
Pompeii
Cava
Vietri
Ischia
Castellamare
Vico Equense
Majori
Amalfi
Sorrento
Conca
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Vettica
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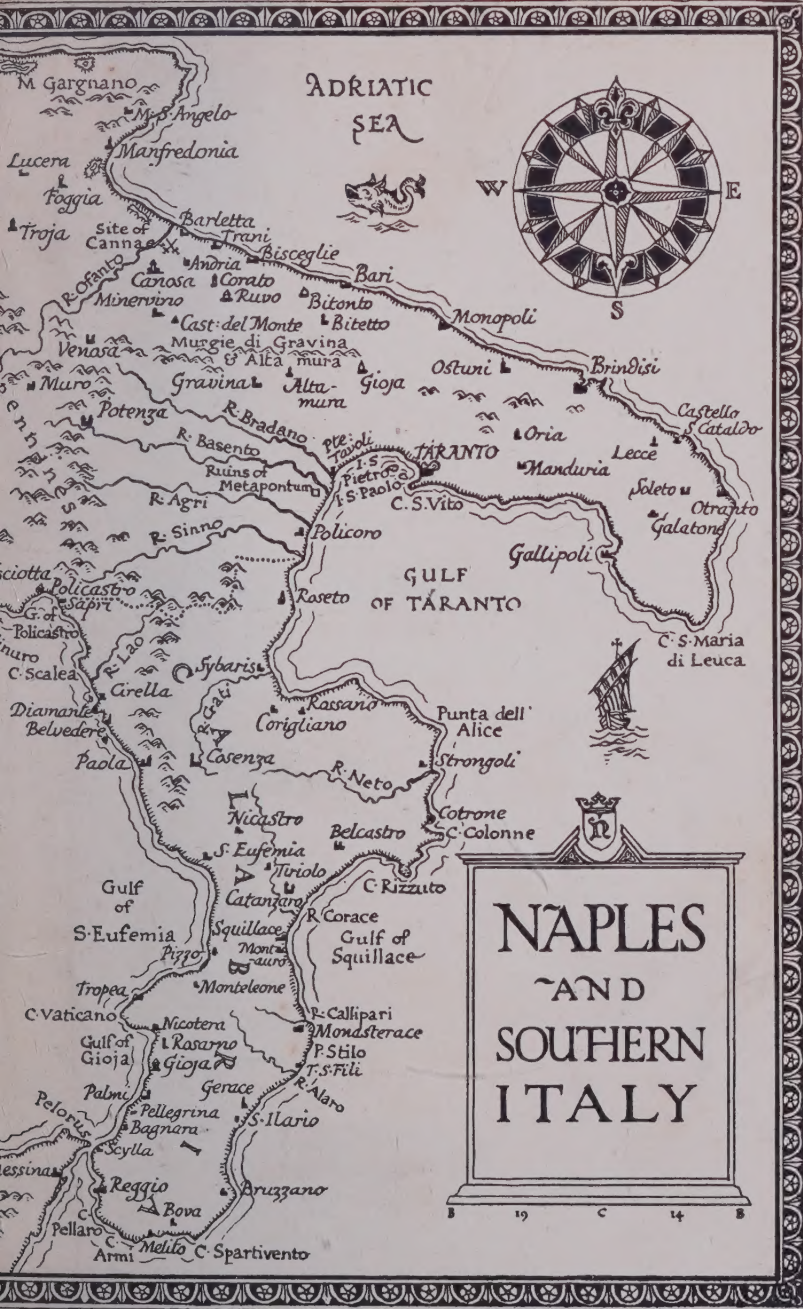
Campanella Pt.
Gulf of Salerno
THE ENVIRONS OF NAPLES
Lipari Isles
Palermo
SICILY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Andria
Corato
Ruvo
Bari
Canosa
R. Ofanto
Minervino
Bitonto
Cast. del Monte
Bitetto
Monopoli
Venosa
Murgie di Gravina
& Alta mura
Ostuni
Brindisi
Muro
Gravina
Alta-mura
Gioja
Potenza
R. Bradano
Castello Cataldo
R. Basento
Pte. Taioli
TARANTO
Oria
Lecce
I. S. Pietro
I. S. Paolo
Ruins of Metapontum
Manduria
Soleto
Otranto
R. Agri
C. S. Vito
Galatone
R. Sinno
Policoro
Gallipoli
GULF OF TARANTO
Roseto
Policastro
Sapri
G. of Policastro
C. Scalea
C. S. Maria di Leuca
R. Lao
Sybaris
Cirella
Rossano
Diamante
Belvedere
Corigliano
Punta dell' Alice
Paola
Cosenza
Strongoli
R. Neto
Nicastro
Cotrone
C. Colonne
Belcastro
S. Eufemia
Tiriolo
Gulf of S. Eufemia
Catanzaro
C. Rizzuto
R. Corace
Squillace
Gulf of Squillace
Pizzo
Monteleone
Tropea
C. Vaticano
Nicotera
R. Callipari
Mondsterace
Gulf of Gioja
R. Rosarno
Gioja
P. Stilo
T. S. Fili
Gerace
R. Alaro
Palmi
Pellegrina
S. Ilario
Pelorus
Bagnara
Scylla
Reggio
Bruzzano
Bova
Pellaro
C. Armi
Melito
C. Spartivento
NAPLES AND SOUTHERN ITALY
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NAPLES AND SOUTHERN ITALY

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE CITIES OF UMBRIA

FLORENCE AND NORTHERN TUSCANY

ROME

VENICE AND VENETIA

MILAN AND LOMBARDY

THE CITIES OF ROMAGNA AND THE MARCHES

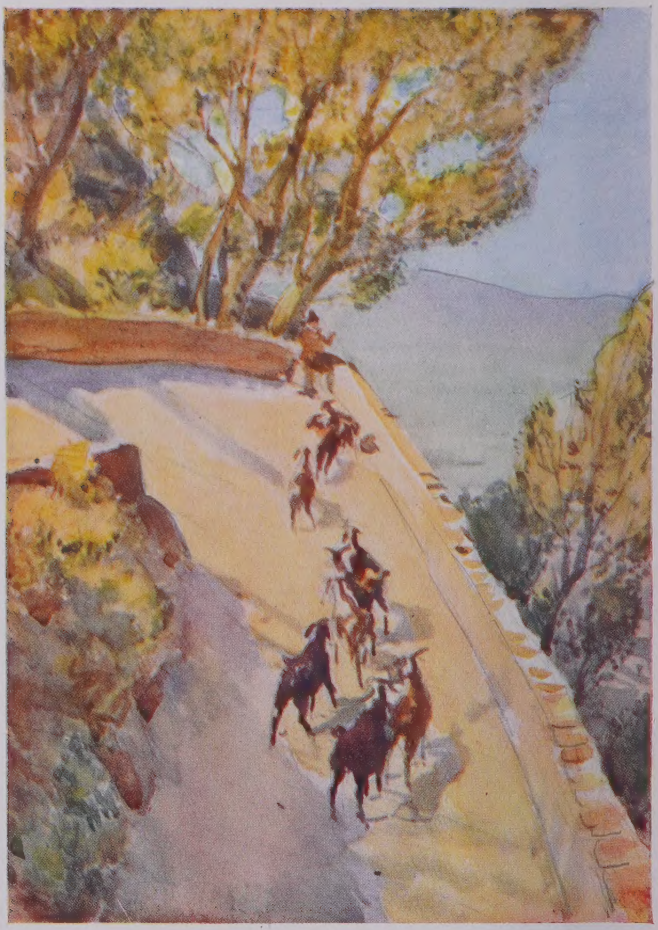
THE CITIES OF SPAIN

SIENA AND SOUTHERN TUSCANY

A WAYFARER IN UNKNOWN TUSCANY

COUNTRY WALKS ABOUT FLORENCE

THE MASTIFF OF RIMINI



ON THE ROAD TO SAN FILI

NAPLES AND SOUTHERN ITALY

BY

EDWARD HUTTON

WITH 12 ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR BY
FRANK CRISP
AND 16 OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS
AND A MAP

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TO THE DEAR MEMORY

OF

FRANCIS EDWARD FITZJOHN CRISP

PAINTER

SOMETIME CORPORAL, F. COY., 28TH LONDON REGT. (ARTISTS' RIFLES)
AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH, 2ND LIEUT., KING'S COY.
1ST BATT. GRENADIER GUARDS

KILLED IN ACTION

JANUARY 5, 1915

AGED 32 YEARS

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori"

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NAPLES AND SOUTHERN ITALY

I

NAPLES

I

TO come to Naples from Rome through the noble and tragic majesty of the Campagna, along that sombre and yet lovely road under Anagni and Monte Cassino, or to enter it first without warning out of the loneliness, the silence, and the beauty, of the sea, is to experience an astonishing disillusion.

For there is nothing, I think, in all the South—nothing certainly in Italy—quite like Naples in its sordid and yet tremendous vitality, a vitality that is sterile, that wastes itself upon itself. The largest and most populous city in the peninsula, it might seem, on first acquaintance at least, to be rather a pen of animals than a city of men, a place amazing if you will, but disgusting in its amazement, whose life is merely life, without dignity, beauty or reticence, or any of the nobler conventions of civilization; a place so restless and noisy and confused that it might be pandemonium, so parvenu and second rate that it might be one of those new American cities upon the Pacific slope.

All this is emphasized and accentuated by the unrivalled beauty of the world in which the city stands, the spacious and perfect loveliness of the great bay shining and yet

half lost in all the gold of the sun, between the dreaming headlands of Sorrento, of Posilipo, of Misenum, the gracious gesture, the incomparable outline of Vesuvius, the vision of Capri, of Procida and Ischia rising out of the sea, the colour of sea and sky, of valley and mountain and curved shore. For this is Campania, the true arcady of the Romans, and here more than anywhere else, perhaps, the forms of the past clothed in our dreams are indestructible, and will outface even such a disillusion as Naples never fails to afford.

In this incomparable landscape Naples stands not like Genoa nobly about an amphitheatre of hills, not like Palermo in an enchanted valley, but in the deepest curve of her vast and beautiful bay at the foot of the hills and upon their lower slopes, beneath the great and splendid fortress of Sant' Elmo, which towers up over the city in shining beauty and pride, the one noble feature of a place that, but for it, would be without any monumental splendour.

Sant' Elmo towers there over the city upon the west; farther away and to the north, upon a scarcely lesser height, lies the great Bourbon palace of Capodimonte, while to the east, upon the far side of the fruitful valley of the Sebethus, rises the violet pyramid of Vesuvius with its silver streamer of volcanic smoke. Seen from afar, and especially from the sea, there can be but few places in the world comparable with this; the vast and beautiful bay closed on the west by Capo Miseno, with its sentinel islands, Ischia and Procida, and on the east by the great headland of Sorrento more than twenty miles away as the gull flies, and defended, as it were, seaward by the island of Capri, is dominated in the very midst by the height and beauty and strangeness of Vesuvius. Divided by many lesser headlands into numerous smaller bays, such as that of Baia upon the west and Castellamare upon the east, its deepest inlet lies in a double curve within the headland of Posilipo, divided by the Pizzofalcone, upon

the tip of which, rising out of the waves, the Castel dell' Ovo stands. To the west of this point lies the bay of Posilipo, the Riviera di Chiana, the Villa Nazionale, the park of Naples, and the aristocratic and wealthy quarter of the city; to the east lies Naples itself, the great harbour with the city behind it sprawling over the shore, the valley and the lower slopes of the hills, held and ennobled by the Castel Sant' Elmo behind it on an isolated height of Vomero.

The bay of Posilipo, the Riviera di Chiana with its beautiful pleasure-ground, its luxurious villas upon headland and height, offers a vision of modern luxury and wealth in the most perfect surroundings of scenery and climate, and, save that its buildings are wholly without character, it might seem to have nothing in common with the city which lies to the east of the Pizzofalcone and the Castel dell' Ovo. It is indeed wholly cut off from Naples by nature, and in fact the city can only be reached from it by two narrow ways—the Strada S. Lucia, which passes through the modern slum erected upon the filled-in bay of S. Lucia, of old the fishermen's quarter, and the steep and crowded Strada di Chiaia, one of the narrowest and most characteristic streets of the city. It is by one of these narrow ways that you come, and always with a new surprise, into the witches' cauldron of the city of Naples.

Those long streets the colour of mud, built from the lava of Vesuvius, lined with tall, mean houses balconied with iron; those narrow alleys climbing up towards Sant' Elmo or descending to the harbour and S. Lucia, crowded and squalid and hung everywhere with ragged clothes drying in the fetid air; the noise that here more than in any other city in the world overwhelms everything in its confusion and meanness, the howling of children, the cries of the women, the shouting of the men vainly competing with the cracking of whips, the beating of horses' hoofs, the hooting of steamers, the innumerable bells—not only

those, here so harsh, of the churches, but the brutal gongs of trams, the bells of cows and goats; the mere hubbub of human speech that seems more deafening than it is by reason of the appalling emphasis of gesture: all this horrifies and confuses the stranger perhaps chiefly because he can find nothing definite in its confusion for the mind to seize upon—the mind indeed being half paralysed by the mere flood of undistinguishable things, not one of which is characteristic, but rather all together. The mere extent of the place, too, shapeless as it is, stretching for miles in all its sordidness along the seashore, appals one, for its disorder is a violent disorder; its voice the voice of the mob, cruel, blatant, enormous, signifying nothing.

In this boiling cauldron there is neither happiness nor enjoyment, but after a little, when one's first disgust is passed, there remains an extraordinary fascination. The life of Naples is the life of the streets, of the *salite, scale, rampe,* of which it is full; everything takes place there in these narrow ways, even the toilet; and little by little one is compelled by the obscene spirit of the city to wander continually, and, only half ashamed, to watch these poor people in all their pathetic poverty and animalism, their amazing unselfconsciousness, their extraordinary and meaningless violence of gesture and speech.

For there is, of course, in all this noisy confusion that fills Naples like a cup running over a certain shamefulness that the people do not feel, of which perhaps only we who are strangers are aware. All that one means by human dignity and self-respect is lacking here, and this is felt wherever one goes, not only outside the Galleria at evening, when not only beautiful girls are offered in a baleful hiss by the innumerable pimps that infest the place—*una ragazza, fresca, bella, bellissima, di quindici anni*—but everywhere one goes, where everything is hawked at the top of the voice and always at a false price. This lack of human respect, of all that one means by decency is surely due to something more than the soft-

ness and luxury of the climate as Chateaubriand thought. Centuries of oppression, of the most shameless exploitation of the people by their always foreign rulers are answerable for the moral anæmia, the want of honour, that have made of the Neapolitans something less than men, a true *canaille* that has never possessed enough virility for successful rebellion, and of Naples itself a city without a monument, a sprawling mass of houses, churches, palaces, streets all built of grey lava, scarce one of which has any distinction or beauty.

What are we to say of these churches, French or Spanish, all alike engulfed in the tawdry splendour of the baroque or worse? What are we to say of these piazzas not one of which has a noble memory, and only one of which, the Mercato, can be said to bear witness to any national event? What are we to say of that palace cheek by jowl with a theatre of which, indeed, in its pretentious make-believe it might seem to be properly a part?

For us, indeed, when the astonishment of Naples, the confusion and noise and disorder, the spawning life of the place, have passed into weariness, there remains nothing to see; the tombs of her foreign rulers, the museum, the wonderful aquarium in the Villa Nazionale, not the least interesting thing in this city, and the glory of her situation, of the world which she dishonours and in which she lies, to be best enjoyed, as it were at a glance, from S. Martino on the height of Sant' Elmo, the great Carthusian monastery founded by Duke Charles of Calabria in 1325 and rebuilt in the seventeenth century. It is because that world is so fair and full of delight that one returns to Naples again and again.

II

The Story of Naples

The name of Naples, Neapolis, the new city, indicates at once her Greek origin, and indeed she was one of the

oldest of those Greek settlements which hundreds of years before our era scattered Southern Italy and Sicily with a noble and fruitful civilization.

Perhaps the earliest [1] of all these city states was that founded, it is said, by a mixed colony of Chalcidians from Eubœa and of Cymæans from Æolis, at Cumæ, just without the beautiful gulf of Pozzuoli some six miles to the north of Capo Miseno. Now whether, as happened more than once later in Magna Græcia,[2] the two different peoples that had thus founded the city of Cumæ quarrelled, so that the Chalcidians were expelled and proceeded to found another state, or whether the colony as a whole, having increased and grown rich, decided to establish a daughter city, we do not know, but it was from Cumæ that Parthenope was founded, "where the Siren Parthenope was cast ashore," that is to say, under the headland of Posilipo, where to this day Pozzuoli stands. Presently either Cumæ or Parthenope, her daughter, founded another city, within the headland of Posilipo, upon the banks of the Sebethus, that is to say, where the Castel Capuano stands to-day. This "new city" was known as Neapolis to distinguish it from Parthenope, the old city thenceforth known as Palæpolis.

With those Greek cities founded upon the more southern coasts of the peninsula of Italy, which all together formed what Polybius [3] first calls *Magna Græcia*, I shall deal later in this book. This is not the place to speak of them. Indeed, though Cumæ was probably the earliest of all the Greek settlements in Italy and Sicily, Neapolis and Cumæ were never among the cities which came under that title, the most northern of which, Poseidonia (Pæstum), was a colony of Sybaris, and all of which upon the Tyrrhene coast, save Velia only, were colonies of the cities upon the Italian shore of the Ionian Sea. Isolated as they were, Cumæ and her daughters formed a little group apart that

[1] Strabo, Lib. v.

[2] As, for instance, with Locri (Pol. xii. 5).

[3] Polybius, ii. 39.

had almost no connection with the later Greek settlements farther south, which came to be known as Magna Græcia.

The position of these two Greek cities isolated thus on the coast of Campania seems, as far as the barbarians in whose midst they stood were concerned, to have been fairly secure. All the Greek settlements in Italy were apparently at first in friendly relations with the Italian tribes of the interior whose land they did not covet and whom they were willing to admit, to some small extent at any rate, to the benefits of their wealth and civilization. Later, however, this was not so. The most formidable of the barbarian tribes in the fourth century B.C. in Southern Italy was the Samnites. The Samnites were bent upon conquest, and especially upon the conquest of Capua, at that time the richest and greatest city of Southern Italy according to Livy.[1] For in 343 B.C. the petty people of the Sidicini (Teano) had appealed for aid to Capua against the Samnites, and the Samnites had been victorious. Capua then applied to Rome for assistance, and Rome sent the Consul Valerius Corvus with an army and defeated the Samnites at Mount Gaurus, Monte Barbaro, near Puteoli. About a year later, however, the Campanians, but not Capua, strongly espoused the cause of the Latins against Rome, and in 340 B.C. both were defeated by the Consuls T. Manlius and P. Decius at the foot of Vesuvius. Capua itself received the rights of Roman citizenship, but the other cities, among them Cumæ, but not apparently Palæpolis or Neapolis, obtained only the *civitas sine suffragio*.

The prosperity and wealth of Campania, always great, increased, but in 323 B.C. the second war of the Romans with the Samnites broke out, and among those who espoused the cause of the Samnites, whom they appear to have admitted into their city as a garrison, were the people of Palæpolis. Thus it appears that in 327–326 B.C. Palæpolis was still in existence. It was taken by the Consul

[1] Livy, vii. 31.

Publilius Philo, and that indeed is the last we hear of the "old city" whose name does not again appear in history.

Neapolis apparently had not aided the Samnites; at any rate the fate of Palæpolis led the Neapolitans to conclude a treaty with Rome, who, by the victories of Nola in 313 and of Nuceria in 308, securely established herself in Campania.

From this time Naples was in fact a dependency of Rome, though she enjoyed the title of an ally; so favourable indeed was her position that when at the end of the Social War all the Italian cities obtained the Roman franchise, Naples and Heracleia refused it and petitioned in vain to remain as they were aforetime. It is not, therefore, wonderful that Naples was loyal to Rome. She would have nothing to do with Pyrrhus when in 282 B.C. he approached her, and she steadfastly opposed Hannibal, though he continually ravaged her territory. Indeed, save for the riot and massacre by the adherents of Sulla during the Civil War, in 82 B.C. until the fall of the Republic, Naples was a prosperous provincial and municipal town still largely Greek in its culture, institutions, and population.

Perhaps it was the essentially Greek character of the city as much as its luxurious climate that made it even in the last years of the Republic, and more and more after the establishment of the Empire, a favourite residence of the wealthy Roman nobility. Its gymnasia and public games, over which the Emperors often presided, were famous, scholars flocked there, and little by little the whole glorious bay, especially the gulf of Pozzuoli between Cape Misenum and Posilipo, where Baiæ rose, was encrusted and built up with sumptuous villas often thrust out into the sea on foundations which remain half marvellous to this day. Marius had a great villa there which Lucullus bought, where Tiberius died and the last Roman Emperor, Romulus Augustulus, retired, by the clemency of Odoacer, to end his days; but Lucullus had many

villas here, his gardens covered the Pizzofalcone and Posilipo, where Virgil finished his *Georgics*, and whither his body was brought from Brundusium for burial. Indeed, even before the Claudian Emperors made Naples fashionable, before Nero appeared upon the stage there, or Caligula contrived and built his bridge of boats across the bay of Baiæ, this was the most famous pleasure resort in the Empire.

With the decline of the Empire the prosperity of Naples, of course, decreased, till at last, when upon Alaric's march towards Sicily after the sack of Rome in 410, all Campania was ravaged and Capua and Nola burnt, Naples did not escape any more than she did later when the Vandals passed by under Genseric in 455. Indeed we may perhaps understand something of the change which had come upon the city when we read that the Villa of Lucullus, where Tiberius had died, had become a fortress, so that it was in a castle that Romulus Augustulus hid himself when he let fall the Imperial crown in 576. Naples was, however, by no means overwhelmed in these disasters. In the thirty years of peace which the Ostrogothic barbarian Theodoric gave to Italy, she re-arose, so that Cassiodorus tells us that in his time she still rejoiced in every kind of pleasure and delight both by land and sea.

The years that followed—the long years of the re-conquest of Italy by Constantinople—were perhaps the most disastrous the city had known. Theodoric died in 526, and ten years later Belisarius was thundering at her gates. Naples was, of course, held by a Gothic garrison, and though the people would gladly have surrendered the city, the 800 Goths prevented them, so that they had to beg Belisarius not to insist. But the great general would not hear them. His march from Sicily had been a triumphal progress; Naples was the first city that had opposed him. The common people as I say would have done his bidding, but the principal citizens and the garrison and the Jews, always on the side of the Arians, refused,

and a long siege seemed inevitable. A way was found, however, to gain an entry through the broken aqueduct.[1] When this was opened Belisarius again summoned the city to surrender, again to be refused. Then he sent a company in by the way of the aqueduct, and they from within let down ladders up which the Imperialists swarmed and took the city and put many to the sword.

But the Goths returned. Six years later, in A.D. 543, Totila retook the city and dismantled the walls; but the defeat of Teias, his successor, under Vesuvius, ended the Gothic power, and Naples came into the administration of the Byzantine Empire, receiving a Dux, dependent upon the Exarch of Ravenna.

In spite of all these miseries Naples was still exceedingly rich, and presently became prosperous. From the early part of the eighth century she was to all intents and purposes independent, facing successfully the Lombard invaders who had established their duchies all about her, at Benevento, Capua, and Salerno: she was not less successful in facing the Saracen pirates, but they oppressed her, though they could not ruin her as they did so many other places in Southern Italy. At last she shamefully allied herself with these Orientals, and on this account was excommunicated by Pope John VIII.

It was in the first years of the eleventh century that the Normans first appeared in the South, and their advent here as elsewhere was full of astonishment, for they were men of steel, all lords and all warriors; every act of theirs has the force and the inspiration of an act of genius and whatsoever they achieved endured. The story of their advent is exceedingly romantic. According to one version, it was when a certain company of them were on pilgrimage to that cavern upon Monte S. Angelo in Gargano that they were accosted by the leader of the anti-Byzantine party in Bari, Melus by name, who, seeing what

[1] The aqueduct was the Ponti Rossi north-east of the city below Capodimonte.

manner of men they were, sought them as allies and promised them Apulia as a brave inheritance. They returned to Normandy to persuade, if they could, their countrymen to cross the Alps. In this they were successful. Crossing the Alps in small companies and by separate roads, they assembled in the neighbourhood of Rome, were there met by Melus, who supplied them with horses and all that was needful. Then they rode down into Apulia. Three battles followed. In the first at Arenula, on the river Fortore, they were successful, as they were also in the second, near Troia, but in the following year, 1018, they were woefully defeated on the plain of Cannæ by the Catepan, the Byzantine head of the "Capitanate" Basil Bojannes. Melus was taken prisoner, and the Normans seem to have wandered as a great band of free-lances ready to sell their aid to the various princes of Capua, Benevento, Salerno, and Naples for any undertaking whatsoever. So formidable was their prowess that with them went victory. In the year 1030, in the service of the Duke Sergius IV of Naples, their leader, Rainulf, who first married the sister of Sergius, was assigned the town of Aversa always in dispute between Naples and Capua, and this the Normans made their eyrie and their fortress. Thence they issued forth to make themselves masters of all Calabria and Apulia, and though later, upon the visit of the Emperor Conrad to Southern Italy, they lost Aversa, which was united with the principality of Salerno, they had achieved this with the exception of the sea-board towns by the year 1041. After the loss of Aversa they established their capital at Melfi and divided their conquest into twelve counties. The two Empires with the Pope were leagued against them, but without effect, and by 1052 the Papacy had decided to recognize their conquests, and in its turn to use their valour and genius.[1] Therefore Robert Guiscard was created "By the grace of God and S. Peter, Duke of

[1] See *infra*, p. 260.

Calabria, Apulia, and hereafter of Sicily" ; for Sicily was not yet in Norman hands. All these lands were held as fiefs of the Holy See, and as such they were held thereafter for more than seven hundred years.

Robert Guiscard became thus the first Duke in 1059 ; in 1060 he seized Reggio, in 1068 Otranto, in 1071 Bari and Brindisi, in 1073 the Republic of Amalfi, in 1077 the Duchy of Salerno, the last remnant of the Lombard power, and by 1091 his successor, Roger (1035–1111), had acquired from the Saracens the whole island of Sicily. Roger I was succeeded by William (1111–1127), and in 1130 Roger II, who made Palermo his capital, was entitled king by the Antipope Anacletus II, a title confirmed in 1139 by Pope Innocent II.

It was this man who at last, in the very year Innocent acknowledged him king, entered Naples—the first Norman to hold it—the city throwing its gates open to him. His reign was glorious. No state in the world at that time was better administered than his ; he reconciled his subjects the one to the other, and after ages of something like anarchy he established and maintained peace in his realm. He expected and received loyalty from Mussulmans and Greeks and Catholics among his subjects, and equally permitted the official use of the several tongues. And from this strange harmony arose the beautiful cathedral of Cefalù and the Palatine chapel of Palermo, where above the glorious Byzantine mosaics rises the wooden Saracenic roof below which runs an Arabic inscription.

To this great man succeeded William I (1154–1166). This man, surnamed the Bad, had none of the intelligence of his father, and his violence and cruelty imperilled all that Roger had done. He was excommunicated by Adrian IV, but took his part against Barbarossa and reconciled himself at last by agreeing to pay the Holy See an annual tribute. It was he who founded in Naples the Castel Capuano which Frederick II finished, and which became not only his favourite residence, but that of the

Angevins after him. He was succeeded by William II, surnamed the Good (1166–1189), whose heiress was his Aunt Constance, married to Henry VI, the future Emperor, against the wishes of the Pope and the people of Italy, who did not wish the Kingdom to pass into the hands of the Hohenstaufen. Therefore the nobles assembled at Palermo, proclaimed Tancred of Lecce, the illegitimate son of Roger, king. Now appears in Sicily, on his way to the Holy Land, our Cœur de Lion, with a fantastic claim to the island, so that all were glad to see him depart (1191). But before the end of that year Henry VI had begun to make war. In this affair Constance fell into the hands of Tancred, who treated her with honour and sent her with presents to her husband, who was busy with Cœur de Lion. Tancred died in 1194 without a friend in Europe. His son and successor, William III, was an infant of three years. On came Henry VI, and all the Kingdom lay at his mercy; he pillaged and took it. By the treaty of 1195 only the principality of Taranto was reserved to William, but the Emperor was not satisfied; he seized the young King and, like a true Hohenstaufen, put out his eyes and imprisoned him in a fortress of the Grisons till his death.

The bloody, treasonous, and heretical race of the Hohenstaufen thus possessed themselves of the Kingdom. Henry was crowned at Palermo, and there in 1197 he died, poisoned by his wife Constance, moved to this horror by his oppression and cruelties to his usurped subjects. He left as his heir Frederick II, whom she made the ward of Pope Innocent III, named by her regent of the Kingdom. The Pope allowed Frederick to occupy both the throne of the Empire and that of the Kingdom on condition that the two governments should remain separate and independent the one of the other, and that upon the death of Frederick the two crowns should not be inherited by the same prince. It is needless perhaps to say that these conditions were not kept. Frederick would promise any-

thing; not once did he keep his word. He wearied Pope Innocent, he wearied Pope Honorius; Gregory IX, tired of being deceived, excommunicated him. Then the half Mussulman Emperor marched on Rome. He should have remembered the fate of his predecessor, who stood in the snows of Canossa. The Pope went to Viterbo, and Frederick, who had chased the vicegerent of God from his seat, departed for the Orient, where he was crowned king of Jerusalem. But such a man, learned, but unbalanced, a romantic poet, an unappeasable but not a great soldier, above all more than half a Mohammedan, in those days certainly as appalling a treason to Europe as to Christ, could have no peace. His life was war, his son rebelled against him, all Italy was weary of him. In 1230 he reconciled himself with the Pope only to be excommunicated again for violence against the Holy See. A general coalition of Christian princes was on the point of forming itself against him when the Pope died, to be followed by Frederick in 1250.

Frederick was succeeded in the Kingdom by his son Conrad, already king of the Romans, and thus the promise given to Pope Innocent III was broken. Between him and his half-brother Manfred the Kingdom was torn to pieces, till Conrad died at twenty-six years of age in 1254. There remained Manfred and Conradin, Conrad's son, against whom, as a Hohenstaufen, Innocent IV thundered, himself entering Naples in the year of Conrad's death, where he died and was buried in the Duomo, as we may still see. In the days of Pope Alexander IV (1254–1261) Manfred dominated Southern Italy, and was crowned king in 1258. But in 1261 Pope Alexander died, and a Frenchman, Urban IV, reigned in his stead. To him especially, the Hohenstaufen were accursed, and he had no intention of allowing them to remain as his vassals in the Kingdom. He therefore offered the two Sicilies to whomsoever would free the Holy See from their domination.

It was the brother of S. Louis of France, the great Charles of Anjou, who offered himself. He levied an army in Provence, and to his standard flocked the Guelfs of Italy. Down he came, thundering into the Kingdom to break and to slay Manfred upon January 26, 1266, at Benevento.

It was fifteen-year-old Conradin who would avenge his uncle. He, too, came thundering into Italy, but on the 23rd August 1268, the French broke him in pieces at Tagliacozzo, and an Italian traitor, Frangipani, took him as he fled, and in the words of Villani, "he led him captive to King Charles, for which cause the king gave him land and lordship at Pilosa, between Naples and Benevento. And when the king had Conradin and those lords, his companions, in his hands, he took counsel what he should do. At last he was minded to put them to death, and he caused by way of process an inquisition to be made against them as against traitors to the Crown and enemies of Holy Church, and this was carried out; for on the . . . day were beheaded in the market-place of Naples, beside the stream of water which runs over against the church of the Carmelite friars, Conradin and the Duke of Austria and Count Calvagno and Count Gualferano and Count Bartolomeneo and two of his sons and Count Gherardo of Pisa. . . ."

Thus perished the last of the Hohenstaufen. A column of porphyry now in the sacristy of the church of S. Croce, in the Piazza del Mercato, once marked the spot where the execution took place. It bears this inscription—

Asturis ungue leo, pullum rapiens aquilinum
Hic deplumavit, acephalumque dedit.

Charles I of the House of Anjou reigned in the Kingdom. The Pope blamed him for his cruelty in executing so mere a boy as Conradin, but at least by that act the Papacy and Italy were rid of the Hohenstaufen. In commemoration of his victory over Manfred King Charles built in Naples the

church of S. Lorenzo, nor was this the only splendour which this great and ambitious ruler bestowed upon his capital. By the hands of Giovanni Pisano he built S. Maria Nuova, which was rebuilt, alas, at the end of the sixteenth century. He laid the foundations of the Duomo, finally built by his successor, Robert the Wise, and the Castel Nuovo, which the kings of his house and of Aragon were to make their chief residence. But in spite of his essential greatness, his indomitable purpose and adventurous spirit, his life ended in disaster. In 1282 the violent revolution against his government known as the Sicilian Vespers destroyed the security he had so laboriously constructed. Pedro of Aragon, who had married a daughter of Manfred, appeared on the island and held it. The fleets of Anjou were beaten, and Charles's son, the Prince of Salerno, made prisoner. The King was indeed preparing to reconquer Sicily when in 1285 he died of fever. He appears, if you will, as cruel, tyrannical, and essentially an adventurer in a country where every ruler save the Popes was just that, but also as incomparably the greatest of the house he founded and perhaps the greatest ruler the Kingdom was ever to see.

He was succeeded by his son, Charles II (1285–1309), who, made prisoner in Sicily, was in Aragon when the news of his father's death reached him. Pope Martin IV and the king of France insisted upon and obtained his release, and he took possession of Provence, Anjou, Maine, and the Kingdom, but not of Sicily, which in 1302, after the defeat of Falconera, he abandoned to Federigo, the son of Pedro of Aragon, on condition that after his death the island should come back to the descendants of Charles I. Indeed he was no soldier as his father was ; a good man, but weak, he busied himself, and perhaps wisely, rather in the administration of the dominion he possessed than in conquest or reconquest. Naples owes to him the church of S. Domenico Maggiore, which in spite of restoration remains one of the finest churches in the city.

NAPLES STREET SCENE

To this sober and unadventurous man succeeded his third son, Robert the Wise (1309–1343). Charles I, the founder of the line, had certainly been at one moment of his career the arbiter of Italy; it was Robert's dream to regain that position and to crystallize it. He was a Guelf, the champion and first the protégé, and then the tyrant of the Holy See, from whom he obtained lordships all over Italy, in Piedmont, Ferrara, and Romagna, while the Genoese in 1318 called him in to deal with their Ghibellines. In 1314 he attempted, but unsuccessfully, to regain Sicily, and for many years he remained in Avignon, where the Pope then was, as the power behind the Apostolic throne. In 1324 he returned to Naples, and again unsuccessfully attempted to reconquer the island with an expedition commanded by his son, Charles, Duke of Calabria. It was upon this youth that Robert placed all his hopes. When the Florentines turned to him and besought his assistance against Castruccio Castracani of Lucca the price he asked was that they should receive Charles as their Prince for ten years from 1326. But in 1328 Charles was dead and his dreams foundered. He then turned and staked his hopes upon the daughter of his beloved son, Giovanna, whom he married to Andrew of Hungary, his cousin, who had certain claims upon the throne of Naples; but here too he was unfortunate. In his old age more than ever he turned to learning and art for consolation. He had always rejoiced in them, had patronized Petrarch and presented him with the royal mantle in which he was crowned poet laureate upon the Capitol, and Naples owes many churches to him, among them S. Chiara, which Giotto and Simone Martini painted, and where he with so many of his house lie. Other churches of his foundation or building are the SS. Annunziata, S. Pietro Marcella, and the glorious Carthusian monastery of S. Martino and the great fortress of Castel Sant' Elmo over it.

When Giovanna (1343–1361) succeeded her grandfather in 1343 she was but eighteen years old. Exquisite, beauti-

ful, and voluptuous, the young Queen hated her husband, the cold and ambitious Andrew of Hungary, to whom her grandfather had married her for reasons of state. He wished to govern alone, and both Giovanna and her Neapolitans were determined that he should fail. A conspiracy inspired by the Queen was formed against Andrew, who was strangled in the Castle of Caserta in September 1345, and two years later Giovanna married her cousin, Louis of Taranto, to whom indeed Andrew owed his death. But Andrew was not without champions, though they were not to be found in the Kingdom. His brother Louis of Hungary descended upon Italy to avenge him; and the Queen was compelled to flee to Avignon, where she bought the Pope's assistance at the price of that city and its territory and 80,000 florins of gold. The Holy See stopped the war, and Giovanna returned to Naples in 1348. In 1362 she was again a widow, and at once married the king of Majorca; who presently fearing for his life fled away to Spain, where he died in 1375. In the following year the Queen, aged now fifty-one, again married Otto of Brunswick; but this disgusted both the Papacy and the Kingdom, neither of which desired to see German influence again in the South. The Queen indeed had no heirs, her only child, a son of Andrew's, having died. She had therefore adopted Charles of Durazzo, beloved by the people, as her successor, and in 1369 married him to her niece. This did not suit Otto her new husband; but the Pope, Urban VI, when she would have broken with Charles, dethroned her and crowned him as King. But in Avignon there was Pope Clement VII. To him she turned. He advised her to adopt Louis of Anjou, and she followed his counsel. Therefore in 1350 Charles of Durazzo marched upon Naples. He broke Otto of Brunswick and took him prisoner, besieged Giovanna in the Castel Nuovo, and to such good purpose that presently she opened the gates to him. At that very moment a Provençal fleet appeared in the bay to aid her; but it was too late. Charles had the

Queen in his power; he imprisoned her in the Castel di Murano in the Basilicata, where upon May 22, 1381, he had her suffocated.

Giovanna's reign was in many ways glorious. Her court was the centre of art and letters, attended among others by Petrarch and Boccaccio. Indeed it is said that it was for her the *Decameron* was written. Among the churches which she built were those of S. Giovanni a Carbonara and the Incoronata, founded to commemorate her marriage with Louis of Taranto. The chapel in which she had been married to Louis was incorporated into the new building and painted by a pupil of Giotto's with frescoes in which we see portraits not only of Giovanna but of her father Charles, and her grandfather, Robert the Wise.

For two years after the Queen's death Louis of Anjou and Charles of Durazzo (1381–1386) disputed the Kingdom till in 1383 the former died. In 1386, however, Charles was called to the throne of Hungary, and in the following year was assassinated. His short reign is scarcely commemorated by any building in Naples. Only the church of S. Angelo a Nilo, built in 1385 by Cardinal Brancaccio, serves to remind us of it.

To him succeeded his son Ladislas (1386–1414), a child who presently showed not only a fine courage but military ability. He too dreamed of the domination of Italy; he invaded the Papal States and Rome itself in 1410, and was in arms against the Florentines when he died. He, or rather his favourite, Guerello Origlia, began the beautiful church of S. Anna dei Lombardi.

His sister, Giovanna II (1414–1435), succeeded him. More dissolute and unscrupulous than Giovanna I, she, widow on her accession of William of Austria, married Jacques de Bourbon, who, on account of her numerous infidelities, locked her up. Presently she reconciled herself with her husband, and on being liberated managed to imprison him in Naples. He escaped, and at last entered a Franciscan

convent, while she enjoyed herself with her latest lover, Caracciolo, to whom she gave all the power of her government. Childless, surrounded on all sides by claimants to her throne, she at last adopted Alfonso of Aragon as her successor, who already held not only Sicily but Sardinia. Upon this war broke out between the claimants, and Alfonso was victorious. But what had happened in the time of Giovanna I happened again. Alfonso, on entering Naples, seized the government. The Queen, jealous of her prerogative, disowned him and adopted as her heir Louis of Anjou. The whole Kingdom was involved in civil war and became the mere loot of various condottieri. Finally the Angevin cause was victorious, Alfonso was recalled to Spain by events there, and Louis of Anjou reigned in Naples as Regent while the Queen amused herself with her favourites. He died, but upon the death of the Queen soon after, in 1435, it was found that she had named as her heir his brother René.

René was the last of the Angevins to reign in Naples. He fell into the snare of the Visconti of Milan. Facing Alfonso of Aragon for the Kingdom, he sought and obtained Visconti's aid and took his enemy prisoner. Alfonso was taken to Milan, and there he and Visconti came to an understanding for their mutual benefit, the result of which was the loss of the Kingdom by the House of Anjou. For Alfonso was presently set at liberty, and with Visconti's assistance set out to conquer Naples, which he was able to do in 1442. René fled to Provence, where he wasted himself in the national quarrel, and died at last a lonely and pathetic figure spoiled and deserted by all.

Thus Alfonso paramount in Sicily[1] re-established the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies in 1442. This, it is true, only endured for his lifetime, for on his death in 1458 his brother Juan inherited Aragon, Sicily, and Sardinia, wh le his heir in Naples was his bastard, Ferdinand; but he established

[1] Sicily in 1409 had upon the extinction of the local Aragon dynasty been reconciled to the Crown of Aragon

the Spanish rule, which was in one form or another to endure till 1707.

Although Alfonso broke his people with taxes, he was known as the Magnanimous, and his court was perhaps the most brilliant that Naples was to know. A great patron of the humanists, who flocked to him after the fall of Constantinople, he was a true Prince of the Renaissance, thoroughly Italian, if not by birth by culture, a prodigal Mæcenas, a distinguished soldier and a fine scholar. It is said that he knew Virgil and Cæsar by heart, and certainly he was passionately interested in everything concerning antiquity. The noble Triumphal Arch that he built in 1455–1458 before the Castel Nuovo, and which remains perhaps the noblest work of art of that time in Naples, was largely due to his study of Vitruvius. He surrounded himself with artists, and knew how to appreciate Æneas Silvius Piccolomini when he came to Naples as ambassador of the Sienese.

He was succeeded in Naples, as I have said, by his bastard son, Ferdinand I (1458–1494), whose character was as mean, tyrannical, and contemptible as his father's had been generous. His reign was full of every sort of trouble. Jean of Anjou, a son of King René, broke him at Sarno; he quarrelled with his suzerain the Pope, conspired with the Pazzi to murder Lorenzo and Giuliano de' Medici in Florence, and saw the Turk invade Otranto and massacre the inhabitants. His poor political ability, however, by no means interfered with his love of the Arts, which he inherited in full measure from Alfonso. He is best represented in Naples by the Porta Capuana, built in 1484, and by the Castel del Carmine, which he began in the same year; and to him also is due the church of SS. Severino e Sosio, built in 1490.

Ferdinand's son, Alfonso II, had already, before he succeeded him in 1494, given splendid proofs of his courage and military ability in repulsing the Turks from Otranto; but although he was so fine a soldier he was not less a cruel

voluptuary, hated and feared by his people, and surnamed by them *dio della carne*. Therefore when Charles VIII of France appeared, called into Italy by the Sforza of Milan and claiming the Kingdom as the representative, so he said, of the House of Anjou, Alfonso in 1495 abdicated in favour of his son Ferdinand II, but did not thereby save his Kingdom, for Charles entered Naples almost without striking a blow. In 1496, however, upon the retreat of Charles, who saw all Italy leagued against him at last, Ferdinand returned only to die, leaving no issue.

He was succeeded by his uncle, Federigo III, the last of the Aragon House. He appealed for aid against the French to Spain, but Ferdinand the Catholic and Louis XII had already decided to divide the Kingdom of Naples between them. They invaded Italy, but soon quarrelled, with the result that Gonzalvo of Cordova drove the French out, and thenceforth Naples was ruled by viceroys of the Spanish Crown. The first of these was Gonzalvo himself, but in 1507 he was recalled to Spain by his jealous master, and died while making up his mind to revolt. He was but the first of an undistinguished and often nameless crowd of governors which fills the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. To some of them Naples owes noble buildings—for instance, the great street called till yesterday the Toledo was built by and named after the Viceroy of the Emperor Charles V, Don Pedro de Toledo (1532–1554). To the same man are due the sculptures of the Porta Capuana, placed there on the occasion of the visit of the Emperor; he also rebuilt the Castel dell' Ovo and the church of S. Giacomo degli Spagnuoli.

In 1514 the Duke of Osuna was appointed Viceroy, and to him Naples owes the Gesù Nuovo, the Trinità, and S. Paolo Maggiore; while the Conde de Lemos, Viceroy under Philip II of Spain, built in 1607 the Palazzo Reale.

Against the Spanish domination, or rather against the brutal excesses of the viceroys, almost the only revolt of the Neapolitan people of which any news has come down

to us took place in the middle of the seventeenth century. This was the rising led by the Amalfi fisherman Masaniello in 1647 against the new heavy taxation of fruit. The people, led by Masaniello, seized the Castel del Carmine, defeated the regular troops, and put to death the nobility and the partisans of the Viceroy, the Duke of Arcos. In fear of a final overthrow, the Duke conceded their demands, and Masaniello was appointed dictator. But unfortunately he was not capable of government ; he became mad, and the reaction carefully prepared by the Duke declared itself in 1647, when Masaniello was safely murdered and his head displayed over the portico of the Palazzo Reale amid the applause of the populace. This episode—for it was little more—would seem to give us the secret of the shameful history of Naples. We are wont to say that a people gets the government which it deserves, and this is perhaps more true of the Neapolitan than of any other people in Europe. Incapable of any real action, without sincerity, loyalty, or honour, the *canaille* that called itself a people fell after a few futile gesticulations back into the power of the viceroys of Spain. Such a people can have no history worthy of record.

In the war of the Spanish Succession Naples was conquered by the Austrians for Charles III, son of the Emperor Leopold and claimant of the Spanish throne. But in 1734 Charles of Bourbon, son of Duke Philip of Parma, assisted by the Spanish general Montemar, easily conquered Naples and became King Charles III. The Austrians tried to retrieve their loss, but were defeated at Velletri in the following year. Charles introduced certain reforms, but he could not make men of the Neapolitans. When he ascended the Spanish throne he left Naples to his third son, Ferdinand IV (1759–1825). This man having failed to drive the armies of the French Republic out of the Papal States in 1798 retired to Sicily, and in came the French, not the Neapolitan, Revolution in 1799. That glorious and virile government in its love of antiquity pro-

claimed, with a naïveté almost pathetic in its ignorance of the stuff of Naples, the Parthenopean Republic! It endured by a miracle for something under seven years, till by the efforts of Cardinal Fabricius Ruffo Scilla—mark this, a priest!—the Kingdom was restored. In 1806 Naples was again conquered by Joseph Bonaparte, who became King, but on ascending the throne of Spain was succeeded at Naples by Murat, dethroned and killed in 1815.

The last years of the Kingdom were as wretched as it deserved and as we might expect. Then by God's grace, out of the north came Garibaldi, who, having conquered Sicily and taken Calabria too by violence, entered Naples upon September 7, 1860. On October 1 the battle of Volturno was fought, and won by the Piedmontese; Francis of Bourbon retired to Gaeta, where after a fine resistance he capitulated on February 12, 1861. Piedmont had made a free gift of liberty to Naples, which became part of the Kingdom of United Italy upon November 7, 1860.

III

Classical Naples

The strange confusion of Naples—of its life, which seems to be without purpose; of its history, which seems to be without meaning—is found too in the city itself in its topography: there is no city in Italy more difficult to see in any sort of logical way proceeding from what is old to what is new. And this is not altogether due to the fact that each government she has endured, for the most part with so shameful a patience, has been anxious for political purposes to destroy or to transform the work of its predecessors; the city seems to have no will of its own. Naples appears, at first sight at any rate, to have no common centre in which all the life of the city meets. Such an impression, excusable enough, is, however, only true in part. Certainly we shall not find the heart of Naples in

THE HARBOUR, NAPLES

the Piazza del Municipio, over which the Castel Nuovo presides; nor, in spite of the Bourbons, in the deserted royal square before the Palazzo Reale, surrounded though it be with official buildings; nor even in the market-place, the Piazza del Mercato, so full of terror and shame, where the last of the Hohenstaufen, a boy of seventeen, perished with his knights, and where the *lazzaroni* crowned and killed their king.

Not in any of these lies the heart of the city, but in the harbour. Naples radiates from her port like an open fan from its pivot, spread out east and west about the great bay upon the slopes of Vomero and the great and fruitful plain between it and Vesuvius. It was the harbour which made Neapolis; it is the harbour which is the true centre and heart of the city to-day; and it remains the one thing which in all the three thousand years of her history has not fundamentally changed but is still the true source of her life and well-being.

Indeed, of that old Greek city of Neapolis the harbour is the only thing which in some sort is left to us, the Piccolo Porto behind the Immacolata Vecchia; apart from that, all that remains to us not only of Greek Neapolis but of classical antiquity in Naples is a few ruins, the merest fragments, the best of which are perhaps the remains of the Temple of Castor and Pollux in the façade of S. Paolo Maggiore. S. Paolo occupies what may well have been the centre of the Greek city whose confines upon the east are fairly well represented by the Corso Garibaldi. The Duomo, which lies to the east of S. Paolo, is said to occupy the site of the two temples dedicated respectively to Neptune and Apollo, from which it obtained the columns and marbles we see. Nearly opposite the Duomo in the Via Anticaglia are two arches and other fragments of the theatre in which Nero is said to have made his debut; while S. Giovanni Maggiore, to the west of S. Paolo behind the University, is said to occupy the site of a temple erected by Hadrian to Antinous.

The remains in the façade of S. Paolo, in the Duomo, and the arches in the Via Anticaglia are almost all that is left to us of the Naples of antiquity, but upon the southern slope of Capodimonte the Ponti Rossi still preserves remains of the Aqua Julia, which Augustus erected to supply the naval harbour of Misenum with water from the Sebethus.

By far the most impressive monument that is left to us of the Imperial time in Naples, however, is not to be found in any ruin above-ground, but in the Catacombs which open upon the western slope of Capodimonte; they are perhaps the most amazing in the world. They stretch for miles, certainly as far as Pozzuoli; and though they have been very little opened, they would seem to consist of a vast series of immense halls beside which the Catacombs of Rome are mere passages and rooms. They are entered from the churches of La Sanità, in which is the tomb of S. Gaudiosus, and of S. Gennaro de' Poveri, in its foundation a building of the eighth century erected upon the site of a chapel of the time of Constantine where the body of S. Januarius, the patron of Naples, was buried. These Catacombs were perhaps originally a burial-place for the poor, but like those of the Campagna they became a refuge for the early Christians, and are worth some effort to see if only because they present the same touching spectacle of faith as those at Rome. Here are similar numerous *loculi* and sepulchral niches; the same symbols are used—the dove, the fish, the olive branch; the same representation of Christ as the Good Shepherd. And when we have seen them we have seen the last of classical Naples; in the city to-day there remains, I think, less of antiquity than in almost any other great town of the South.

And yet, though materially all that would remind us of Greece and Imperial Rome has disappeared, it is of them we continually think as we make our way about the foot of these hills where Naples lies so restless beside the Tyrrhene Sea.

IV

The Fortresses, Palaces, Gates, and Harbour of Naples

Everyone, I suppose, begins his exploration of Naples with a visit to the Castel dell' Ovo, which stands really in the midst of the waves where the Pizzofalcone, a spur of Vomero, thrusts itself into the sea to form till yesterday the western arm of the little bay of S. Lucia.

Castel dell' Ovo was the oldest fort which dominated and defended Naples; its sisters younger than she were the Castel Capuano, founded by William I and completed by Frederick II; the Castel Nuovo, begun by Charles I of Anjou and enlarged by Alfonso of Aragon; the Castel del Carmine, erected by Ferdinand I of Aragon in 1484; and the mighty fortress upon the height that still commands the whole city and bay, Castel Sant' Elmo, built by Robert the Wise but enlarged by the Spaniards.

The fortress of Castel dell' Ovo that we see, now a prison, was begun by William I, the grandson of the great Roger and the son of the first Norman king of Naples and Sicily, in 1154. His work was completed by the Emperor Frederick II and used as a treasury, and after the battle of Benevento the children of Manfred were here imprisoned, only one of them issuing out alive, Beatrix, who owed her deliverance to the Sicilian Vespers. King Charles I of Anjou had strengthened the place and often lived there, and we read that it was from these battlements that his daughter watched the naval battle in which her father's fleet was broken and her brother taken prisoner. She saw the two Sicilian galleys speed towards the fort, and it was she who heard Admiral Ruggiero Doria demand the surrender of Manfred's daughter, her prisoner within. She refused; but when he threatened to take her brother's life she surrendered Beatrix, who had spent eighteen years in her prison.

Castel dell' Ovo was the favourite fortress of the Angevins. Robert the Wise brought Giotto from Florence to paint its chapel in fresco, nothing of which of course remains, and Charles III of Durazzo in 1381 here kept King Robert's grand-daughter, Giovanna I, prisoner, as she did him when her turn came. In 1495 Charles VIII of France besieged and took the place, and Ferdinand II of Aragon in 1479 dismantled it.

But it is really of none of these mighty or beautiful or infamous people we think when we look upon the Castel dell' Ovo to-day, but of Rome; of Lucullus, who had built his villa here upon the little island of Megaris—for it was an island—and whose gardens stretched so far over the shore and the hills; of Cicero, who here met Brutus after the murder of Cæsar in 44 B.C.; most of all of Virgil, to whom, so it is said, the place owed its being, for he built it upon an egg anchored to the bottom of the sea, and so it shall stand until the egg be broken; and a little of the last Emperor in the west, Romulus Augustulus, who is said here to have ended his days by leave of Odoacer the barbarian.

To the west of the Pizzofalcone, upon the tip of which, as it were rising out of the waves, the Castel dell' Ovo stands, lies the Villa Nazionale, which is the Cascine or Villa Borghese of Naples, a pleasure-ground behind which lies the fashionable quarter and about which are the fashionable drives and promenades and in which stands the Aquarium, perhaps the finest and most various in the world, that no one must fail to visit whatever else is left unseen. To the east lies about the great harbour the city of Naples.

Till yesterday between the Castel dell' Ovo and the Mola San Vincenzo the bay of S. Lucia opened, the fishermen's quarter, the most picturesque part of the city. This has, however, been filled in and a squalid quarter, the Rione S. Lucia, has been built, which it is anything but delightful to pass through. He who is wise, and is bent on exploration and has time for pleasure,

will do well, therefore, to climb up from the Castel dell' Ovo into the Strada Chiatamone, and, turning to the left westward, to make his way through the Piazza dei Martiri, the Strada S. Caterina, and the Chiaia, the last a narrow, characteristic, and crowded way over which passes the Strada Monte di Dio from the Pizzofalcone northward to S. Elmo by the Ponte di Chiaia.

The Strada di Chiaia comes to an end in the Piazza S. Ferdinando, which may perhaps be considered as the nucleus of the modern city, for it is closed upon the east by the Palazzo Reale and the Teatro S. Carlo, behind which, reached by the narrow Strada S. Carlo, stands the Castel Nuovo and the long Piazza del Municipio, leading down to the Porto Militare and the Porto Mercantile. Out of it northward proceeds the Toledo, the greatest thoroughfare in Naples; to the south opens the fine Piazza del Plebiscito; while from the west by the narrow Chiaia all the life of the new quarters on the Vomero comes into it to pass into the city.

The Piazza del Plebiscito is the most finely ordered square in Naples. It is entirely closed on the east by the façade of the Palazzo Reale, while opposite upon the west it is filled by the great semicircular colonnade and front of the nineteenth-century church of S. Francesco da Paola. Upon the south stands the old Palace of the Prince of Salerno, now the Commandant's residence, while upon the north is the Prefettura.

The Palazzo Reale, with its long façade adorned with modern statues of Roger of Sicily, Frederick II of Hohenstaufen, Charles I of Anjou, Alfonso I of Aragon, Charles V the Emperor, Charles III of Bourbon, Murat, and Victor Emmanuel, was begun in 1600 by the Spanish Viceroy, the Count de Lemos. The architect was Fontana, but his design has been spoiled by the filling up of the open arches and by other rebuildings and restorations. Within the impression is less cold, the staircase of white marble dating from 1651 being especially fine; and the palace is

worth the trouble of getting a *permesso* to visit it, if only because it contains a fine gallery of pictures with two masterpieces, the portrait of Pietro Luigi Farnese by Titian, somewhat spoilt by repainting, and a fine portrait by Vandyck.

Beside the Palace on the north, and characteristically joined to it by a gallery, stands the Teatro San Carlo, built by Charles III of Bourbon in 1737. Within it has been entirely rebuilt after a fire in 1816, but it remains perhaps the largest opera-house in the world, its only rivals being those at Milan and Barcelona. Here many of the works of Pergolesi and Paesiello, of Rossini, Bellini and Donizetti, were heard for the first time.

Following the way under the arcades in the Strada S. Carlo, where the public writers have their little tables, one comes to a fine garden on the right, and so past the Castel Nuovo into the Piazza del Municipio, which slopes somewhat steeply down towards the sea. Here one gets perhaps the best view within the city of Vesuvius and of Castel S. Elmo and S. Martino on the noble hill over the city, things to which Naples owes so much of her reputation for beauty.

From the Piazza del Municipio we turn to the Castel Nuovo, the fortress that Charles of Anjou built in 1279 by the hands perhaps of Pierre d'Agincourt, and that Alfonso of Aragon enlarged in 1442, as did Don Pedro de Toledo, the Spanish Viceroy, in 1546, and Charles III of Bourbon in 1735. It was the fortress-palace of the kings of Naples from the time of the Angevins until the Count de Lemos in 1600 began the Palazzo Reale; but its walls and ramparts have for the most part been destroyed, and from without the place does not impress us as it should. The entrance is from the Piazza del Municipio, and it is mean enough until we come to the Castle itself, where the glorious Triumphal Arch of Alfonso I of Aragon, built to commemorate his entry into Naples in 1442, stands before the gate.

It was indeed with the advent of the House of Aragon that the art of the Renaissance took the place of the Gothic introduced by the House of Anjou. Alfonso of Aragon called to Naples the Florentine Giuliano da Majano, who in 1414 built the Porta Capuana ; but before then he had summoned from Milan Pietro di Martino, who first raised in Italy a monument in direct imitation of the antique, to wit this Triumphal Arch begun in 1453. This noble and beautiful work, the somewhat capricious composition of which betrays the experimentalism of its builder, Pietro di Martino, is said to have been designed in the first instance by Francesco Laurana. It is richly adorned with sculptures and reliefs by various artists. The bronze doors were the work of a Frenchman, Guillaume Monaco, and are splendidly adorned with reliefs representing the victories of Alfonso. In that on the left a cannon ball is embedded, a relic of the time of Gonzalvo de Cordova.

In the courtyard within stands the church of S. Barbara, a work of Charles of Anjou, transformed in the end of the fifteenth century, as we see, when the beautiful early Renaissance door was built by Francesco Laurana, who also made the lovely statue of the Madonna and Child above it. The best thing within the church is the view to be had from the balcony above the elaborate little chapel at the top of a flight of steps.

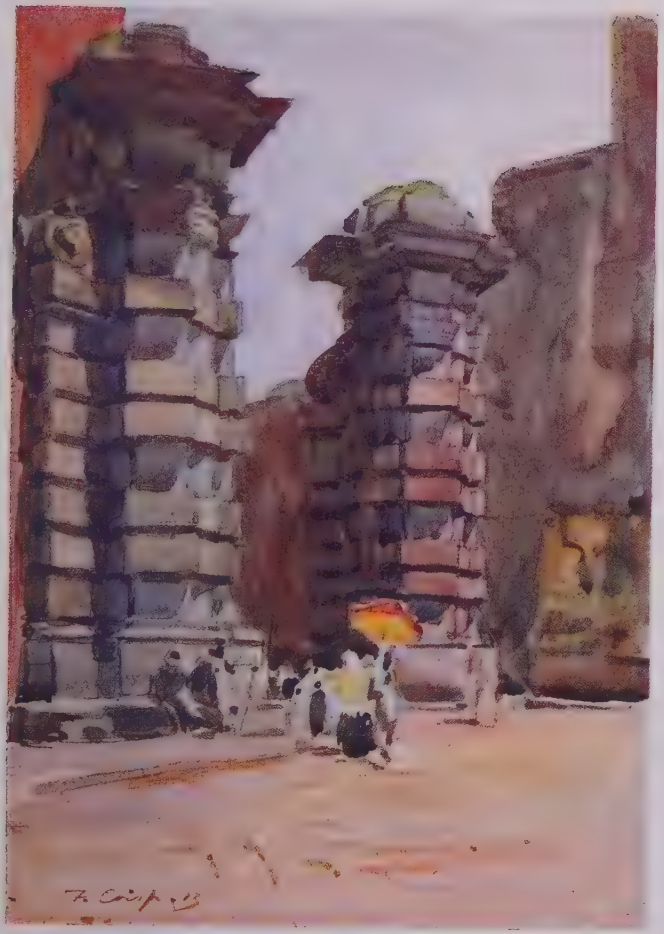
On coming out of the Castel Nuovo he is wise who strolls down to the Porto and wanders along the quays crowded with shipping, the view dark with masts quite round the Porto Mercantile, built first in 1302 by Charles II of Anjou, as far as the Villa del Popolo and the Porta del Carmine. Nothing in Naples is more interesting than the life of the harbour, and no monument in the strait ways of the city more beautiful than these living ships moving and sighing against the quays, longing for the open sea. And if life will not content one, there is to the south beyond the Castel Nuovo and the Porto Militare the old

Arsenale di Marina and the Darsena erected and contrived in 1577 by the Viceroy Don Inigo de Mendoza ; there is the Faro, founded in the fourteenth century at the end of the Molo Angoino ; and there is the Porto Piccolo, the representative perhaps of the Greek harbour of Neapolis ; while at the east end of the Port stands the Castel del Carmine, which Ferdinand I of Aragon built in 1484, which was seized by Masaniello when he led the revolt of the people in 1647, and which now has come to nothing—a military bakehouse.

Close by the Castello is the Porta del Carmine, through which one re-enters the city and comes into perhaps the most famous of all the piazzas of Naples, the Piazza del Mercato, where Conradin, his knights and friends were slain by Charles of Anjou upon October 29, 1268, after the battle of Tagliacozzo, and where Masaniello began his rebellion in July 1647.

Conradin was but seventeen when he died, and he was the last of the Hohenstaufen. His body was buried without pomp, and indeed secretly, behind the high altar in the church here, S. Maria del Carmine, which has so noble a tower, but now nothing else noble about it, for it was rebuilt in 1769. There may still be seen the inscription R. C. C., which is to say, Regis Conradini Corpus. the body of King Conradin. Over the spot where he and his friends were put to death there now stands a fountain, but of old this place was marked by a column of porphyry now in the sacristy of the little church of Santa Croce in the midst of the piazza.

From the Castel del Carmine and the famous piazza one passes by the picturesque and characteristic Strada di Lavinaro or the broad Corso Garibaldi to the Castel Capuano and the great gate Porta Capuana close by. This fortress is as old as the Castel dell' Ovo, for it was founded by William I and completed by Frederick II. It served as the residence of the Hohenstaufen in Naples, and was used by Charles of Anjou until the foundation of the Caste



NAPLES : PORTA CARMINE

Nuovo. It remained the occasional residence of the Kings of Naples until in 1540 Don Pedro de Toledo, the Viceroy, made it the Palace of Justice, which it still remains. The Porta Capuana close by is not only the finest gate in Naples, but, being as it is the entry to the oldest and most crowded part of the city, affords such a spectacle of the life of the people as is not to be matched in the peninsula. The whole street within and without the gate is a continual fair and pandemonium of noise; jostling carts, barrows, caravans of mules, herds of goats, ox-wagons, and innumerable companies of peasants throng in and out; the fruiterers, the sellers of shell-fish and of nauseous coloured sweet drinks, of pottery, of images and rosaries of every kind and sort, of sweetmeats and biscuits, of chestnuts and the unknowable delicacies of the people, drive a furious trade accompanied by a universal yelling and gesticulation that in the dust and the blazing sun make certainly one of the most amazing sights the city affords.

The great and beautiful gate was built in the end of the fifteenth century by Giuliano da Maiano for Ferdinand I of Aragon, whose arms still adorn it. By this way Charles V entered the city in 1535, when it was splendidly decorated with statues by Giovanni da Nola.

V

The Angevin Churches

From the Castel Capuano it is but a little way down the broad Strada de' Tribunali to the Strada del Duomo in which upon the right stands the Duomo, the Cathedral church of Naples. This church originally dedicated in honour of the Madonna now bears the name of the patron of the city, S. Januarius, whose body lies in the Confessio beneath the high altar, and whose blood is conserved in two phials over the altar of the third chapel in the south aisle.

The church was begun in 1272 by Charles I of Anjou perhaps on the site of the Temples of Neptune and Apollo. His son, Charles II, continued it, and his son again, Robert the Wise, completed it in 1323. The church was thus built by three generations of Angevin kings and in the Gothic style of France, having pointed arches upheld by columns of ancient marble from the Temples upon whose site it stands. The church of the Angevins was very badly damaged in 1456 by an earthquake, and was unfortunately almost entirely rebuilt by Alfonso I of Aragon with the assistance of the greater Neapolitan families whose arms may be seen upon the pillars. Still more unfortunately in 1837 the whole building was restored by Archbishop Giudice Caracciolo.

The church, as we see it, is chiefly interesting, at any rate to us, on account of its monuments. Over the main door to the right is that of the founder of the Angevin dynasty, of the great Charles of Anjou. To the left is that of the eldest son of Charles II, Charles Martel, King of Hungary, and in the midst that of his wife, Clementina, daughter of Rudolph of Hapsburg. All three were erected in 1599 by the Spanish Viceroy Olivarez.

In the north transept lies that Andrew, King of Hungary, the first husband of Giovanna I, Queen of Naples, the granddaughter of Robert the Wise. Close by are the tombs of two Popes—Innocent IV, who died here in Naples in 1254, and Innocent XII, who died in 1696 and was a Neapolitan.

Apart from these tombs the church possesses really but little interest. In the second chapel in the north aisle there is an altarpiece of the Incredulity of S. Thomas by Marco da Siena, and beneath it a relief of the Entombment by Giovanni da Nola. In the fourth chapel in the same aisle is an Assumption of the Virgin asserted by Vasari to be by Perugino, but obviously only from his workshop. It was commissioned by Cardinal Oliviero Carafa, and represents the Madonna in a mandorla with two angels above placing a crown upon her head while others make

music about her. Beneath the twelve Apostles and S. Paul stand in worship, while to the left are Cardinal Carafa presented by S. Januarius.

Cardinal Carafa had a very great devotion to this saint, the patron of Naples. To contain the body of S. Januarius brought from S. Gennaro dei Poveri upon the slope of Capodimonte in 1497, he caused to be built the exquisitely lovely chapel of the Confessio, which is upheld by beautiful ancient columns of marble. There we see not only the tomb of the saint, made by Tommaso Malvito of Como, but the kneeling figure of the Cardinal beside it made by the same master. Above, Domenichino has painted in fresco angels in adoration. Nor is this the only shrine of the saint in this church. In the third chapel in the south aisle is the Cappella del Tesoro erected by the Neapolitans in 1608 in fulfilment of a vow made in 1527 during the plague. In this too gorgeous sanctuary, which is said to have cost a quarter of a million sterling, the blood of S. Januarius is conserved in two phials in the tabernacle over the high altar, and is said to liquefy twice in the year. This popular event, which would seem to have extraordinary significance in the eyes of the Neapolitans, occurs in May and September. Upon the first Saturday in May the phials containing the blood are carried in procession to the church of S. Chiara. There the liquefaction begins, and the phials having been conveyed back to the Cathedral, the miracle is repeated in the mother church during some seven days. Upon the 19th September, the Feast of S. Januarius, the blood begins to liquefy again, but this time in the Cathedral, and continues to do so during the octave.

S. Januarius is said to have been thrown to the lions in the amphitheatre of Pozzuoli in the first years of the fourth century. The beasts, however, would not touch him, so his captors led him away to Solfatara, where he was beheaded. The body was buried at Pozzuoli, but was removed in the time of Constantine to the sanctuary at the mouth of the Catacombs, which now bears the name of

the martyr S. Gennaro de' Poveri. Later, during the Saracen raids the body was borne away to Benevento, where S. Januarius had been bishop, and in the time of Frederick II it was taken to Monte Vergine, near Avellino, whence Cardinal Carafa in 1497 brought it to Naples and laid the body in the tomb he had prepared for it here in the Confessio.

The church is full of fine tombs besides those I have named, and in the Minutoli chapel in the south transept, a Gothic work of the fourteenth century, there is beside some fine works of this sort a beautiful triptych over the altar by Paolo di Giovanni Fei of Siena, a Crucifixion with Saints. And close by in the Cappella Tocca is the tomb of S. Asprenas, an early bishop of Naples.

The Cathedral, however, in spite of its tombs is a curiously uninteresting building. Far more attractive in itself is the old church of S. Restituta, originally the Cathedral, and, though sadly restored, still dating from the seventh century, which we enter from the north aisle of the Duomo upon payment of a small fee. This is a basilica with pointed arches, said to occupy the site of the old Temple of Apollo. As we see it, it is a restoration of the seventeenth century, but it still contains an interesting fourteenth-century mosaic of Our Lady with SS. Januarius and Restituta in the chapel at the end of the north aisle, and two parts of an altar screen of the twelfth century, each containing fifteen reliefs, of the life of S. Januarius, of Joseph, of Samson, and S. George. Something older than the seventh-century church itself would seem to remain to us in the Baptistery, which appears to date from the fifth century. Here we may see some restored mosaics, fifth-century works, of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and the Four Evangelists.

It was Charles of Anjou himself who founded the Duomo of Naples, as he did more than one other church in the city, as we shall see. Before passing on to examine them, we may glance at a little desecrated sanctuary close to the

Duomo, the church of S. Maria Donna Regina founded by Maria of Hungary (1308), the consort of Charles II of Anjou. The old church was deserted in the seventeenth century when a new one was built, and is now a Museum—the Museo Donna Regina. In the seventeenth-century church we find the tomb of the founderess to the left of the high altar, a fourteenth-century work by Tino di Camaino; but in the old sanctuary, now the museum, we find some magnificent frescoes ascribed to Pietro Cavallini painted to the order of Charles II, which no one should fail to see. Like the works by the same master at Rome, these frescoes are very much damaged, but no one can doubt that they are largely from Cavallini's hand, doubtless assisted by pupils. Here are fragments of scenes from the Apocalypse, with figures in pairs above between palm trees, of Prophets and Saints which remind us of Byzantine mosaics. There we see SS. Stephen, Laurence, Joseph, Peter, Elias, Thomas, and others. Farther on, we find on the left fifteen scenes from the Passion of Christ and five from the life of S. Elizabeth of Hungary. Opposite are many spoiled scenes from the lives of S. Agnes and S. Catherine. Over the triumphal arch of the sanctuary we see the hierarchy of angels, while on the entrance wall is the Last Judgment.

From S. Maria Donna Regina one turns back past the Duomo, and coming into the Strada de' Tribunali turns left so far as the church of S. Lorenzo.

S. Lorenzo was a refoundation of Charles I of Anjou, and though the church has been largely rebuilt, the choir and the doorway still remain to us from his time. There, too, in the seventh chapel on the right we may see a precious work by Simone Martini, the Coronation of King Robert the Wise, grandson of Charles of Anjou, by S. Louis of Toulouse, painted about 1317, a very noble and lovely thing. Below in the predella, also from Simone's hand, we see five small scenes of the life of the saint. This chapel also contains some early frescoes much in

Simone's style. The church boasts, too, of other paintings, perhaps by Simone Napoletano, in the chapels of the north and south transepts. They represent S. Anthony and S. Francis, for this was a Franciscan sanctuary, to which order the Angevin house was, of course, devoted, since it had produced two Franciscan saints.

Behind the high altar we come upon the Angevin tombs. There are three monuments of Catherine of Austria (d. 1333), the first wife of Charles, Duke of Calabria, the son of Robert the Wise, of Johanna of Durazzo (d. 1393) and her husband, Robert d'Artois (d. 1383), and of Charles I of Durazzo, who was executed at Aversa in 1348 for the murder of Andrew of Hungary. Close by lies the two-year-old daughter of Charles III.

So much for the Angevins. For, after all, the Franciscan church of S. Lorenzo has another and a greater interest for us than the fact that they founded it and there lie buried. It was here that Boccaccio first saw Fiammetta on the vigil of Easter in the year 1331 or 1336.[1] He had gone to Mass, it seems, about ten o'clock in the morning, the fashionable hour of the day, rather to see the people than to attend the service, and there amid the great throng of all sorts and conditions of men he first caught sight of the woman who was so profoundly to influence his life and shape his work. "I found myself," he says, "in a fine church of Naples, named after him who endured to be offered as a sacrifice upon the gridiron, and there was a singing compact of sweetest melody. I was listening to the Holy Mass celebrated by a priest, successor to him who first girt himself humbly with the cord, exalting poverty and adopting it (S. Francis). Now, while I stood there, the fourth hour of the day, according to my reckoning, having already passed down the western sky, there appeared to my eyes the wondrous beauty of a young woman come hither to hear what I too heard attentively. I had no sooner seen her than my heart began to throb so

[1] See my *Giovanni Boccaccio* (Lane, 1910), p. 27 *et seq.*

strongly that I felt it in my slightest pulses; and not knowing why, nor yet perceiving what had happened, I began to say, 'Ohimè, what is this? . . .' But at length, being unable to sate myself with gazing, I said, 'O Lord, most noble Lord, whose strength not even the gods were able to resist, I thank thee for setting happiness before my eyes! . . .' I had no sooner said these words than the flashing eyes of that lovely lady fixed themselves on mine. . . ." Thus began that bitter romance to which we owe so much of Boccaccio's work.

Not far from S. Lorenzo, at the end of Strada de' Tribunali, is the church of S. Pietro a Macella, built by the favourite of Charles II of Anjou, Giovanni Pipino di Barbetta. He died in 1316, and is buried in his church in the left transept; but to-day one cannot visit his tomb, for the church is closed, and about to be destroyed. From this threatened sanctuary we may pass on the left past the church of S. Domenico, which Charles II refounded, but which is full of Aragon tombs, into the Largo di S. Domenico, and so by the Strade S. Trinità to the vast church of S. Chiara.

This is a true Angevin sanctuary, a Franciscan church, a French building in which behind the high altar, beneath a magnificent Gothic monument, King Robert the Wise lies buried. The vast affair towers some forty-two feet into the air, and is the work of Pace and Giovanni da Firenze. The King, who like all his house was a great patron of the Franciscan Order, is represented in effigy dressed in the habit of a Friar Minor lying upon a sarcophagus adorned with reliefs. Angels draw aside the curtains which hang about the figure, and above towers a huge canopy, over which in a niche the King appears seated on his throne in his majesty. There Petrarch wrote the inscription: "Cernite Robertum regem virtute refertum." On either side are frescoes by some pupil of Giotto's.

Close by this magnificent tomb, in the south transept, lies King Robert's eldest son, Charles, Duke of Calabria, who died before his father in 1328. This beautiful tomb

is the work of Tino di Camaino of Siena. To the right, in another fine tomb, lies Charles' second wife, Mary of Valois.

Upon the other side of King Robert, in the north transept, lies in another fine tomb his granddaughter, Mary, daughter of Charles, Duke of Calabria, in her imperial robes as Empress of Constantinople. Beside her are her two daughters, Agnes and Clementia, and beside them two children, a daughter and a grandson of Charles of Calabria. All these tombs are of the fourteenth century and of the House of Anjou.

Beside these French Princes in a chapel in the south transept many of the last princely house of Naples are buried, for it is the Bourbon chantry. Apart from these Angevin tombs, S. Chiara has now little interest. Once it possessed frescoes by Giotto, so Vasari tells us, for Boccaccio persuaded King Robert to bring the master to Naples, and here he set to work to cover the Angevin chapel, and indeed the whole church, with his work. Nothing at all, however, remains to-day, except the small Madonna delle Grazie on a pillar to the left of the nave.

To the left of the entrance to the church in a fine tomb, under a fresco by Francesco di Simone Napoletano of the Madonna enthroned with the Blessed Trinity, lies the secretary of King Ladislaus, the son of Charles III of Durazzo. Here Baboccio carved a relief of the Madonna and Child with certain friars.

Before the organ the masters of the tomb of King Robert have carved in relief eleven scenes from the life of S. Catherine. It is possible that they also made the reliefs in the pulpit.

We have thus seen the tombs and monuments of the first three Angevin princes: Charles I and Charles II lie in the Duomo, King Robert the Wise lies in S. Chiara; the church of the Incoronata belongs to King Robert's granddaughter and heir, the famous Giovanna, Queen of Naples.

Charles II of Anjou had built here the Cappella di

Giustizia, and there Giovanna was married to her second husband, Louis of Taranto, in 1347. To commemorate this event and her later coronation,[1] and perhaps to appease Heaven for the murder of her first husband, Andrew of Hungary, the beautiful Queen founded the church of the Incoronata, in which was incorporated the old Cappella di Giustizia. The church is well below the present level of the street, the Strada Medina, in which it stands, and though much of it has been spoilt it still retains its fine old roof and several Gothic chapels. Here in the groined vaults of the choir, and best seen from the staircase on the left, are frescoes of the middle of the fourteenth century, representing the Seven Sacraments of the Church. In the Marriage we may think to see the portrait of Giovanna, while in the Baptism, it is said, we see portraits of Petrarch and Laura, but this is obviously ridiculous. Close by is the apotheosis of S. Louis of Toulouse, with portraits of King Robert and his son Charles, the grandfather and father of the Queen. Who painted these works? It is possible we may never know; they might seem to be the work of some local master who had felt the influence both of Giotto and Simone Martini, perhaps that Robertus di Oderisio of whom Crowe and Cavalcaselle were the first to tell us.

In the Cappella del Crocefisso, at the end of the left aisle, are other somewhat similar paintings, attributed to Gennaro di Cola, a very feeble master. They represent again the marriage of Queen Giovanna, and other events of her so various life, that life full of beauty and lust and crime, which ended so brutally at the Castle of Muro, where in 1382 she was suffocated by order of Charles III of Durazzo, who had seized her kingdom.

Neither Queen Giovanna nor her successor and murderer, Charles III of Durazzo, lie in Naples; but Ladislaus, who reigned from 1386 to 1414, whose favourite, Guerello

[1] The coronation did not take place here, it would seem, but in the Palace of the Princes of Taranto, near Castel Nuovo, and this in 1352.

Origlia, founded Monte Oliveto, lies in S. Giovanni a Carbonara, which Queen Giovanna had begun in 1344.

This church lies quite on the other side of Naples from the Incoronata, near the Porta Capuana. Its chief treasure, if not its only one, is the magnificent monument of King Ladislaus, which his successor, the infamous Giovanna II, his sister, built in his honour behind the high altar. There he is buried in a sarcophagus upon which, in imitation of that of King Robert, he lies in effigy, receiving the benediction of a bishop, for the excommunication of the Pope was only removed after his death. Above stands a fine equestrian statue of the king; beneath we see him and his sister, while the tomb itself is supported by statues representing the four cardinal virtues.

This tomb is the work of Andrea de Florentia, who perhaps also made the tomb in the Cappella del Sole behind it, in which Giovanna II's favourite, the Grand Seneschal Ser Giovanni Caracciolo, lies. Another tomb by the same master is in the Congregazione di S. Monica close by. It holds the dust of Ferdinando di Sanseverino, and dates from 1432. The two later chapels of the Caraccioli are worth examining, if only for the sixteenth-century sculpture there.

Giovanna II, who raised so splendid a tomb for her brother and predecessor upon the throne of Naples, herself, for all her splendour and luxury, lies in an unpretending grave. This stands before the high altar in the SS. Annunziata, which Robert the Wise had built in 1316, but which was rebuilt in the eighteenth century. She was the last of the Angevins to lie in Naples, and seven years after her death her house ceased to hold the Kingdom.

Undoubtedly the noblest work of art, dating from her reign in Naples, is the glorious monument of Cardinal Brancacci by Donatello and Michelozzo in S. Angelo a Nilo. It consists of a sarcophagus borne by three figures; upon this lies the effigy of the Cardinal, and on either side

stand angels drawing aside the curtains. In front is a glorious relief of the Assumption from the hand of Donatello, and above a relief of the Virgin. This is the finest work of art left to us in Naples outside the Museums.

VI

The Aragon Churches

The Angevins had stamped Naples with a Gothic character in the noble churches they built; it was the Aragon house that brought in the Renaissance.

Nothing more splendid is to be found in Naples than the early Renaissance Triumphal Arch of the Castel Nuovo which Alfonso I caused to be built, but the tombs of the house are disappointing.

The Angevins had patronized and supported the Franciscan Order, and for the most part lie in glorious tombs in Franciscan sanctuaries. It was the Dominicans that the House of Aragon favoured.

The church of S. Domenico had been erected in 1287 in the Gothic style by Charles II of Anjou. It has been much rebuilt and restored, but it remains one of the nobler churches of the city, of very great size and some splendour. Here in the sacristy, in ten large wooden sarcophagi covered with velvet, lie the Princes of the House of Aragon, Ferdinand I, Ferdinand II, and others of their house. In the north transept lie Giovanni da Durazzo and Filippo da Taranto, the sons of Charles II of Anjou. The church is full of the sixteenth-century monuments of the most famous Neapolitan families, and there are several works by Giovanni da Nola. But apart from its tombs of the House of Aragon, its chief interest for me at least lies in its monastery, once the house of the Angelical Doctor S. Thomas Aquinas. Here he lived in 1272, when he lectured at the University, to the wonder of Italy and the delight of the great Charles of Anjou, who came to hear him. His

little cell, now a much overcrowded little chapel, is shown.

Perhaps the best Aragon tomb in Naples is to be seen in the Benedictine church of Monte Oliveto. Here behind the high altar, in a fine tomb by Giovanni da Nola, Alfonso II of Aragon lies, while in the first chapel on the left is a beautiful altar by Antonio Rossellino of Florence, with charming reliefs of the Nativity and the Four Evangelists, and there lies Maria of Aragon, the natural daughter of Ferdinando I. This is also a work of Rossellino's, and is a copy of his masterpiece in S. Miniato at Florence, the tomb of the Cardinal of Portugal. He did not live to complete Maria of Aragon's tomb, which was finished by Benedetto da Majano. The whole church is typically Aragonese, and almost a museum of the work they patronized in the sixteenth century.

But the tombs of the House of Aragon in Naples are but poor things in comparison with those of the House of Anjou, nor is their influence architecturally upon the city comparable at all with that of their predecessors. Some few fine things Naples owes to them, such as the Triumphal Arch, the rebuilding of the Castel del Carmine, the Porta Capuana, and indeed all the gates, but few churches and few monuments. Greater benefits indeed were bestowed upon Naples by the Spanish viceroys than by the House of Aragon.

The first of these viceroys, the famous Gonzalvo de Cordova, Il Gran Capitano, built the great chapel of S. Giacomo della Marca in the church of S. Maria Nuova, and his nephew, Ferdinand, Duke of Sueca, raised upon either side the high altar there, monuments to the memory of his most formidable enemies, Pietro Navarro, who hanged himself in the Castel Nuovo, and Lautrec, the general of Francis I, who besieged Naples in 1528, and died of plague before he took the city.

But undoubtedly the finest monument that the viceroys left in Naples, if not the noblest relic of Spanish rule here,

is the great thoroughfare of the Toledo, now so absurdly called the Via Roma. This was the work of the great Pedro de Toledo (1532–1554). He lies in a very gorgeous tomb in S. Giacomo degli Spagnuoli, which is also due to him, in the Piazza del Municipio. It is a work of the famous school of Giovanni da Nola. The Viceroy and his wife are seen kneeling upon an enormous sarcophagus covered with reliefs; at the angles are four allegorical figures. The work is exquisitely wrought, but decadent in its over-elaboration and lack of simplicity. That tomb and church are indeed but the forerunners of such unquiet sanctuaries as the Gesù Nuovo, S. Paolo Maggiore, and S. Filippo Neri.

They serve with the Palazzo Reale, however, and the great Carthusian monastery of S. Martino and the Palazzo di Capodimonte, begun by Charles III in 1738, with its fine Goyas, portraits of Charles IV and his consort, to mark the Spanish dominion, as S. Carlo, built in 1737, and S. Francesco da Paola, built in imitation of the Pantheon by Ferdinand IV, and the Municipio, built by Francis I, mark the rule of the Bourbons. They at least have some character of their own, but what are we to say of the buildings of our own time, the Galleria in the Toledo and the numerous statues of Garibaldi, Victor Emmanuel, and Umberto I, that represent in Naples the dominion of Savoy and the unity of Italy?

VII

The Museo Nazionale

My happiest hours in Naples have always been those spent in the two Museums of the place, the great Museo Nazionale in the city itself and the Museo di San Martino, the old Carthusian monastery upon the height of S. Elmo, where after all the only thing to be seen is the view; but that beggars description.

The Museo Nazionale has not the wonderful environment

of the monastery of S. Martino. The vast building in the Piazza Cavour, begun by Fontana in 1586, in the time of the Viceroy, the Duke of Osuna, was built for a cavalry barracks, but, left uncompleted for more than twenty years, was given by the Conde de Lemos to the University, and in 1616 was known as the Regii Studii. When the Palazzo Tribunali was rendered unsafe by the earthquake of 1688 it was used for a time as the law court of Naples, and only in the Revolution of 1701 did it serve its original purpose of a barracks. It again came into the hands of the University in 1767, when it was arranged as a Museum, and in 1790 King Ferdinand IV removed the royal collections to it from Capodimonte and Portici. The Museum indeed owes a great deal to the Bourbons, who continually enriched it with treasures, though claiming everything, and rightly, as their own private property. They called it the Museo Reale Borbonico; but when in 1860 Garibaldi became the very helpless dictator of Naples that he proved to be, he proclaimed the Museum national property, and this was confirmed later by Victor Emmanuel.

The greatest treasures of the Museum thus established are to-day the antiquities from Pompeii, from Pæstum, and the cities of Magna Græcia, the bronzes from Herculaneum, and a few works in marble, genuine masterpieces of Greek art, which most happily have found here a secure, if gloomy, home.

It is easiest to visit first the collection of marble sculptures where, amid a vast mass of work of the time of the Empire, for the most part copies, as in the Vatican and the Capitoline Museums, of lost Greek originals, may be found a few works from the hands of the Greeks themselves.

Though in such a great collection as this he is wise who confines himself to the best of all, it is impossible to pass by certain works which greet us even in the first room, the Portico dei Marmi Arcaici, copies though they be. Those noble figures of Harmodius and Aristogeitus, the two Athenian youths who slew the tyrant Hipparchus, and

TORSO DI VENERE
Museo Nazionale, Naples

sacrificed their lives for the good of the state; it is impossible to pass them by without a salute, though these figures are but fine copies of those carved by Critios and Nesiotes, and re-erected by the Athenian people after the two earlier statues carved by Antenor had been carried off by Xerxes.

One may pass by the Farnese gladiator, however—it is but the copy of a copy—but the statuette of Artemis in the same room (6008) comes from Pompeii, and the colour is still on it. It is a small but fine copy of the chryselephantine statue of the end of the sixth century, and was brought to Italy from Calydon by Augustus after the battle of Actium.

The adjoining rooms are full of fine copies—the bust of Athene, the beautiful Aphrodite in a clinging transparent robe, the majestic so-called Juno Farnese, the poor Doryphorus from Pompeii; it is not indeed till you enter the seventh room that you come to an original Greek work, the exquisite relief of Orpheus, Eurydice, and Hermes (6727), replicas of which are in the Louvre and the Villa Albani at Rome. This is one of the loveliest things in Naples, an almost untouched work of the fourth century B.C., perfect alike in beauty and quietness.

As much cannot be said for the Head of Apollo (6393), fine though it be, for it has been spoilt by polish and restoration, nor for the Athena (6024), which is but a poor copy after Pheidias, as is the Bust of the Bearded Dionysos (6306) after Praxiteles. We come upon something better, however, in the so-called Banquet of Icarius (6713), a genuine Greek work, in which we see Dionysos appearing to some victorious poet, while the splendid technique of the torso of a man in the next room redeems it from the mediocrity of most copies. The glorious torso of Aphrodite (6035) by the window is of the most tender beauty.

I know not what to say of the Farnese Hercules, nor of the various works in the small rooms adjoining that in which it stands, the statuettes of the Pergamenian school

and the Venus Callipyge; they mean nothing to me. Before them all I prefer that lovely relief of the Persuasion of Helen, a true Greek work, in which Aphrodite tries so hard to persuade Helen to follow Paris, while Eros stands by helpless, and Peitho, as a dove, waits with certainty the decision of her for whom Troy must fall.

In the Museum of Naples one wanders as in a city, caught here by something beautiful, there by the face of a friend, now by something familiar, now by something strange. Not the least delightful rooms, indeed, are those devoted to the Greek and Roman Portraits, the Portico Iconografico, and the Portico degli Imperatori. Undoubtedly the finest of all these is the beautiful herma of a Greek Philosopher in the middle of the latter room; indeed, there is no finer portrait bust in the world. With it, though not so fine, may be compared the noble bearded Hermes (6155), and also in the first room the splendid statue of Æschines (6018), the champion of Philip of Macedon against Demosthenes, from Herculaneum, the copy of an ideal portrait of Homer (6023), the Lycurgus (?) (6136), and another (6132), the Sophocles (?) (6139), the headless portrait statue, a very noble thing in the middle of the room, and the Philetærus of Pergamum (6148). Of the Roman portraits in the second room undoubtedly the finest is the bust of Caligula (6033).

In going from the Portico degli Imperatori to the Sculture di Bronzo we pass through eight rooms full of indifferent works, but in the fourth is the splendid mosaic of the Battle of Alexander, which comes from the House of the Faun in Pompeii. It represents the Battle of the Issus at that moment when Alexander charges the Persians at the head of his cavalry. It is a fine thing, and reminds us of a great episode in the history of Europe.

It is not in marbles but in bronzes, however, that the Museum here in Naples is pre-eminent. These come for the most part from Pompeii and Herculaneum, the former being of a light green, almost blue, colour, the latter of a

very dark and sober green, owing not to any difference of material but to the totally different volcanic substance in which they were hidden for so long. Of the five rooms full of bronzes the first two are devoted to those from Pompeii. Undoubtedly the finest of these Pompeian treasures is the archaic statue of Apollo playing a lyre (5630) which comes from the Casa del Citrasta, so named after it at Pompeii. It is perhaps the most beautiful work of art in the Museum, a masterpiece of the first half of the fifth century B.C. It originally stood in the market-place of Sparta, and is one of the noblest things left to us by that great people.

The Apollo stands in the second room; in the first is the famous bronze statuette of the bearded and tailed Dancing Faun (5002), which comes from the House of the Faun, so named after it, at Pompeii. Close by is the equally delightful Silenus crowned with ivy, the base adorned with the vine and inlaid with silver (5001), and the young Satyr with a wine-skin (III, 495), drunken and staggering, a figure for a fountain discovered in Pompeii in 1880. In the middle of the room is the so-called Narcissus, properly perhaps a Dionysos, twenty-five inches in height, a masterpiece of Praxiteles' school. The grave and sleepy beauty of this delicious figure is beyond description. Restoration has done its worst here, but with little effect, though the pose is no longer the one designed by the sculptor and the empty eyes were once filled with silver.

The glory of the second room, and indeed of the Museum itself, is, as I have said, the archaic Apollo with a lyre (5630), but here too is the charming winged Victory (4997), a gold bracelet upon her left arm, and the interesting statuette of a Boy, a poor but genuine work of the fifth century B.C.

The third, fourth, and fifth rooms are devoted to the deep-toned bronzes from Herculaneum, the finest and loveliest of which is the fifth-century Head of a Boy (5633). More famous and exceedingly lovely is the Hermes in Repose (5625), perhaps the most celebrated work of art in Naples,

discovered in Herculaneum in 1858, a work of the school of Lysippus. Everything in this room is worth notice, but to the two works I have named I must add for delight the two busts (4885 and 5618), the first the only signed bust of antiquity, the work of the Athenian Apollonius, son of Archias, a copy of the famous Doryphoros of Polycletus, the second the glorious head of Dionysos in meditation, a copy of a work of Myron's.

The fourth and fifth rooms have nothing so lovely as any of these works I have named. The best to be had in the fourth room is the Wrestlers (5626–5627) and the merry Drunken Satyr (5628), while in the fifth room there is nothing else so fine as the beautiful head of L. Calpurnius Piso Cesoninus, formerly called Seneca, unless it be the head of a woman (4896) called Sappho, a rarely lovely thing of the fourth century B.C.

Upon the first floor of the Museum in the east wing are six rooms filled with small bronzes, many of them of considerable beauty and interest, the collection as a whole being without a rival anywhere.

To the left of the landing between the two staircases leading to the rooms of the upper story are ten halls containing wall-paintings for the most part from Pompeii with some few from Herculaneum and Stabiæ. These delightful paintings are scarcely the work of artists, but rather of artisans; they are decorative works which lightened the walls of the little houses of Pompeii, and would seem to assure us of the happiness and light-heartedness of a society which could produce and enjoy such things, full as they are of a naïve delight. Consider the beauty, the dignity, the daintiness of such a decoration as that in which Briseis is led away from the tent of Achilles (9105), or that in which Chiron is teaching the great hero the lyre (9109), or the Wedding of Zeus and Hera (9559), or that happy scene called Pan and the Nymphs (III. 473). A more serious beauty is perhaps to be found in those paintings, six in all, on white marble in one of which Latona

APOLLO
Museo Nazionale, Naples

prepares to destroy the Niobids, little unconcerned children playing all unaware of their dreadful fate.

The works in the second room seem all to possess this hint of tragedy: there we see Orestes and Pylades as captives before Thoas and Iphigeneia coming out of the temple towards them (9111); and Medea about to murder her little children (9976); and less sombre, but not less fair, Dionysos and his company, among whom is Ariadne sleeping (9286) and Heracles with Omphale and Priapus (8992).

The third and fourth rooms are full of similar if less beautiful pictures, the best of which is perhaps that in which we see Dionysos and Ariadne (9278); and the fifth room is crowded with famous things—the Loves for Sale (9180) on the threshold, and the no less well-known figures of the Bacchantes and Satyrs floating as in a frieze in their wild dance (9295–9307). Close by are the four centaurs and a Mænad (9133–9136), the story of the Loves (9176–9179), in which we see them hunting, fishing, playing, and working. These come from Herculaneum, and have nothing to do with the Loves for Sale (9180), exquisite in its pretty sentiment, which comes from Stabiæ. Last of all are the pictures of the Rope Dancers (9118–9121), in which we see Satyrs performing feats on the tight-rope.

These delightful paintings show us in some sort perhaps the art of painting in antiquity at its culminating point; but it must be remembered that they come from an unimportant provincial city, and that they are but decorations after all, not individual works of art, which were certainly of a finer design and a more delicate finish than anything we have here in Naples. For the most part, no doubt, these works are conventional; they follow great Greek designs as far as their authors were able, designs learned by heart and repeated over and over again with more or less exactness. In any case, they have a delight all their own, and though they can never mean to us what the architecture and sculpture of their time must always do, they give us

a most intimate insight into the everyday lives of a people who seem to have been always of a light heart and filled with a curious pleasure in beauty of any sort, that we have long since failed to attain to or to understand.

VII

The Picture Gallery

The Pinacoteca of the Naples Museum, though it does not rival in wealth of masterpieces the galleries of Florence, Siena, Venice, or the Vatican, is nevertheless an important gallery of paintings only second to these in the peninsula.

The Neapolitan school of painting, in so far as it was a native school, never came to have much importance. The Angevin kings, perhaps because there was little or no native talent, patronized the Florentine and Sienese masters, Giotto and Simone Martini; the Spaniards, too often looked to the Netherlands or to Spain itself for their pictures; and thus without patronage the Neapolitan people produced no native school properly so called. And indeed, with few exceptions, it may be said that every picture painted in the Kingdom was the work of a foreigner, or at any rate painted under foreign influence. Thus when we find in the first room of the Naples Gallery the works of Andrea da Salerno (*c.* 1480–1543)—the Miracles of S. Nicholas of Bari, and the Adoration of the Magi, for instance—it is necessary to remember that though he worked in Naples and died at Gaeta, he was born in Bologna, and was therefore not a south Italian at all. He was, however, the master of a native-born painter, that Criscuolo whose works are still to be seen in the churches of Naples, in S. Maria Donna Regina, for instance, whose younger brother, Giovanni Angelo, the pupil of Marco di Pino da Siena, has a picture here in the gallery, an Adoration of the Magi. These were painters, however, of the early sixteenth

century. Of earlier masters we know very little. The S. Jerome extracting a thorn from the paw of a lion in the first room (84480, Sala III) was long attributed to a certain Colantonio del Fiore, a half-mythical Neapolitan master, but is now given to the school of Roger Van der Weyden; and indeed most of these early so-called Neapolitan paintings are the work of foreigners in the pay of the Angevins.

The best of the later masters of which Naples boasts was Luca Giordano, a painter of the seventeenth century; several of his works are to be found here in the Naples Gallery, but they have little interest for us. Indeed, in so far as painting was practised in Naples at this time, it owed everything to such foreigners as Ribera, whose son Sebastian painted in 1651 two pictures of S. Jerome and a S. Bruno, which redeem from hopeless mediocrity Sala XVII of this gallery. But Ribera cannot be claimed by Naples as a native master any more than can El Greco, whose two fine works, a portrait of Giulio Clovio and a Boy with a firebrand, are among the best things to be found here.

But if the Gallery of Naples can show us but few and mediocre works of the native masters, and that for the excellent reason that they do not exist, it can boast of a respectable collection of the works of every other school in Italy, not a few of which are masterpieces.

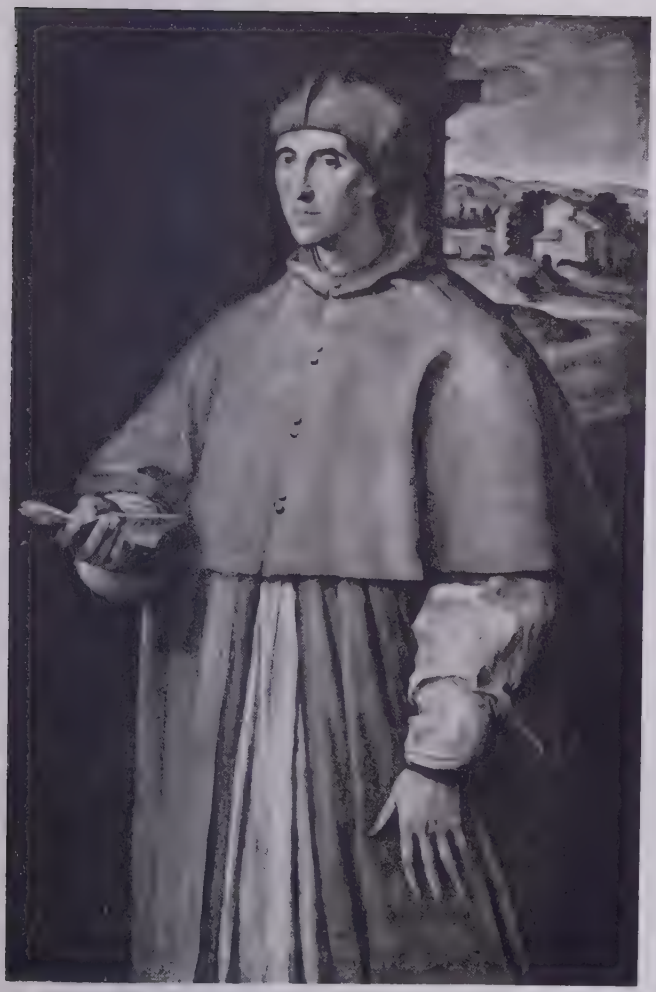
To begin with Florence: the only fourteenth-century picture here is a small altarpiece by Taddeo Gaddi, painted in 1336, representing the Madonna and Child; but the two great masters of the beginning of the fifteenth century, Masolino and Masaccio, are well represented, the former by two works painted about 1423, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin (84186) and the Founding of S. Maria Maggiore (84195), and the latter by a fine Crucifixion (125489), both in Sala XV. An early work by Amico di Sandro, the Madonna and Child and Two Angels (84193), of old attributed to Botticelli, brings us to Filippino Lippi, from whose hand there is an early Annunciation with S.

John Baptist and S. Andrew (84198) in the same room, while by his pupil Raffaelino del Garbo there is a tondo, a Madonna and Child with the infant S. John (84209) close by. Andrea del Sarto contributes a copy of Raphael's Leo x (84002) in Sala xiv, and Fra Bartolommeo an Assumption of the Virgin (84044 in Sala vi) painted in 1516. Here too is that noble fifteenth-century bronze bust of Dante that everyone knows so well.

The Sienese works are at least equally noteworthy. Perhaps by Lippo Memmi is a fine Noli me Tangere (84313). By the prolific master Taddeo Bartoli Naples boasts but one picture, a small S. Sebastian, but by Giovanni di Paolo it has two works, a Noli me Tangere and a S. Eleutrio and Adorers; and of the beautiful work of Matteo di Giovanni it has one great example, the notable Massacre of the Innocents, painted in 1488 (84192); a tondo by the late Sienese master Andrea del Bresciano, the Madonna and Child with the infant S. John, closing the examples here of the school.

The Umbrian and March masters are less well represented. A Madonna and Child by Caporali, painted in 1484, is a surprise in Sala vi; it is the only work by an early Umbro-March master in the city. In the same room is an Assumption (84017) designed by Pintoricchio, but painted by Eusebio di S. Giorgio his pupil. The Madonna with the Bird (83994), painted by their contemporary Antoniazzo Romano in 1484, is of fine quality. This master has a later work in S. Paolo Maggiore, a Madonna and Child with SS. Peter and Paul. By far the finest work by any Umbrian here in Naples is the splendid portrait by Raphael of Cardinal Farnese, afterwards Pope Paul iii (84004 in Sala xiv), and it is the only work by the master in the south of Italy. His pupil Giulio Romano is well represented here by the Madonna della Gatta (83988) in the same room.

Undoubtedly the finest works in the gallery, however, taking them altogether, belong to the Venetian school.



PORTRAIT OF CARDINAL FARNESE
RAPHAEL
Museo Nazionale, Naples

This fine series begins with a noble Bartolommeo Vivarini, a Madonna and Child Enthroned (83906, Sala xv), painted in 1469, a beautiful early example by the master. By his nephew and pupil Alvise Vivarini there is a good altar-piece of the Madonna and Child with SS. Francis and Bernardino (839067) in the same room, where too Giovanni Bellini is represented by a very beautiful early work, painted about 1460, a Transfiguration (83990). The influence of the Vivarini and Bellini is felt in the work of Antonello da Messina, by whom is the Portrait of a Man here which must not be passed by, and in the Bust of a Cardinal by Jacopo Barbari. Nor is it easy to forget the two early works by Lotto, the Madonna with S. Peter Martyr (83956), painted in 1503, and the somewhat doubtful bust of a man in a white coat, nor the Santa Conversazione with donors (84011) by Palma Vecchio.

These men were all pupils of Giovanni Bellini, as indeed was the greatest master Venice produced, Titian. The Naples Gallery happily possesses five portraits by Titian, of which one is the famous group of Paul III and his nephew Ottaviano and Cardinal Farnese. This glorious work was probably painted in Rome, but it remains unfinished. It only came to Naples in 1734. An earlier portrait of Pope Paul III by the same master is in the same room (Sala XIII); this was painted in Bologna in 1543. A slightly later work is the Danaë here, painted in Rome in 1545 for the Farnese, as was the S. Mary Magdalen also in this gallery. This work bears Titian's signature, as does the Portrait of Philip II, a replica from Titian's hand of the work in the Pitti Palace.

Titian's younger contemporary, Sebastiano del Piombo may be seen here in three late works, the Holy Trinity in Sala XIV and the two portraits in the same room, one representing Pope Clement VII.

The North Italian schools are in most cases well represented in Naples. That of Padua boasts here of two works

by Mantegna, the damaged S. Euphemia of 1454 (83946) and the portrait of Francesco Gonzaga (83964).

Nor is the school of Parma poorer, for there are three fine Correggios, one an early work, S. Anthony Abbot, painted in 1514 (131060), another the Betrothal of S. Catherine, painted four years later, similar to but smaller than the work in the Louvre (83972), and the exquisite "Zingarella" (83969), the Madonna and Child in the wilderness weary on the road to Egypt. There are also, by Correggio's pupil Parmigiano, two pictures of the Madonna and Child, and no less than five portraits.

The school of Ferrara gives us three pictures of the Madonna and Child by Dosso Dossi, a late work of his pupil Ortolano, a San Sebastian and a Circumcision by Garofalo.

The great portrait-painter of Brescia, Moretto, is, unfortunately, only represented here by an Ecce Homo, an early work. Even the school of Milan is not without examples here, uninteresting though they be, nor Leonardo's followers, Luini, Oggiono, and Gianpietro, the first being seen in two works, a Madonna and Child and a S. John Baptist.

But when all is said, it is not among these lesser works that we choose to spend our time, but rather here with the beauty that Tuscany, Umbria, and Venice have lent to a city that needs it more than any other place in Italy, being herself so poor in delight.

II

POSILIPO

THE true delight of Naples, the beauty which has confounded her name with itself, and which is so astonishing and really incomparable that for ages men have repeated the old adage: *Vedi Napoli e poi muori,* is not to be found in the city itself; it belongs wholly to its environment, the wonderful country in which it stands a beggar by the wayside.

The beauty of this corner of Campania, so full of marvels over which the smoking pyramid of Vesuvius towers and broods, a true symbol summing up all its character; of the glorious bay between Capo Miseno and the headland of Sorrento, with its delicious islands, is not to be seen or understood in Naples, nor, in all its fulness, even from the monastery of S. Martino under S. Elmo over the city. To enjoy Naples, the beautiful world in which she stands, it is necessary to leave the city and to pass everywhere about that vast bay, to explore all its shores and headlands, to visit Sorrento, Castellamare, and Pompeii upon the one side, and Pozzuoli, Baia, and Capo Miseno on the other; and first of all, for it gives you all at a glance, to climb and explore the headland of Posilipo, the narrow volcanic ridge of no great height but everywhere steep and abrupt which runs south-west from S. Elmo into the sea, and which forms a barrier between the immediate surroundings of Naples and those of Puteoli and Baia.

Perhaps the best way to do this is to pass out of the city by the Villa Nazionale, at the far end of which is the Piazza

Principe di Napoli. Out of this piazza two roads proceed westward, the Strada di Piedigrotta and the Mergellina. The first of these roads leads in a few yards to the Piazza di Piedigrotta, in which stands the old thirteenth-century church of S. Maria di Piedigrotta, now spoilt by restoration. Within is a fine picture, perhaps by some Flemish painter, of the Pietà, the wings painted it might seem under Sienese influence; and an ancient picture of the Madonna, whose aid Charles III invoked when upon September 7, 1744, he met the Spaniards at Velletri and defeated them. In commemoration of this victory the king reinstituted the ancient Festa di Piedigrotta, which took place annually upon the birthday of the Blessed Virgin, the morrow of the battle. This huge fair continued to be held every year with considerable magnificence until the fall of the Bourbon dynasty in 1859, and to it we owe many of those delightful songs which are the only artistic glory of Naples. To-day the fair has degenerated into an uproarious merry-making that takes place for the most part after dark, when the Grotta Nuova is illuminated.

The Grotta Nuova di Posilipo is a vast tunnel more than 800 yards long, bored through the hill of Posilipo as a short cut upon the level from the western bay of Naples, the Riviera di Chiaia, to the bay of Pozzuoli. It was opened in 1885 and took the place of the Old Grotto, which was not quite so long. This was constructed in the first years of the Empire, and probably by Augustus, who made Misenum his chief naval port. It is a magnificent piece of engineering and well worth seeing for all its gloom and narrowness, of which Seneca complains. The Dark Age, face to face with so Roman a thing, attributed it to the magic of the sorcerer Virgil, whose tomb was built upon the hillside above it.

That Virgil had a villa upon the hill of Posilipo is certain, and thither by his own wish his ashes were brought from Brundusium, where he died on September 21, B.C. 19. We have no means of knowing exactly where this villa stood,

but in spite of criticism it is well to remember that the spot shown to-day has been traditionally the site of his tomb for at least fifteen hundred years. There seems indeed no real reason to doubt that the ancient Roman columbarium above the old road is the tomb of the great poet, and that there of old stood his villa, in which he wrote so much of the *Georgics*, signing them indeed from "the lap of sweet Parthenope."

> Illo Vergilium me tempore dulcis alebat
> Parthenope studiis florentem ignobilis oti,
> Carmina qui lusi pastorum, audaxque juventa
> Tityre, te patulæ cecini sub tegmine fagi.

Not much more than a century after Virgil's death his tomb was visited by the poet Statius, who was born at Naples in A.D. 45, and who describes himself as composing his poems beside the tomb—

> Lo! idly wandering on the sea-beat strand
> Where the fam'd Syren in Ausonia's land
> First moored her bark, I strike the sounding string;
> At Virgil's honoured tomb I sit and sing;
> Warm'd by the hallowed spot my Muse takes fire
> And sweeps with bolder hand my humble lyre.[1]

About the same time another Latin poet, Silius Italicus, bought the place and restored or guarded the tomb from neglect, and even performed certain rites there, according to Martial—

> Silius hæc magni celebrat monumenta Maronis,
> Jugera facundi qui Ciceronis habet.
> Hæredem dominumque sui tumulive larisve;
> Non alium mallet, nec Maro, nec Cicero.[2]

And in the following epigram we read that the tomb till then had only been cared for by a poor peasant—

> Jam prope desertos cineres, et sancta Maronis
> Nomina qui coleret, pauper et unus erat.
> Silius optatæ succerrere censuit umbræ,
> Silius et vatem, non minor ipse, colit.

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[1] Statius, *Silv.* iv. 4, 50. Trs. by Eustace.
[2] Martial, *Ep.* xi. 48.

"News has just come," writes Pliny, "that Silius Italicus has starved himself to death at his villa near Naples. Ill-health was the cause assigned. . . . He owned a number of villas in the same neighbourhood, and used to neglect his old ones through his favourite passion for his recent purchases. In each he had any quantity of books, statues, and busts, which he not only kept by him but even treated with a sort of veneration, especially the bust of Virgil, whose birthday he kept up far more scrupulously than he did his own, principally at Naples, where he used to approach the poet's monument as though it were a temple."

Nor is that all; for it is said that even S. Paul came to the tomb of him who had prophesied of the Son to be born of a pure Virgin, and this was long remembered at Mantua in the hymn they used to sing there at Vespers on the feast of the saint—

> When to Maro's tomb they brought him,
> Tender grief and pity wrought him
> To bedew the stone with tears;
> What a saint I might have crowned thee
> Had I only living found thee,
> Poet first and without peers.[1]

Of what befell the tomb in the Dark Age we know nothing, but with the revival of Italian letters it at once appears; Dante speaks of it, for Virgil says to him in Purgatory—

> It now is evening there where buried lies
> The body on which I cast a shade, removed
> To Naples from Brundusium's wall . . .

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[1] Ad Maronis mausoleum
Ductus, fudit super eum
Piæ rorem lacrymæ;
Quantum, inquit, te fecissem,
Vivum si te invenissem,
Poetarum maxime.

The translation is by J. A. Symonds.

and Petrarch upon his first visit to Naples was taken to the almost sacred place by his host, King Robert the Wise. There it is said he planted a laurel, the successor to that which had always stood there, and had died after more than a thousand years in the year of Dante's death ; Petrarch's tree was still flourishing in the eighteenth century, when it was destroyed by relic-hunters. Petrarch was not alone in the homage he paid to the ashes of the great Roman poet. Boccaccio at the lowest ebb of his fortunes—his Fiammetta unfaithful, his father ruined—retired in poverty from the life of the Angevin court to live outside the city, "sub monte Falerno apud busta Maronis," whence he dates his letters, and there, amid a tempest of ill, turned to the verse of the Mantuan, and vowed upon Virgil's grave to give himself to letters.

As we see it to-day, the tomb is a small vault having three windows. In the sixteenth century an urn stood in the midst containing, so it was said, the ashes of the poet. This has now disappeared, having, according to some, been sent to Mantua, while others assert that King Robert the Wise removed it to the Castel dell' Ovo for safer keeping. In front of the entrance to the now empty tomb is a copy of the epitaph, composed, it is supposed, by Virgil himself—

> Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
> Parthenope, cecini pascua, rura, duces. . . .

Upon the sepulchre itself we read the epitaph placed there in the sixteenth century—

> Cui cineres ? Tumuli hæc vestigia ? Conditur olim
> Ille hic qui cecinit pascua, rura, duces.

It is easy to assert that in spite of all this we have no evidence whatever that it was here the ashes of Virgil were laid, and no doubt we must admit such an assertion to be true ; but on the other hand the tradition is so strong that we cannot ignore it if we would. At any rate, no one who has ever visited the place—and it is almost a duty to visit it—but must have hoped in his heart that here indeed the

dust of the greatest of Roman poets lay through the centuries above a world so lovely that the view of it hence catches the breath. It is such a place, naturally hallowed by divine beauty between Latin earth and sky and sea, that is the rightful shrine of the Mantuan.

From that holy place, hallowed at least by the love, the faith, and the tears of so many generations of men, you descend to the Strada di Mergellina and the little church of S. Maria del Parto, the Chiesa del Sannazaro. This little sanctuary was built by the poet Sannazaro for the Servites upon the site of a villa given to him by Frederick II of Aragon in 1496 and destroyed in 1529 by the French. Its very dedication, S. Maria del Parto, speaks of him, for it was chosen from his famous Latin poem "De partu Virginis." The poet, born in Naples in 1455, lies behind the high altar, where a monument of his own design executed by Gerolamo da S. Croce, a pagan affair, the decoration of which is taken from his poem "Arcadia," supports his sarcophagus, upon which is graven his "Academic" name Actius Sincerus.

From the Chiesa del Sannazaro you follow the Strada Nuova, the road which Murat built during his brief reign, over the headland of Posilipo. The views all the way are of an indescribable glory and magnificence, embracing as they do the whole gulf between the Capo di Posilipo, the headland of Sorrento, the island of Capri with Naples and Vesuvius in the middle distance. By many a fair villa the road climbs for some three miles from the ruins of the Palazzo di Donna Anna by the sea, the palace begun in the seventeenth century by Donna Anna Carafa, wife of the Viceroy Duca de Medina, and never finished, up past the Capo di Posilipo, the Phalerum of the ancients, till at the top of the great ridge the wonderful view of the Gulf of Pozzuoli within the beautiful headland of Misenum breaks suddenly upon you in all its dreamy loveliness.

There by the Villa Thalberg a path descends seaward to the fishing village of Marechiano, below which is the little church of S. Maria del Faro, marking the site of an ancient

Pharos. Here to the west stood the great villa of Vedius Pollio, the famous Pausilypum—the "end of sorrow," or, as we might say, *Sans Souci*, which he bequeathed to Augustus Cæsar, and which named the whole ridge. All about are the ruins of this villa, along the shore and rising out of the sea, known now by fantastic names such as the Scuola di Virgilio and the Casa degli Spiriti. In ancient times the whole of this headland seems to have supported this estate, its buildings as often as not standing right in the sea, constructed doubtless at immense cost and with great skill. This immense and beautiful villa had its fish ponds, into which it is asserted Vedius Pollio once had a slave who had broken a glass thrown to be devoured by the fish; here was a theatre and an *odeon*, of which we may still see considerable remains, as we may too of numerous other buildings, as porticoes, columns, and reservoirs, even the rock of La Gajola being covered with debris. Nothing to be seen anywhere about Naples gives one so clear an idea of the great wealth and splendid life of the Romans along this coast; we in our days have nothing comparable to the luxury of such a place built really in the sea, adventurously about this headland.

One returns to the high road with regret. There, however, the noble view still rewards one at every step of the way, as the road descends past the Villa Sans Souci. Not far from the bottom a great tunnel opens in the hill above the Punta di Coroglio. This is the Grotta di Sejano. It was, according to Strabo, who saw it, the work of the engineer Marcus Cocceius, who had already constructed the Grotta di Posilipo and the tunnel or passage-way from the Lake of Avernus to Cumæ. The work here upon Posilipo was made by order of Sejanus, the favourite of Tiberius, so it is said. It is more than half a mile long—longer, wider, and loftier indeed than the Grotta di Posilipo—and doubtless served the great Villa Pausilypum as a means of communication with Puteoli, for the eastern end of it opens close to the island rock of La Gajola.

The island of Nisida, the Nesis of Strabo, which stands up so high off Capo Coroglio, is but a mile and a half in circumference. Of old, before the beginning of history, it was part of a crater, but as we know from Cicero in his day it was the site of a villa belonging to Brutus, and there, shortly after the death of Cæsar, the great orator conferred with his host and Cassius and Libo upon their future plans. Little of this famous place remains, but the island is still known, as Pliny tells us it was in his day, for its asparagus, though it no longer boasts the beautiful *bosco* of which Statius speaks. To-day between it and the shore, upon a rock connected with the island by an ancient mole, is the Lazzaretto Vecchio. Upon the island itself is a prison, but the most interesting sight is the curious harbour seaward, Porto Paone, a delicious pool opposite Capo Miseno.

From the Grotto of Sejanus one may either descend into the plain and make for Bagnoli and thus return to Naples by train, or climb again up to the Villa Thalberg, and there, taking the road on the left, the Strada Belvedere, come back into Naples along the ridge of Posilipo between garden walls which now and then allow one an exquisite glimpse of the bays of Naples and Pozzuoli, and more especially towards the end of the way under an arch upon the right appears that famous view of Naples and Vesuvius with the stone pine in the foreground.

III

THE GULF OF POZZUOLI

TO understand at a glance the nature of the country to the west of the ridge of Posilipo, the bay of Pozzuoli and the Phlegræan fields, it is necessary, I think, to visit Camaldoli, the monastery founded in 1585 by the Marquis of Pescara, the victor of Pavia. It stands upon the eastern summit of the loftiest hill to the north-west of Naples, and is best reached out of Porta S. Martino. Apart from the view, there is little or nothing to see, but from the Belvedere, reached by a shady path through the garden of the monastery, there is suddenly spread out before you all that beautiful coast, the bays of Naples, Pozzuoli, and Gaeta, the great headlands and islands, Vesuvius in all its majesty, S. Elmo with Naples at its feet, the plain of Campania Felix with its cities, and beyond, the great chain of the Apennines. More especially before and beneath you is spread out that strange, restless country of the Phlegræan fields with its craters and lakes, on the beautiful seashore of which stand Puteoli, Baia, and Cuma, once so famous.

It is from Camaldoli that all this strange country is best seen at a glance, but to visit it from Naples, one must go to Piedigrotta, and pass through the long tunnel under Posilipo, at the western end of which stands the little town of Fuorigrotta.

Fuorigrotta is a miserable huddle of houses, and would have for us no interest at all, but that in the church of S. Vitale there, the poet Leopardi, born at Recanati in 1798,

lies, his grave marked by a wonderful monument in the portico of the church.

Evelyn, who came this way, but through the old Grotto, which he well describes, in 1644–1645 speaks with enthusiasm, as who would not, of all this plain on the threshold of which Fuorigrotta stands. "We were delivered," he writes, "from the bowels of the earth into one of the most delicious plaines in the world; the oranges, lemons, pomegranates, and other fruits blushing yet on the perpetually green trees; for the summer is here eternal, caused by the natural and adventitious heate of the earth, warm'd through subterranean fires."

The first hint we receive of the volcanic nature of this country is in the Lago d'Agnano, now drained and scarcely worth a visit. It is an old crater four miles in circumference, about a mile from Fuorigrotta upon the beautiful road to Pozzuoli. Here on the south side of the crater are the old Stufe di San Germano, still full of sulphurous fumes, and a little beyond is the once famous Grotta del Cane, now happily no longer used. Evelyn well describes the cruel exhibition of its properties as practised till our own time. "We now came," says he, "to a lake of about two miles in circumference environ'd with hills; the water of it is fresh and swete on the surface but salt at botome . . . and 'tis reputed of that profunditude in the middle that it is bottomlesse. The people call it Lago d'Agnano, from the multitude of serpents which, involved together about the spring, fall down from the cliffy hills into it. It has no fish, nor will any live in it. We tried the old experiment on a dog in the Grotta del Cane or Charon's Cave; it is not above three or four paces deepe, and about the height of a man, nor very broad. Whatever having life enters it presently expires. Of this we made tryal with two dogges, one of which we bound to a short pole to guide him the more directly into the farther part of the den, where he was no sooner entered but, without the least noyse or so much as a struggle, except that he panted for breath, lolling out

his tongue, his eyes being fixed, we drew him out, dead to all appearances; but immediately plunging him into the adjoining lake, within less than half an hour he recovered, and swimming to shore ran away from us. . . . The experiment has been tried on men, as on that poor creature whom Peter of Toledo caused to go in; likewise on some Turkish slaves; two souldiers and other foole-hardy persons, who all perished and could never be recovered by the water of the lake as are dogs, for which many learned reasons have been offered, as Simon Majolus in his book of the Canicular-dayes has mentioned. . . ."

It was certainly a needless brutality to prove the qualities of an exhalation of carbonic acid gas upon living creatures. To-day the guide or attendant supplies a torch, which is promptly extinguished; but the draining of the lake, to say nothing of the protection of the abuse of living creatures, make the place not worth a visit.

From the Lago d'Agnano one follows the beautiful road over the hills, whence many a lovely view opens towards Nisida and Capri, or of the great bay of Pozzuoli and the headland of Misenum, past the Capuchin convent of S. Gennaro, which marks the site of the martyrdom of S. Januarius, to the crater of the half-extinct volcano of Solfatara. This is worth any trouble to see. The broken crater is an irregularly shaped plain, enclosed by pallid hills of tufa, scored with fissures and smelling of sulphur. The whole plain is pitted with vents which bubble and steam, and in the surrounding hillsides many smoking fumaroli may be visited. Perhaps the most active of these holes lie towards the south-east, where there is one full of hot water, some thirty-five feet deep, and where are two great smoking fissures that become especially active when a lighted torch is held near them. The whole place is most weird and disturbing, a lake of mud which one feels may at any moment become a boiling cauldron under one's feet. The only eruption within historic memory, however, took place in 1198, though from time out of mind Solfatara

has been about as active as it is to-day. The ancients knew it well, and called it Forum Vulcani; the hills about it, which still produce the white potter's clay, were known to them as the Colles Leucogæi, and the aluminous and boiling waters in the holes as the Fontes Leucogæi.

From this curious and disquieting place the road descends past the great amphitheatre to Pozzuoli, founded in the sixth century B.C. by the Greeks, and called Dicæarchia, and renamed by the Romans during the second Punic War Puteoli. The place was famous as a port long before the Romans used it, but under their administration it greatly developed in commercial importance, for it was the first really good port to the south of Rome, and in 194 B.C. they established a colony there. Thereafter it became one of the most considerable places of trade in Italy, a port of general embarkation for the East, for Egypt, Africa, and Spain. Among the more famous travellers who we know landed here are Cicero, on his return from Sicily, and S. Paul, upon his journey to Rome. He had landed at Syracuse, and had tarried there three days. "And from thence we fetched a compass, and came to Rhegium: and after one day the south wind blew, and we came the next day to Puteoli: where we found brethren, and were desired to tarry with them seven days: and so we went toward Rome." [1]

S. Paul came as a prisoner in the *Castor*, an Alexandrine ship, and landed here upon May 3, in the year A.D. 59. He found brethren in Puteoli, perhaps slaves, in the service of the wealthy Romans, who frequented the baths here in the spring and summer seasons, and whose villas lined all this coast. For Puteoli was, in the time of the Empire, not only perhaps the greatest emporium of foreign trade in Italy, it was famous too as a pleasure resort, the capital of all this bay to which it gave its name. In those days a vast mole ran out into the bay from the town,

[1] Acts xxviii. 13, 14.

SOLFATARA

PUTEOLI

supported on stone piles with arches between them. Here the people, according to Seneca, used to assemble to watch for the ships from Alexandria, and it was from the extremity of this mole that Caligula built his famous bridge across the bay to Baia. This, of course, was but a temporary structure, and the remains still pointed out at Pozzuoli as belonging to it are in truth the ruins of the mole. Suetonius describes the bridge graphically enough: "Caligula," says he, "invented a new kind of spectacle, such as had never been heard of before. For he made a bridge about three miles and a half long, from the mole of Puteoli to Baiæ, collecting trading vessels from all directions, mooring them in two rows by their anchors, and spreading earth upon them to form a viaduct, after the fashion of the Appian Way. This bridge he crossed and recrossed for two days together; the first day he was mounted on a horse richly caparisoned, wearing on his head a crown of oak leaves, armed with a battle-axe, a Spanish buckler, and sword, and in a cloak of cloth of gold; the following day, dressed as a charioteer, standing in a chariot, drawn by two high-bred horses, having with him a young boy named Darius, one of the Parthian hostages, and attended by a cohort of Prætorian guards, and a number of his friends, in cars of Gaulish fashion. I know that most people believe that this bridge was designed by Caius in imitation of Xerxes, who, to the amazement of the world, laid a bridge across the Hellespont, which is somewhat narrower than the distance between Baiæ and Puteoli. Others, however, think that he did it to excite alarm in Germany and Britain, which he was just about to invade, by the report of some stupendous work. But for myself, when I was a boy, I heard my grandfather say that the reason assigned by some of the courtiers who lived in greatest intimacy with him was that when Tiberius was in doubt about the nomination of a successor, and inclined to choose his grandson, Thrasyllus, the astrologer, had assured him that

Caius would no more be Emperor than he would ride on horseback across the Gulf of Baiæ."

Pozzuoli still keeps very many ruins of its ancient greatness. Of these, the greatest and the first one comes to on the way from Solfatara is the imposing Amphitheatre, tier above tier, standing upon three series of arches with remains of the external portico and triple colonnades of the two great entrances. It is an oval structure 482 feet long, the arena itself measuring 336 feet by 138 feet. The whole is honeycombed with passages and chambers for the gladiators and for the beasts and their victims. Here Nero in the Imperial seat, which was adorned with Corinthian pillars of black marble, entertained the King of Armenia, himself killing two bulls with a single lance snatched from one of the guards, and here in the time of Diocletian S. Januarius was exposed to the beasts, who would not harm him.

Near the Amphitheatre are some ruins commonly known as the Temple of Diana, but more probably belonging to a range of Thermæ. Near them are the remains of an Aqueduct.

Within the town itself there is little to see. The Cathedral, indeed, is in great part constructed out of the remains of a Roman Temple dedicated to Augustus, and there are some fine columns, but nothing there may now compare with the Amphitheatre or the ruins commonly called the Serapeum.

These celebrated remains are found not far from the shore upon the road to Baia. They are usually called the ruins of a Temple of Serapis, but it is far more likely that they belonged to a Bath served by the hot springs close by The general plan would seem to have been that of a large quadrangular atrium or court surrounded internally by a portico of forty-eight columns with chambers at the sides and a circular hall in the midst. This circular structure was upheld by sixteen columns of giallo antico now at Caserta. Three of the columns of the portico, of cipollino,

remain, and are of great interest as well as of considerable beauty, for they would seem to bear witness to repeated changes in the level of the soil, since their middle portions are all covered with the borings of some shell-fish, the lower parts being untouched. It is therefore thought that the whole building must at some time have been buried to a depth of not less than eleven feet, perhaps by the volcanic upheaval which created the Monte Nuovo.

Not far from these remains are the ruins of two other buildings, both of them under water. One of them is said to be the Temple of Neptune, of which Cicero speaks.

The road now proceeds round the bay towards Monte Nuovo and the Lucrine Lake. Above the road upon the cliff near the Stabilamento Armstrong are the ruins, it is said, of Cicero's villa, which as Pliny tells us was situated between Puteoli and the Lucrine Lake. The road then climbs the lower slope of Monte Nuovo, a volcanic hill heaved up thus out of the earth upon September 30, 1538. It seems that for two years before that date this whole district had suffered severely from earthquakes, and these shocks gradually grew more frequent, till upon September 28 and the following night more than twenty violent upheavals were felt. The whole coast appears to have been upheaved, and eye-witnesses assure us that the sea retired not less than two hundred paces, strewing the shore with dead fish. Upon S. Michael's day, a new crater suddenly opened where Monte Nuovo now stands, from which huge clouds of steam laden with volcanic débris burst forth, covering the countryside with ashes, lapilli, and black mud, some of which was carried as far as Naples. In the early morning of the following day, with a thunderous explosion, the crater began to cast up amid dense volumes of stinking smoke huge boulders, which were flung more than a mile and a half up into the air, and the whole coast was buried deep in ashes. Thus was formed Monte Nuovo, the pyramidal hill not less than a mile and a half in circumference, and nearly five hundred feet high, beneath which lie

a village, baths, many villas, and about half the Lucrine Lake. The volcano has never since been active.

At the foot of the Monte Nuovo the road divides, the way on the right leading past the Lake of Avernus to Cumæ, that on the left still along the seashore past the Lucrine Lake to Baia and Misenum. The Lucrine Lake, the Styx of Virgil, lies, as I have said, half under Monte Nuovo; it was and is separated from the sea by a causeway called the Via Herculea, because, as Propertius asserts, Hercules constructed it to bear him and the oxen of Geryon across the swamp. It was famous of old and still is, I think, for its oysters, which are plentiful, but so amazingly expensive to strangers that it is wiser to forego them, in spite of the praise of the poets. Indeed, it must be said that the rapacity of all the *trattorie* and hotel-keepers along this coast is such that no one would willingly deal with them twice. Let the traveller bring his luncheon with him from Naples and defy the rascals.

At the western end of the Lucrine Lake the high land bluffs out into a sharp headland, the Punta dell' Epitaffio, over which the road to Baia climbs. Here are the so-called Bagni di Nerone, a really amazing series of low narrow tunnels in the rock, at the end of which are hot springs. The whole point is honeycombed with these passages, and is everywhere strewn with ruins.

Scarcely five hundred yards to the north of the Lucrine Lake, and surrounded by pleasant hills, vineyards, and orange groves, lies the Lake of Avernus, an old crater full of water, which according to the ancients was the gate of the Infernal regions. In its smiling aspect of to-day, at any rate in early summer, it is impossible to recognize the darkling lake, the "pestilent Avernus" of the poets. Where are the Tartarean woods, the infernal vapours of Virgil? Was it Augustus who felled the one and dispelled the other when he built the Portus Julius for the Roman fleet? Here Ulysses and Æneas after him descended to the shades. Their passage is still shown by the natives, a long grotto

THE LAKE OF AVERNUS

on the southern side of the lake, the grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl, similar to the Bagni di Nerone. This passage, dark and half full of water, is perhaps worth inspection, if only in order to hear the farago of nonsense the custodian pours into your willing ears, in which Virgil and Dante, the Sibyl and Cerberus, are all mixed up in an obscene confusion.[1] The road which passes high above Lake Avernus by a most pleasant way presently brings you to the Arco Felice, a lofty arch of brick across the old road from Puteoli to Cumæ. Hence the road descends towards the old Greek city.

Cuma was, as I have said, the oldest Greek colony in Italy. It and its daughters Dicæarchia (Puteoli), Palæpolis (Posilipo), and Neapolis (Naples), did not form a part of Magna Græcia, but were a group of colonies apart. The old writers tell us that the Eubœan ships were guided hither by a dove and the sound of brazen cymbals. The city would seem to have been founded about 800 B.C., and the period of its greatest prosperity and wealth would seem to have been from 700–500 B.C. At this time it was the greatest city of the south, and had extended its dominion over a large part of the country; and undoubtedly it rivalled at a later time the glory and wealth of Sybaris and Croton on the Ionian Sea. From about 420 B.C., however, it ceased to be a great city, though it retained many of its Hellenic customs even to the Augustan age. It appears at this time as a half-ruined Campanian town, and after 388 B.C. came within the power of Rome. It was in two senses of the word a sacred city; it was the refuge of Tarquinius Superbus, the last of the Roman kings, who here ended his days in the court of Aristodenus, the tyrant of Cumæ, and from it Rome received the Sibylline Books, for, as I have said, the Sibyl was supposed to have here her home, as the poets testify, and as was certainly believed well into historic time. Little, however,

[1] According to this fellow, Dante slept here with the Sibyl—he shows their couch of stone—who was presently brought to bed of Cerberus

remains of the ancient town and its temples. From the ruined acropolis you may enjoy, indeed, a glorious view over the sea, but where are the great Temples of Demeter and Persephone, the two goddesses more especially worshipped in Cumæ? Almost nothing remains save a few stones. The acropolis itself, however, is apparently honeycombed with caverns, and one of these opening upon the south-east of the hill is now thought to be the true Grotta of the Sibyl. According to Virgil this had a hundred mouths whence one might hear, in as many voices, oracles of the prophetess. It may well be that this is indeed the place of which he speaks.

From the utter desolation of Cumæ the road turns south past an ancient amphitheatre half hidden among the vines, about the hills of Avernus to Baia, passing on the way the Lago del Fusaro between it and the sea. This perhaps was the ancient harbour of Cumæ; it is now a mere lagoon, celebrated still for its oysters, the Acherusia Palus of the Romans. From the lake the road climbs over the high neck of land which connects Monte de' Salvatechi and Misenum with the mainland, and with all the bay of Pozzuoli spread out before you, you descend into Baia.

There is nothing lovelier upon all this coast than Baia, with its beautiful bay under its mighty castle just within the great headland of Misenum. Horace loved it well, and thought it lovelier than any other place in the world—

> Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis prælucet amœnis . . .

and Martial speaks of this bay as the golden shore of Venus—

> Litus beatæ Veneris aureum Baias,
> Baias superbæ blanda dona naturæ
> Ut mille laudem, Flacce, versibus Baias,
> Laudabo digne non satis tamen Baias.

Baia seems to have been known as a port long before it boasted a town, and indeed derived its name from Baius,

one of the companions of Ulysses who was buried here. But it never won any fame until it became the favourite resort of the wealthy and luxurious Roman nobles towards the end of the Republic, when it became fashionable on account of its hot springs and its exceeding beauty. From the time of Caius Marius, who had a villa here, the whole shore was gradually lined with sumptuous palaces and gardens, often, as at Posilipo, built right on the sea, and indeed such was the splendour and luxury that Seneca sneers at it as *diversorium vitiorum*, a place where one enjoyed oneself without restraint of any sort. Lucullus certainly had a great villa in this neighbourhood, and the Emperors, especially Nero and Caligula, delighted in the place, as did Hadrian, who died here, and Alexander Severus, who built more than one villa upon the shore. But how little, alas, of all these splendid buildings, temples, and thermæ and villas remains to us! The chief are the vaulted ruins of the great and sumptuous Baths now called Temples, because, I suppose, of their shape and splendour. One visits them and then steals away to the beautiful quays by the blue water among the ships and the ropes and spars and poles and chains, where there is always a wind, to rest a little before climbing up to the Rocca on the hill built by Don Pedro de Toledo, the Viceroy.

Lying there by the sea one remembers that it was not only the Romans after all who enjoyed and praised Baia. In the time of the Angevin kings it was again a place of great resort, and here Boccaccio won and lost his Fiammetta, by this very sea.

Certainly nothing upon this coast is lovelier than this bay shaped like a cup or the breast of a fair woman, and the old Roman buildings which pass under the names of various temples—of Diana, of Mercury, of Venus—but which are, as I have said, the various chambers of the great Thermæ, for which the place was famous, lend it an interest and a charm which never fail to hold the traveller.

For the most part, indeed, such a visitor is content with

Baia, and goes no farther. In this he does himself wrong. Everyone who comes this way should follow the old road about the bay up past the ancient Columbaria to the picturesque castle of Don Pedro de Toledo, now in private hands; and if he has not time and inclination to explore the beautiful coast in a boat, let him follow the road on to Bacoli, a village in the midst of the vast and scattered ruins of the villa of Hortensius, the great orator famous for his "Asiatic" style, who had no rival in the Forum until he encountered Cicero; where, after the plot to drown her had failed, Agrippina was assassinated by Nero her son.

> Dum petit a Baulis mater Cærellia Baias,
> Occidit insani crimine mersa freti.
> Gloria quanta perit vobis! hæc monstra Neroni
> Nec quondam jussæ præstiteratis aquæ:[1]

Her supposed tomb, the Sepolcro di Agrippina, is really the ruin of an ancient theatre.

The villa of Hortensius, indeed, was the scene of more than one tragedy before Nero's matricide. There Marcellus, the adoptive son of Augustus, the husband of his daughter Julia, died in the twentieth year of his age, to the intense grief of the Emperor:

> Heu miserande puer, si qua fata aspera rumpas,
> Tu Marcellus eris. Manibus data lilia plenis;
> Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis
> His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani Mumere.[2]

Upon the headland beyond Bacoli is a great building known as the Carceri di Nerone. This would seem to have been a vast reservoir of water, supplying the fleet in the great Augustan naval harbour of Misenum; it was connected with the *piscena mirabile* at the top of the hill,

[1] Martial, *Ep.* iv. 63.

[2] Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 882. "Alas hapless boy! yet may be that you break through your hard fate, you shall be a Marcellus. Give me handsfull of lilies; I would strew bright flowers and plenteously with these gifts at least honour the spirit of my descendant and discharge an unavailing duty."

the end of the Sermo conduit, a vast reservoir 230 feet long by 85 broad, covered with a vault borne by forty-eight vast pillars. Hence we look down upon the Mare Morto, which, with the recently embanked Porto di Miseno seaward, formed the great naval harbour constructed by Augustus, the greatest naval station in the Empire, taking precedence even of Ravenna.

The remarkable promontory of Misenum, an almost isolated headland forming a double hill of some height, in shape pyramidal, and joined to the mainland only by a narrow strip of low land, must always have been famous. It is said to get its name from one of the companions of Ulysses, and the low land or valley between the double height was the site of the Elysian fields, those "pleasant places" and "smiling lawns" the "homes of the blessed."

For Misenum enters history long before Augustus turned its harbour to such good account. Certainly the Cumæans knew it, and if it were not very populous before the end of the Roman Republic, it was there that Augustus, Antony, and Pompey met on board Pompey's ship to divide the world between them after the death of Cæsar. It was there that Pompey's admiral, Menas, proposed to his master to cut the cables, and to carry Augustus and Antony out to sea, helpless and prisoners. To which suggestion Pompey gave the memorable answer: "Thou shouldst have done this, Menas, and not have asked me concerning it."

It is to Augustus, however, that the place owes its great repute. He established here at vast expense the greatest of his naval ports, and the town of Misenum was his arsenal, a purely naval city. Here the Elder Pliny was in command when in A.D. 79 Vesuvius suddenly awoke, and destroyed so many of the towns along the gulf, and chief among them Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiæ. In that awful eruption Pliny lost his life.

Here, too, in the time of the Republic, Caius Marius had his famous villa, which came into the hands of Lucullus

for two and a half million denarii. Lucullus adorned the place with every conceivable magnificence, and later it came into the possession of Tiberius, who in A.D. 27 died there. The villa was situated upon the summit of the eastern hill, and indeed comprised the whole of the promontory, and some assert that it was here and not in the Castel dell' Ovo that Romulus Augustulus, having foregone the Imperial crown in 576, came to pass the remainder of his days, by leave of Odoacer the barbarian.

Some ruins of considerable extent still mark the place; but of the town of Misenum upon the Cape itself almost nothing remains; it appears to have been utterly destroyed by the Saracens in the ninth century. Indeed, to-day, the great promontory is a desolate place, which has but one thing to offer us of surpassing delight, the glorious view of sea and seashore, mountain and island, all the beauty and all the pleasure of the most beautiful corner of the world. Here, in the quietness that Naples, Posilipo, and Pozzuoli never knew, far from the crowd, one may look as long as one will over this classic sea towards those shores and islands that all the heroes have known, and of which, because of them, we too have dreamed since childhood. For this cause, then, at least, no other Italian coast is so sacred as this, or shall ever be so beautiful in our eyes. There over the wine-faced sea came great Ulysses upon his adventures; hither into this port, past cape after cape, came not less great Æneas to found a people and an Empire, and so lightly in those Elysian fields passes, eternally and ever young, our childhood, full of all the glamour and delight of our poets, so that here above all we may say: *Deus, auribus nostris audivimus et patres nostri annuntiaverunt nobis opera ad miranda, quæ operatus es in diebus eorum et in diebus antiquis.* (Ps. 44.)

IV

VESUVIUS AND POMPEII

IF upon the west of Naples lies the wonder of the Phlegræan fields in the paradise of the bay of Pozzuoli, to the east there stands a marvel at once much more astonishing and infinitely more beautiful—I mean the great "burning mountain" of Vesuvius, the greater of the only two continuously active volcanoes in Europe. Vesuvius, indeed, fills the mind and the imagination in Naples of native and stranger alike; it dominates and gives its character to the whole of this corner of Campania, and there is no moment of the day or night but men lift their eyes to it in fear or wonder. Goethe has spoken of it as "a peak of hell rising out of paradise," but at least we must admit that it is all the same the most beautiful thing therein, the one thing of which we can never have enough, whose image remains always in our minds, and lends to this great bay its unique interest, and more than half its strange beauty. Without Vesuvius, Naples—the bay of Naples—would lose its identity, would become almost as any other gulf upon the Tyrrhene Sea, and the proverb which sums up the absolutely unique splendour of the city would lose all its meaning, and appear as a mere empty boast signifying nothing but vanity.

This being so, to visit Vesuvius, to ascend the cone, and gaze down into the restless crater, which continually delights and threatens Naples and all her villages with beauty and terror, would seem to be encumbent upon the traveller, and yet I think no one has ever made that

journey without great weariness and some disappointment. Vesuvius is best appreciated from afar, from Naples itself, from the Forum of Pompeii, or the Baths of Queen Giovanna at Sorrento. Thence it appears of so marvellous and strange a beauty, a great purple pyramid smoking in the sun, breathing fire in the darkness, exquisite at all times alike in form and colour, that nothing else in Europe I think is to be compared with it, for nothing else that we know is at once so beautiful and so evil, so suggestive of those half-realized forces latent within the body of the earth, which we have always regarded as malign, whose action is always catastrophic and tragical for us and our world, the expression of the hatred and ill-will of the spirit of evil, of chaos, towards God, and the beauty He has made for our delight. To visit Vesuvius, as one does to-day, and after driving for hours through the dingiest suburbs of Naples, through the dreariest of the old lava fields, to arrive at the foot of the funicular railway, which takes one within a few hundred feet of the top, is to lose all one's sense of wonder in the mere vulgarity of the surroundings, the crowd of touts and tourists, the insatiable guides, hawkers, singers, beggars, and general rascaldom, which has always infested this mountain, as it does nowadays most of the great sights of the world.

To avoid all this weariness and noise is not easy, but it is not impossible. Let him who has set his heart on seeing Vesuvius, and would avoid the common way, take train from Naples to Portici, thence, having put food and drink in his satchel, he may climb by the old mule track without a guide and without seeing a beggar, a tout, or a singer all the way to the summit in something over three hours; the path is almost straight, and always unmistakable, and though it is fatiguing, it is by no means so exhausting as the long drive from Naples, and the scrimmage and fight with the rascaldom of the mountain which the usual route by road and funicular invariably entails.

Such, at any rate, was the plan I made and followed

POMPEII WITH VESUVIUS

with complete success. Leaving Naples by the morning train, I reached Portici about nine o'clock, and before one o'clock I was at the summit. There I spent some two hours, descending at last by Casa Bianca and Bosco Trecase to Pompeii, which I reached just before dark. I thus saw a good deal more of the mountain than the traveller by the usual route from Naples and back by carriage and funicular can hope to do, and upon the way down I skirted and crossed the last fields of lava, the beds of the 1906 eruption, which seemed to me to be especially worth seeing.

That terrible eruption, the latest, and among the greatest on record, was apparently the culmination of the new period of activity which began in May 1905. For eleven months Vesuvius had been very active, when upon the morning of 4th April a new *bocca* opened close to the path from the summit to Casa Bianca upon the south-east of the cone, near the base of it, at a height of nearly 4000 feet. Later upon the same day, the top of the cone fell into the crater, and the famous Pine Tree cloud appeared at a vast height over the mountain. On the following days other *bocche* opened lower down and farther to the east, and from them a vast stream of lava issued out, rapidly descending towards Bosco Trecase, part of which was destroyed. On the night of 7th April, the Pine Tree cloud of ashes over the crater rose to a height of some 15,000 feet; huge rocks and stones were flung as far as Ottajano to the north-east. The Pine Tree cloud remained over the mountain, growing higher and higher, and at last reaching a height of some 30,000 feet, till on 20th April, Naples—for the wind blew that way—was lost in darkness, the streets were covered in ashes to a depth of two inches, and the roof of a market-house, where the new General Post Office is to stand, was broken down by the weight. This was the end of the eruption; but its severity was such that over one hundred persons lost their lives, and the whole country to the east of Vesuvius was devastated. Nothing of all this is seen by

the ordinary route to Vesuvius from Naples. It is only upon the descent to Pompeii that some small idea may be gained of the appalling horror of such a disaster; and with Pompeii there at the foot of the mountain, the best witness of all to the dreadful power of the mountain, one cannot but think that a route which gives one all this is the best by which to leave Vesuvius.

Though continually active—that is to say, never really quiescent or extinct—Vesuvius would seem to be subject to periods of increasing activity, culminating in a vast eruption followed by some four hundred years more or less of inactivity, after which the mountain begins to stir ominously and the whole phenomenon is again repeated. The first and by far the most famous of these eruptions of which we have record fully bears this out.

In the year A.D. 63, in the time of the Emperor Nero, Vesuvius first began to give signs of life. In the early part of that year the whole of the shores of Campania suffered severely from the earthquake, which, according to Seneca, destroyed at least in great part the towns of Pompeii and Herculaneum. In the following year another earthquake convulsed the country, and during the following sixteen years these appalling shocks were of frequent occurrence.

Then upon August 24, A.D. 79, in the reign of the Emperor Titus, the first eruption of Vesuvius took place, which, as we know, buried Pompeii and Herculaneum, and stands out in history as one of the most dramatic and appalling natural disasters which has ever occurred in Europe. That tremendous affair cost the lives of a host of poor people, among the few well known to us being the Elder Pliny, who was with the Roman fleet at Misenum, and the best account we have of it is found in two letters which his nephew, the Younger Pliny, wrote at the time to Tacitus—

"Your request that I would send you an account of my

uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments; for if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered for ever illustrious. And notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune which, as it involved at the same time a most beautiful country in ruins and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance; notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works; yet I am persuaded, the mentioning of him in your immortal writings will greatly contribute to eternize his name. . . . He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun, and after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast, was retired to his study; he immediately arose and went out upon an eminence, from whence he might more distinctly view this very uncommon appearance. It was not at that distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to ascend from Mount Vesuvius. I cannot give you a more exact description of its figure than by resembling it to that of a pine tree, for it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into sort of branches; occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards, or the cloud it left being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in this manner; it appeared sometimes bright, and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This extraordinary phenomenon excited my uncle's philosophical curiosity to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me the liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I rather chose to continue my studies; for, as it happened, he had given me an employment of that kind. As he was coming out of the house he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for her villa being situated at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there

was no way to escape but by sea ; she earnestly intreated him therefore to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first design, and what he began with a philosophical, he pursued with an heroical turn of mind. He ordered the gallies to put to sea, and went himself on board with an intention of assisting not only Rectina, but several others ; for the villas stand extremely thick upon that beautiful coast. When hastening to the place from whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steer'd his direct course to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and figure of that dreadful scene. He was now so nigh the mountain that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice-stones, and black pieces of burning rock ; they were likewise in danger not only of being a-ground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain, and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should return back again ; to which the pilot advising him, *Fortune*, said he, *befriends the brave; Carry me to Pomponianus.* Pomponianus was then at Stabiæ, separated by a gulf, which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms upon the shore. He had already sent his baggage on board ; for tho' he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within the view of it, and indeed extremely near, if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind should change. It was favorable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation ; he embraced him with tenderness, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his spirits, and the more to dissipate his fears, he ordered, with an air of unconcern, the baths to be got ready ; when after having bathed, he sate down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it. In the mean while the eruption from Mount Vesuvius flamed out in several places with much violence, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my uncle, in order to sooth the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning

of the villages, which the country people had abandoned to the flames; after this he retired to rest, and it is most certain that he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep sleep; for being pretty fat, and breathing hard, those who attended without actually hear'd him snore. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer, it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out; it was thought proper therefore to awaken him. He got up, and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side with frequent and violent concussions; or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, tho' light indeed, yet fell in large showers, and threatened destruction. In this distress they resolved for the fields, as the less dangerous situation of the two; a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins; and this was their whole defence against the storm of stones that fell round them. It was now day every where else, but there a deeper darkness prevailed than in the most obscure night, which, however, was in some degree dissipated by torches and other lights of various kinds. They thought proper to go down farther upon the shore to observe if they might safely put out to sea, but they found the waves still run extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle having drank a draught or two of cold water, threw himself down upon a cloth which was spread for him, when immediately the flames, and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company, and obliged him to rise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapor, having always had weak lungs, and frequently subject to a difficulty of breathing. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found intire, and without any marks of

violence upon it, exactly in the same posture that he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead. During all this time my mother and I, who were at Misenum—— But as this has no connection with your history, so your enquiry went no farther than concerning my uncle's death; with that therefore I will put an end to my letter; suffer me only to add, that I have faithfully related to you what I was either an eye-witness of myself or received immediately after the accident happened, and before there was time to vary the truth. You will chose out of this narrative such circumstances as shall be most suitable to your purpose; for there is a great difference between what is proper for a letter, and an history; between writing to a friend, and writing to the public. Farewell."

"The letter which, in compliance with your request, I wrote to you concerning the death of my uncle, has raised, it seems, your curiosity to know what terrors and dangers attended me while I continued at Misenum; for there, I think, the account in my former broke off.

Tho' my shock'd soul recoils, my tongue shall tell.

"My uncle having left us, I pursued the studies which prevented my going with him, till it was time to bathe. After which I went to supper, and from thence to bed, where my sleep was greatly broken and disturbed. There had been for many days before some shocks of an earthquake, which the less surprised us as they are extremely frequent in Campania; but they were so particularly violent that night, that they not only shook every thing about us, but seemed indeed to threaten total destruction. My mother flew to my chamber, where she found me rising, in order to awaken her. We went out into a small court belonging to the house, which separated the sea from the buildings. As I was at that time but eighteen years of age, I know not whether I should call my behaviour in this dangerous juncture, courage or rashness; but I took up Livy, and amused myself with turning over that author, and even making extracts from him, as if all about me had been in full security. While we were in this posture, a friend of my uncle's, who was just come from Spain to pay him a visit, joined us, and observing me sitting by my

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mother with a book in my hand, greatly condemned her calmness, at the same time that he reproved me for my careless security; nevertheless I still went on with my author. Tho' it was now morning, the light was exceedingly faint and languid; the buildings all around us tottered, and tho' we stood upon open ground, yet as the place was narrow and confined, there was no remaining there without certain and great danger; we therefore resolved to quit the town. The people followed us in the utmost consternation, and (as to a mind distracted with terror, every suggestion seems more prudent than its own) pressed in great crowds about us in our way out. Being got at a convenient distance from the houses, we stood still, in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. The chariots which we had ordered to be drawn out, were so agitated backwards and forwards, tho' upon the most level ground, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth; it is certain at least the shore was considerably enlarged, and several sea-animals were left upon it. On the other side, a black and dreadful cloud bursting with an igneous serpentine vapor, darted out a long train of fire, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger. Upon this our Spanish friend, whom I mentioned above, addressing himself to my mother and me with greater warmth and earnestness: If your brother and your uncle, said he, is safe, he certainly wishes you may be so too; but if he perished, it was his desire, no doubt, that you might both survive him. Why therefore do you delay your escape a moment? We could never think of our own safety, we said, while we were uncertain of his. Hereupon our friend left us, and withdrew from the danger with the utmost precipitation. Soon afterwards, the cloud seemed to descend, and cover the whole ocean; as indeed, it entirely hid the island of Caprea, and the promontory of Misenum. My mother strongly conjured me to make my escape at any rate, which as I was young I might easily do; as for herself, she said, her age and corpulency rendered all attempts of the sort impossible; however, she would willingly meet death if she could have the satisfaction of seeing that she

was not the occasion of mine. But I absolutely refused to leave her, and taking her by the hand, I led her on; she complied with great reluctance, and not without many reproaches to herself for retarding my flight. The ashes now began to fall upon us, tho' in no great quantity. I turned my head, and observed behind us a thick smoke, which came rolling after us like a torrent. I proposed, while we had yet any light, to turn out of the high road lest she should be pressed to death in the dark, by the crowd that followed us. We had scarce stepped out of the path, when darkness over-spread us, not like that of a cloudy night, or when there is no moon, but of a room when it is shut up, and all the lights extinct. Nothing then was to be hear'd but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the cries of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die, from the very fear of dying; some lifting their hands to the gods; but the greater part imagining that the last and eternal night was come, which was to destroy both the gods and the world together. Among these there were some who augmented the real terrors by imaginary ones, and made the frightened multitude falsely believe that Misenum was actually in flames. At length a glimmering light appeared, which we imagined to be rather the forerunner of an approaching burst of flames (as in truth it was) than the return of day; however, the fire fell at a distance from us; then again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged every now and then to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the heap. I might boast, that during all this scene of horror, not a sigh or expression of fear escaped from me, had not my support been founded in that miserable, tho' strong consolation, that all mankind were involved in the same calamity, and that I imagined I was perishing with the world itself. At last this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees like a cloud or smoke; the real day returned, and even the sun appeared, tho' very faintly, and as when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes (which were extremely weakened) seemed

changed, being cover'd over with white ashes, as with a deep snow. We returned to Misenum, where we refreshed ourselves as well as we could, and passed an anxious night between hope and fear; tho' indeed, with a much larger share of the latter; for the earthquake still continued, while several enthusiastic people ran up and down, heightening their own and their friends' calamities by terrible predictions. However, my mother and I, notwithstanding the danger we had passed, and that which still threatened us, had no thoughts of leaving the place, till we should receive some account from my uncle. . . .

"And now, you will read this narrative without any view of inserting it in your history, of which it is by no means worthy; and indeed you must impute it to your own request, if it shall appear scarce to deserve even the trouble of a letter. Farewell."

The value of these letters which Pliny modestly deprecates is really inestimable, for they contain the only account that we have by an eye-witness of the first and greatest eruption of Vesuvius.

It will be noted that Pliny does not speak of any flow of lava, and it seems certain that none issued from the mountain on that occasion; the crater spewed up ashes, stones, and great clouds of dense vapour, which presently descended upon the earth as torrential rain charged with mud. This especially deluged Herculaneum, which was quite covered with it, while Pompeii was buried under stones and ashes.

After this appalling awakening Vesuvius seems to have been quiet for near four hundred years; at least we have no record of any further eruption until the year 472, when Procopius notes that after an eruption of Vesuvius even Constantinople was littered with ashes. This occurred again in 512, when the same writer tells us that even upon the littoral of Africa the ashes and dust spewed up by Vesuvius were to be seen. In 1036 and in 1500 other eruptions occurred, but thereafter no other is recorded until the calamity of December 1631. In 1538, however,

in the midst of this period of quiescence, the volcanic forces threw up Monte Nuovo on the Phlegræan fields, as we have seen.

The eruption of December 1631 was the most appalling, after that of A.D. 79, of which we have any knowledge. It was upon 16th December, after nearly six months of earthquakes, that the crater poured out upon the south-west a huge volume of smoke, loaded with ashes and charged with lightning, which, after assuming the Pine Tree form over the mountain, spread all over the country, carrying death and destruction. No less than seven streams of lava poured out upon this occasion, one towards Torre Annunziata, as we may still see, one towards Torre del Greco, which was largely destroyed, another upon Resina and the old site of Herculaneum, and another towards Portici, where it streamed into the sea. The earthquake which accompanied this awful visitation caused the sea to retire for over half a mile, and to return with such disorder and violence that the whole coast was inundated. In all, more than 18,000 people perished.

Less violent eruptions occurred in 1660 and in 1707, and indeed the eighteenth century is full of the minor activities of the mountain, the worst of which was that which began in February 1793 and continued till June 1794, in which Torre del Greco again suffered so terribly that Ferdinand IV attempted, though without success, to forbid the people to rebuild the town on the old site.

During the nineteenth century Vesuvius was comparatively quiet. Eruptions occurred in 1822, 1855, 1861, and 1871, but the worst eruption within living memory was that of 1906, in which the country suffered severely, as I have said. After each eruption the whole form of the cone has been changed: thus in 1632 it was over 1500 feet lower than its companion Monte Somma, and in 1832 the great cone, which had piled itself up again, fell in with a sound like thunder, the vapour and dust rising to a height of 10,000 feet. A similar phenomenon

occurred in 1906. The beautiful pyramidal cone, which no one who saw it can forget, and which reigned in superb beauty over the paradise of sea and valley and mountain, was truncated, so that to-day you look from Naples upon what appear to be twin peaks, the crater being indeed only distinguishable by the exquisite feather of smoke streaming from its summit.

And so the ascent of Vesuvius must always be full of fascination, almost irresistible in its attraction ; but it can never be anything but fatiguing, however it be achieved, and it is perhaps the dirtiest business that modern methods of travel have left us. The loose ashes of the cone, fine black dust, penetrate alike boots and clothes, and ruin both ; and indeed the only drawback to the descent into Pompeii, instead of the return to Naples, is the fact that it is so difficult to get a proper bath at Pompeii.

No one will think, I should hope, to climb Vesuvius and to visit Pompeii in one day ; but if there should be one with such a hope, let him prepare for disappointment. No one can do it with any sort of satisfaction. The almost aimless wandering about the " city disinterred " is if anything more fatiguing than the ascent of the mountain, and he who is wise will come into Pompeii prepared to spend a night at the Hotel Diomede, or the humbler Albergo del Sole, which in spite of everything is a charming hostelry.

Nothing, I think, to be seen anywhere else in Europe is at once so monstrously dreary and so moving as this strange city of broken hovels and narrow-paved lanes, which once boasted some 20,000 inhabitants. It is, of course, a great misfortune for us of the modern world that Pompeii was not overwhelmed by Vesuvius in A.D. 63, when she was overthrown by an earthquake, rather than in A.D. 79, when the final catastrophe actually happened. What we see is not the ruin of the town that Cicero loved, but the town half rebuilt by the ruined inhabitants in the Roman style, upon the old site, and largely with the

old remains. It is, partly for this reason, then, very disappointing. And yet what else in all Europe can we compare with it?

Pompeii was one of the most ancient cities of Campania, situated in the Bay of Naples at the mouth of the Sarnus, intermediate between Herculaneum and Stabiæ. Tradition ascribes its foundation, like that of Herculaneum, to Hercules, who along this shore, as we have seen beside the Lucrine Lake, drove the bulls of Geryon. Strabo says that the town was first in the possession of the Oscans, later of the Etruscans, and at last, before the advent of the Romans, in the hands of the Samnites. It seems always to have been a flourishing place, probably on account of its situation at the mouth of the Sarnus, in the rich valley watered by that stream. It appears in history for the first time in 310 B.C., when a Roman fleet under Publius Cornelius anchored there, and disembarked troops to ravage the territory of Nuceria; but we hear nothing further of it until the time of the Social War, in which it took a prominent part against Sulla, who besieged it, with what result we do not know, but that the city came into his hands is certain; and this was probably by surrender, for its inhabitants were presently admitted to the Roman franchise. It was then its famous career as a Roman pleasure resort began. The great villas of the wealthy in its immediate neighbourhood were many, and among the most famous of them was that of Cicero, called *Pompeianum*, which he loved as dearly as he was capable of loving anything. In the time of the Empire, doubtless its wealth and amenities increased. Seneca praises its delicious situation, and both he and Tacitus speak of it as a populous place. In the reign of Nero a riot broke out in the amphitheatre of the town, a sort of faction fight between a colony of Nucerians, which Augustus had established there, and the citizens, in which many were killed; and in punishment for this disturbance of the public peace, the Pompeians were forbidden all gladiatorial

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shows or theatrical entertainments during ten years. Not four of these had passed when the whole town was overthrown by the great earthquake of A.D. 63, the public buildings suffering especially severely; and as we have seen, the place had not recovered itself when, in A.D. 79, the famous first eruption of Vesuvius befell, in which Pompeii as well as Herculaneum was buried, only to be brought to light seventeen hundred years later.

When that appalling calamity fell upon the city the people, it is said, were assembled in the amphitheatre, though, remembering the prohibition, for what purpose we cannot say. The greater number of them seem, therefore, to have escaped, and very few bodies have been discovered. We really know nothing of the disaster. Pliny does not speak of it in his account of the eruption, and no one else has left a record. All we know has been won from the earth little by little, by excavation, and this in our own and our fathers' time. For so complete and overwhelming was the disaster, so utterly was the city lost, that Pompeii from that time disappears from history. Perhaps a small village may have risen upon the site, but in the Middle Age even the site was forgotten; no one, not the most learned, could say where it might be, for the very river had changed its course, as we may still see, and the whole countryside had been transformed by the disaster.

Excavation, however, has confirmed us in what history had taught us to suspect—to wit, that Pompeii was but a third-rate provincial town, though now its name is as famous as that of the greatest of cities. Thus, too, we have learned that it was not overwhelmed by a torrent of lava, nor, as Herculaneum was, embedded in a vast deposit of mud which has hardened into tufa; it was simply buried under ashes and dust and *lapilli*, light and porous and easily removed, though this covering lies some fifteen feet thick over the ruins. And it seems certain that so little of intrinsic value has been found under this pall which has preserved so perfectly things of the utmost artistic value

and interest to us, because the earthquake of A.D. 63 had already destroyed the place, which had by no means recovered from that calamity when the final disaster of A.D. 79 overwhelmed it for ever.

I do not know how to express what one feels when one comes along the alley way behind the Hotel Diomede and enters into this "city disinterred," as Shelley called it, by the Porta Marina, following the way uphill into the Forum between the Temple of Jupiter and the Basilica, the Temple of Apollo and the Temple of Vespasian. One's eyes turn first, I think, almost instinctively to Vesuvius, still smoking there, in all its beauty of colour and form like some lovely evil thing watching still over the bones of its victim. But presently one turns away to pass, with what weariness at last, through this little city which seems so vast, so endless; where there is nothing—a toy city of hovels and styes, of houses so small and so ill-lighted for the most part that not the wretchedest of our industrial slums nor the poorest cottages of our peasants can compare with them. And yet in some curious way this toy city strangely resembles Naples itself, its unbreakable silence is as oppressive as her ceaseless noise; it is as though one wandered endlessly nowhither, without object and without rest, in a dream, a dream in which one had stepped over an awful chasm in whose annihilation lie twenty centuries, and the mind staggers before the reality of what we had thought to be so great. Hither men came from Imperial Rome, as to a pleasure resort—to these little mean houses.

It is the reality, not the dream, which overwhelms you at last. Here are the very ways up which Cicero went, the ruts of the wagon wheels still deep in the stones—these narrow ways across which you may leap without effort from side to side. Here cheek by jowl stand the two public edifices, the Temple and the brothel; here men worshipped under the blue sky, there . . .

And everywhere you see the little houses, sometimes

just drawn as it were from the grave, the frescoes still fresh on the walls, the little images in their places beside the fountain, and about the courtyard even flowers. Here they lived. If you go out by the Herculaneum Gate you may see their tombs, all beside the way, a long avenue where lie the ancestors of those who saw the catastrophe. And if you have the courage to creep into that ghastly museum by the sea gate you may see even those who suffered it, who fled too late from the amphitheatre by the Porta di Sarno to the east of the city, who returned for their gold or their treasure, to look for their children or to find a friend, or who never left home upon that tragic day when the mountain bellowed with thunder and the darkness and vileness of the heart of the earth rose suddenly and descended upon this place in the face of the sun. There they lie, the young matron beside the slave, the mother by the daughter, close together. . . . Ah, why should our curiosity demand so horrible an outrage as this ?

V

CASTELLAMMARE, SORRENTO, AND CAPRI

THE road from Pompeii to Castellammare di Stabia crosses the broad valley of the Sarno, the Valle di Pompeii, as it is called, the easternmost part of the great plain of Campania in which Vesuvius and the Neapolitan hill stand up like two great lonely islands, not far from the shore. It is a way without interest in itself, and indeed would be without beauty but for the great hills, the Monti Lattari, which rise ever before one in all their various loveliness, and form at last the steep and lofty promontory of Sorrento.

Nor is Castellammare itself of much interest, though its situation in the curve of the bay where those hills first meet the sea is of much beauty. A busy fishing village that has become a royal dockyard where ships for the Italian navy are built, a favourite resort of the Neapolitans in summer-time, Castellammare di Stabia would be without interest for us, would depend, and wisely, only upon the beauty of its surroundings for its delight, if its very name did not establish it as the late successor of the ancient city of Stabiæ which was destroyed by the calamity of A.D. 79. The old city stood perhaps a little to the north of the present town, at the foot of the Mons Lactarius and a mile from the sea. We know nothing of it till it suddenly appears in the Social War, 90 B.C., when it was taken by the Samnite general Caius Papius; and indeed it would seem to have given itself to him, for in the following year Sulla retook the place, and utterly destroyed it, nor did

it ever recover itself. At the time of the famous eruption, Pliny tells us it was a mere village, and though doubtless it boasted of many a fair villa, of which probably the greatest was that of Pomponianus, where the Elder Pliny took refuge in vain, for he perished there upon that terrible night, the only other writer who mentions its name is Ovid, who speaks of it incidentally with other towns in this neighbourhood in his *Metamorphoses*—

> Inde legit Capreas, promontoriumque Minervæ,
> Et Surrentino generosos palmite colles,
> Herculeamque urbem, Stabiasque, et in otia natam
> Parthenopen, et at hac Cumææ templa Sibyllæ.

The awful calamity buried the village of Stabiæ under its ashes and cinders, though less completely, for it was farther off, than Herculaneum or Pompeii. Its site never ceased to be inhabited, and it appears all through the Imperial period as a resort for invalids, in part on account of its mineral waters, which are still sought after, and in part for the milk of its cows, which grazed upon the Mons Lactarius. In 1750 the site of the ancient city was discovered by accident, and since then a certain amount of excavation has been accomplished, but with little result save for a few wall-paintings now in the Naples Museum.

The modern, or rather the mediæval, town of Castellammare dates from the thirteenth century, when the Emperor Frederick II built a castle here, Charles II of Anjou walling the town which had grown up about it, fortifications enlarged and strengthened by Alfonso of Aragon. Besides thus fortifying the town, Charles II built a palace on the hillside, which was a favourite residence of Queen Giovanna II. But this old royal palace of the Angevins perished. The Bourbons, to whom the town owes the establishment of its arsenal and docks, erected in its place the delicious Casino of Quisisana, now an hotel. It is this Casino with its park and woods which is the greatest delight of Castellammare; apart from its delicious walks, indeed, the

place has little to show, in spite of its busy quay and arsenal. Castellammare, however, makes with its good hotel and delicious surroundings by far the best centre for excursions in this part of the bay. Pompeii is most easily reached from it, and Monte S. Angelo, with its great view beyond Terracina, of the Central Apennines and of the mountains beyond Pæstum, with all the great bays of Gaeta, of Naples, of Amalfi, of Salerno, of Policastro, may be climbed thence in about four hours.

But undoubtedly the greatest delight which Castellammare has to bestow upon the traveller is the coast road to Sorrento, of which she holds the key. There are in all Europe but three other *routes corniches* with which this can be compared—that between Nice and Mentone upon the French Riviera, that between Genova and Sestri upon the Riviera di Levante, and that, really a continuation of this from Castellammare to Sorrento, the coast road from Sorrento to Amalfi and on to Vietri. Each of these has its own peculiar charm and delight, and one is inclined to declare each in turn the most beautiful; but knowing them all, I think at least this may be said, that for variety and astonishment, for beauty of colour and old romance, those of the south surpass altogether those of the Rivieras. Nothing could well be more different from the road between Sorrento and Vietri than this between Castellammare and Sorrento, and here at any rate one may well refuse to be sure which he prefers.

The road climbs up out of Castellammare under the old convent of Pozzano, founded by Gonzalvo de Cordova in the sixteenth century upon the site, it is said, of a Temple of Diana. The church still contains a venerable image of the Blessed Virgin miraculously discovered as long ago as the eleventh century in a well in the crypt, but nothing else of interest. It is here the glory of the road begins beside the sea, passing Capo d'Orlando under the great cliffs covered with cyticus, where Ruggiero d'Oria broke the fleet of Frederick II in 1299, through many a little

village crossing about half-way to Sorrento into Vico Equense, the twin towns Vico and Equa, which the Romans too called Vicus Æquanus. Vico, founded by Charles II of Anjou on the ruins of the old Roman town which the Goths had destroyed, is most picturesquely set upon a round and isolated hill amid beautiful olive gardens and orange groves, and is best seen farther on from the next hill-top village, Seiano. Hence the road climbs to the Punta di Scutolo, whence one may see the whole of the Piano di Sorrento, the lofty tableland 300 feet over the sea which forms the great headland. Descending through the loveliest groves of olive, pomegranate, and orange to Meta, where the church of the Madonna del Lauro is said to occupy the site of a Temple of Diana, the road enters by a deep ravine the great plain of the headland, passing through every sort of delicious grove and garden at last into the city of Sorrento, which in all ages has been famous for its health, its beauty, and its wine.

The city of Sorrento, the city of S. Antonino, the seat of a bishop, is one of the most curiously situated towns in Europe. It stands upon a great platform 300 feet or more over the sea out of which the great cliffs stand up sheer with only the narrowest of beaches, where are two small fishing harbours—the Marina Grande to the south, the Marina Piccola to the north. The town is wholly delightful and full of the happiness of busy people straw-plaiting, lace-making, or carving the olive wood here so plentifully provided by nature. The whole place is a garden enclosed, Saracen in appearance with its white houses and flat roofs and shining cupolas, and especially in this that every garden is enclosed within a white wall, every orange grove is hidden, and so completely that but for the overpowering scent of orange blossom which fills all the by-ways you would not suspect the gardens you cannot see. Certainly there is something secret—how shall I say?—something sacred and withdrawn about Sorrento, so that you are not surprised to learn that of

old it with its territory, all this *piana*, was consecrated to Minerva, whose especial sanctuary was the great and famous temple set upon the promontory which bore her name, Minervæ Promontorium, and which we to-day call the Punta della Campanella, because Charles v erected there a Martello tower and hung a bell in it, which it was the business of the watchmen to strike with a great mallet, and thus to give warning of the approach of the Barbary pirates who constantly raped all this coast.

That Temple of Minerva is said to have been founded by Ulysses, but it remains extremely doubtful whether Sorrento was ever a Greek city. Strabo certainly calls it Campanian, and though for all that it may have received Greek settlers from Cumæ or elsewhere, we know nothing of it till the time of the Empire, when Augustus planted there a colony. It too became a resort of the wealthy Roman nobility, especially it would seem on account of its climate, sheltered as it is from the south wind and the sun; and we learn from Stabius that his friend Pollius Felix had a villa there, upon which he writes a delightful poem. But the real fame of the Roman Surrentum was due to its wine, which did not attain to perfection till it had been kept for twenty-five years, and of which all the poets sing, as Martial when he asks—

> Surrentina bibis? nec myrrhina picta, nec aurum
> Sume; dabunt calices hæc tibi vina suos . . .

and Horace, when speaking of dinner parties, strangely bids us to "mix skilfully wine of Surrentum with the dregs of Falernian and thoroughly collect the sediment with a pigeon's egg, for the yoke sinks to the bottom, carrying with it all foreign substances." Martial and Horace may have been right, but the traveller to-day will be more likely to agree with Tiberius Cæsar, who is said to have declared that the wine of Surrentum owed its reputation entirely to the physicians, being in reality no better than vinegar.

The Roman remains in Sorrento in spite of all this are negligible, consisting merely of fragments built into the archbishop's palace, the Cathedral and S. Antonino, and to the ancient Piscina opposite the Hotel Victoria which still supplies the town with water.

In the Middle Age Sorrento became an independent republic, but its records are scanty; it never had the fame or the prosperity of Salerno or Amalfi, and subsequently came into the power of the Dukes of Naples, and has shared the fate of that city ever since. I suppose its chief claim to celebrity in the Renaissance was the fact that Torquato Tasso was born there in a house where now stands an hotel—the Albergo Tasso—upon March 11, 1544; but nothing of the old house would seem to remain. Miserable and half mad, Tasso returned to Sorrento in disguise in 1592 after his unhappy experience in Ferrara. He appeared in the dress of a peasant at the house of his sister Cornelia in the Strada S. Nicola. He represented himself as a messenger come from her brother, and frightened her nearly out of her senses with a long story of the poet's ill-treatment. Then he revealed himself, and the gentle lady took him in and cared for him.

To-day Sorrento owes everything to her surroundings, which are so full of delight that a whole summer spent here cannot exhaust them. First among these stands the Capo di Sorrento, the western point of the great headland, which is still covered with Roman ruins, the villa perhaps of Pollius, which Statius describes as looking upon this western bay, and where the picturesque remains called the Bagno della Regina Giovanna, an ancient arched piscina, afford one of the noblest views of the great bay with Vesuvius rising beyond the blue sea. Thence eastward you may wander along the cliffs or up to the Deserto, the old Franciscan convent, whence there is another glorious view embracing the two bays of Naples and of Salerno, with Capri before you and Monte S. Angelo in the background. There too in the bay of Salerno you may see the Islands

of the Sirens, Li Galli as they are called to-day. There was undoubtedly here on the headland a famous sanctuary of the Sirens from which Surrentum itself was supposed to derive its name. It is amusing, though in vain, to seek a place so famous, but you find by the way, how much unlooked-for beauty, which indeed is the best of all.

But the great excursion from Sorrento must always be that to Capri, only an hour away by steamer. Starting in the morning at ten when the steamer comes in from Naples, a whole day may be spent on the island and the return made at four o'clock; but no one who gives thus but a few hours to Capri can really expect to see anything with pleasure, not even the Blue Grotto. It is far better to spend at least one night upon the island, where in Capri itself at any rate there are excellent hotels; by this means something at least may be had in quietness and apart from the crowd.

Capri stands but three miles from Capo Sorrento and, as Pliny knew, is about eleven miles in circuit. It is like the mountain range here to the south of the bay of Naples, of which it is indeed a part, formed wholly of limestone, a great precipitous limestone rock rising abruptly out of the sea, and in many places to a considerable height, especially in the western part, now called Anacapri, a name thought to be derived from the Greek αἱ ἄνω Καπρέαι, where it attains at least 1600 feet. The eastern part is a vast precipitous hill especially steep towards the mainland, and between it and the western highlands is a saddle upon which the little town of Capri stands with its two landing-places, the only ones on the island east and west.

Of the history of Capri before the Imperial period we know really nothing. Virgil in the seventh Æneid alludes to it: "Nor shall you pass untold in my verses Œbalus, the son of Telon by the nymph Sebethis, as tradition tells, in the days that he ruled Capreæ of the Teleboans, now advanced in years . . ."; but who the Teleboæ were

we are uncertain, though we may connect them with the pirates who dwelt on the islands of the Echinades off the coast of Acarnania. But whatever of Greek customs and culture the people of Capri may have possessed might seem really to be due to the Neapolitans, into whose hands the island came.

It was Augustus who first made Capri known. He landed, took a fancy to the place, because he met with a favourable omen there, and at length made it a part of the Imperial dominion, giving the Neapolitans instead the larger and wealthier island of Ischia. Capri he visited repeatedly, going there indeed but four days before his death.

If Capri owes thus her introduction to the world to Augustus, she owes all her fame to Tiberius, or rather to the scandalous stories that Tacitus, Suetonius, and Juvenal have not scrupled to invent or to repeat concerning this much-libelled prince. Tiberius, they tell us, established himself permanently upon the island in A.D. 27, and there spent the last ten years of his life in every sort of debauchery. Tacitus, indeed, always a curious psychologist, asserts that it was not the perfection of the climate, so much more temperate than that of the mainland, which charmed the Emperor, but the seclusion and inaccessible nature of the island, in which he was secure from danger and observation to deliver himself up to the most extraordinary debaucheries enhanced by an infamous cruelty. It is well to remember, when listening to the malicious gossip of these writers, that when Tiberius took up his residence in Capri and deserted Roman society, he was more than sixty-eight years old. A great soldier, the better part of his life had been spent in the field, and when at last, at the age of fifty-six, he succeeded Augustus in A.D. 14, the incorrigible sensuality of youth was far behind him. Even Suetonius, who hated him, admits that the first eight years of his reign were marked by a fine justice and personal frugality; and though the follow-

ing six years were less happy—more than a hundred persons suffering death for conspiracy—there is not anything in the character of the Emperor which would lead us to suppose him a victim of a gross animalism that was fast driving him towards insanity. It was unwise to leave Rome in the power of Sejanus, but not idiotic; and the tragedies which had befallen his house—the murder of Agrippa Postumus, the strange death of Germanicus in the East, the poisoning of his son Drusus, the exile of Agrippina—are quite enough to account for his retirement from the world to Capri. Certainly the gloom of his last years suggests a sort of despair, which led him to strike down Sejanus for dreaming of the purple, only to put a worse monster in his place; and the crimes of Macro seem to have moved him little. He was after all a man of action, unused to the subtle malice and enervating luxury of the Roman world, and it may well be that such a one found in Capri a peace and a quietness which would merely have bored Suetonius or Tacitus, and which certainly they were incapable of understanding. However, this at least is certain, that here upon the island of Capri the Emperor spent the last ten years of his life, and here he erected twelve palaces, each in a different part of the island, the remains of several of which are still visible. The largest of these would seem to have been that on the summit of the cliff facing the promontory of Sorrento, which Pliny calls the Arx Tiberii, but which Suetonius calls the Villa Jovis. The remains of some of these villas have been built into the curious domed church of S. Costanzo. Close by the Villa Jovis are the remains of the Roman Pharos, which guided the ships through the straits on their way to Puteoli.

One climbs up from the Marina by the steep and lonely road to the little town of Capri, under its great rock, past the church of S. Costanzo to the Piazza, close to which stands the many-domed Cathedral of the Vescovo delle Quaglie, the Bishop of the Quails, as the Bishop of Capri

is called, because these birds in their spring and autumn journeys to and from Egypt and the northern plains rest in such numbers upon the island that they far outnumber the inhabitants.

In the Piazza is a tablet to Major Hamill, who is buried in the Cathedral, and this serves to remind us that Capri was once held and governed by us for two years and a half, having been captured by Sir Sidney Smith in 1806. In January of that year, Sir Sidney having been promoted Rear-Admiral, hoisted his flag on board the *Pompey* for service in the Mediterranean, where Lord Collingwood employed him in a detached command upon the coast of Naples. Here he successfully broke the French, incurring at the same time the hostility of the English military officers, and especially of Sir John Moore, who failed to understand the merits of this very egotistical and extravagant hero. In the course of his affairs, mostly affairs of outposts, he took in May the island of Capri, which was immediately garrisoned by a detachment of British troops under Sir Hudson Lowe, who thus had considerable experience of an island before he went as Napoleon's keeper to St. Helena. Lowe occupied Capri with headquarters at the Certosa from June 11, 1806, till October 30, 1808, when after thirteen days' siege, the Malta regiment having been made prisoners at Anacapri and the defences of the town broken, he surrendered the place to General Lamarque, marching out with the garrison and the arms and baggage. Lowe always asserted that this disaster was due to absence of naval support as much as to the misconduct of the Malta regiment. In spite of Napier, who blames him severely, he was probably right, and military opinion would seem to support his contention.

Out of the Piazza you pass under an arch to the hotels, and thence by a bridal path up to the ruins of one of the villas of Tiberius, set on a great precipice some 700 feet high, whence, according to Suetonius, Tiberius used to

have his victims thrown into the sea, where a band of men from the Roman fleet received them, and broke their bones with clubs and oars, lest any life should be left in them.

Not far away are the ruins of the Villa Jovis, above which stands the chapel of S. Maria del Soccorso, which marks the spot where Tiberius, according to Suetonius, had his celebrated encounter with the fisherman. It seems that not long after Tiberius landed in Capri, a fisherman came upon him where he wished to be alone, and presented him with a large mullet, when he commanded that the man's face should be scrubbed with the fish, for he was terrified when he saw that anyone could approach him unawares. The man expressed his satisfaction that he had not offered the Emperor a large crab which he had also taken; whereupon Tiberius commanded that his face should also be torn with its claws. I do not know why I am at the trouble of repeating such rubbish, except that to repeat it is to refute it. If the Empire at its very inception had been administered by such methods as these, it would not have endured as it did, nor have been capable as it was of producing the Middle Age and the modern world.

Many are the other ruins upon this island and innumerable are its various delights, and especially its glorious views over the sea and the mainland; but the most famous spectacle upon the island is the Blue Grotto, usually visited from the steamer, and therefore as good as not seen at all, for it requires time to enjoy it, and that is just what the steamer will not spare.

The best way to visit this beautiful cavern and to avoid disappointment, a disappointment most often due to hurry, is to engage a boat at the Marina any tranquil morning and to row past the Baths of Tiberius, whose vast ruins may still be seen from the sea, to the Blue Grotto, a journey of something under an hour. The arch by which one enters the cavern is scarcely three feet high, and it is therefore necessary

to lie down in the boat as it passes through the low and narrow opening into this cave of marvels. At first nothing remarkable will appear, but little by little, as the eyes accustom themselves to the light, the wonderful colour of the grotto will be seen, and after about a quarter of an hour the whole cave will assume an exquisite sapphire blue, especially if the entrance be blocked by another boat. The grotto is about 160 feet by 100 feet, and at its loftiest some 40 feet. To the right is a platform leading to a broken stairway and tunnel in the rock which of old led up to a villa of Tiberius above.

This grotto, which is worth any trouble to see in leisurely fashion, is, however, the only one worth a visit upon the island. It makes a delightful *giro* all a summer morning to voyage in a small boat quite round Capri; but the Green Grotto, the Red Grotto, and the White Grotto are merely ordinary caves, and require the enlightening imagination to fill them with the various colours of which they boast in their names. He is wise who lets them go and gives himself up to the ordinary delights of the voyage, which, it is needless to say, can be extended in what direction you will, to Amalfi or to Ischia, with perfect confidence and safety, so the weather be fair and settled; for the sailors of Capri are famous, and know the bay as none do on the mainland. And what more delicious way of spending the summer days can there be than in such voyages as these between dawn and ten o'clock, between afternoon and midnight?

VI

THE COAST ROAD FROM SORRENTO TO VIETRI, AMALFI, AND RAVELLO

IF the road from Castellammare to Sorrento is one of the loveliest in the world, that from Sorrento to Amalfi and on to Vietri beggars description. The way lies first along the road to Castellammare as far as Botteghelle, where it turns uphill suddenly eastward under Vico Alvano, and passing up the loveliest of valleys filled with orange groves and olive gardens climbs through more than one little village till at S. Pietro it suddenly turns the corner of the Colline del Piano, crosses that watershed, and begins to descend towards the Gulf of Salerno.

The way so far from Sorrento no words might seem to be lovely enough to describe. It is so full of the softest and most luxurious beauty, heavy with the scent of orange blossom, and noble with groves and gardens, that it seems, what indeed it is, a land of lotus-eaters, where it is always afternoon.

All the wonderful luxury and softness disappear, however, immediately the watershed is crossed, and on coming into the Gulf of Salerno, a great rugged and lofty coast stretches out before one, rising steeply and victoriously out of the virile beauty of the sea; and aloft upon the coast runs the road half-way up between the mountains and the waves, a true *corniche* suspended as it were over the waters, carved and built out of the cliffs all the way, twenty miles or more to Amalfi, and indeed on to Vietri, within sight of Salerno itself. I know not how best to convey to

the reader the vigorous beauty and pleasure of this marvellous highway high over the sea winding along the cliffs half-way up, about the mighty headlands and through the steep, half-eastern villages and little towns of this tremendous coast. There is nothing else in Italy to compare with it. In its adventurous glory it is to the *corniches* of the French and Italian Rivieras what the Alps are to the English Downs—it makes a man laugh for joy; and there the wind comes over the wine-faced sea with all the strength and rapture of old time. Let no one who by hook or by crook can spare two days for complete happiness forgo this glorious way for any other. This is the road to Amalfi: let no one seek out that little great city from La Cava if he can help it, for this is the road at the end of which Amalfi shines like a prize, in the glow of evening, in the pale light of the first stars, in the twilight of the summer night.

And there is this too about the road: it alone gives you, and without an afterthought, all this coast, upon which seems to be graven in white sepulchral hieroglyphic, as upon some marvellous tomb in a garden by the sea, the signature and the epigraph of the Saracen. It is still full of the south-east, the white-turbaned pirates, the infidel, and the stranger whose prey it was, it and its city, when Charlemagne was dead or ever the Norman rode into the land. In those little white towns with their shining minarets and their flat roofs and palm trees and agaves you seem to see the ghastly wounds, the cicatrices of the Saracen as certainly as those of the last earthquake. Here Mohammed scrawled his horrid name, and it still grins at you like a skull on the forehead of all this country.

At Positano, for instance, the first little town upon the road, it is easy to see how first it was all a Marina set about its little bay, a village of fishermen; but with the advent of the Asiatic once more into this sea, which is the heart of Europe, Positano fled up from the seashore to the summit of the rocky hill, where, though she has in some sort returned to the shore, she still sits enthroned. All

this seems very truly to be summed up and expressed by the curious relief in the church of S. Maria Assunta there, where was carved a strange sea-monster with the hair of a wolf and the tail of a serpent, swallowing a fish. It is said to be Greek work and to have come from the Temple of Poseidon, which once stood in this place and from which it got its name of Positano ; but since it is so apt and so true in its representation of the pirates, who can believe that it does not refer to them ?

Positano in the time of the Angevins became a place of some importance. It was fortified by the great Charles in his struggle with the last of the Hohenstaufen, when the Ghibelline fleet of Pisa attacked the place, stormed and sacked it, and burnt the Angevin shipping ; and thereafter Positano was heard of no more in the greater affairs of the Kingdom.

The little town stands high over a great bay round which the road winds in and out and up and down. The headland which closes this bay upon the east, Capo Sottile, is crowned by the village of Vettica Maggiore and its church of S. Gennaro, in which there is a picture of the Holy Family by some Neapolitan master. Beyond the headland lies the beautiful village of Prajano amid vineyards and olive gardens, through which the road proceeds still high over the sea under the cliffs of Furore, a wild and romantic village set on the edge of a vast precipice at the foot of which lies the tiny Marina. Furore stands in a wide rugged bay closed on the east by the curiously shaped Capo della Conca, upon which is piled up the village of Conca with its busy Marina beneath it, whence, it is said, its ships sail to all the ports of the Levant. And so the great adventurous road proceeds along this wild and beautiful coast under the villages of Tovere, Vettica Minore, Lone, and Pastena, down to the shore at last at Amalfi, which it enters through a great tunnel under the Cappuccini.

Approached thus at evening, with the last light from the

AMALFI

west full upon it, Amalfi seems to stand about an amphitheatre of hills, its churches, towers, and white houses hanging on the face of the great cliff which towers up above it in an awful magnificence, the little white port under the eastern hill, and all before it the enormous and tremulous sea.

And on the morrow you find that Amalfi delights you as much in detail as in that great impression in the twilight. The history of the place knows nothing of any Greek or Roman city, and indeed it seems to have had no existence in antiquity. The first we hear of it is in a letter of Gregory the Great's in the year 596, in which he alludes to its bishop. In truth, Amalfi seems to have been founded by—at any rate it first appears under the protection of—the Byzantine Empire. She was then governed by a Prefect chosen apparently by the people, and when by the growth of her population, the activity of her commerce, and the decay of the Imperial power in Italy, the city was able to proclaim herself a Republic, this Prefect is called the Doge. Amalfi is thus one of the first Italian cities to erect herself into a Republic, and indeed she can boast that she gave the signal for the awakening of the municipal spirit, the independence of the cities of Italy. She was able too to defy the Saracens, the Prince of Palermo, and even in some sort the Norman kings of Naples. In the ninth century her great enemy, indeed, would seem to have been Sicardo, the Lombard Prince of Benevento, who in 838 attacked her and carried off her chief treasure, as it was thought, the body of S. Trofimena. It was about this time too that the unbroken line of her bishops began, and in spite of occasional disaster her position grew to be so great that she was not only the fifth city in Italy, but her government extended on the west to the promontory of Sorrento, on the north to Gragnano, and on the east to Cetara, while in 987 Pope John XV raised her See to the rank of an Archbishopric. At this time Amalfi could boast of some 50,000 inhabitants, but the straitness of her territory, and especially its poverty,

mere rock and mountain, forced her to depend altogether upon trade; and though this made her wealthy, she was by no means secure. Indeed, though she was able always to face the Norman, in 1131 King Roger received her nominal submission.

It happened thus: as long ago as 1075 the little Republic had been oppressed by Gisulfus of Salerno, and had gladly received the aid of Robert Guiscard against her enemy. Robert, however, annexed Amalfi as he did Salerno to his dominions; but in 1096 the Republic regained her liberty. Then Roger, the son of Robert Guiscard, gathering all his forces, with 20,000 Saracens, laid siege to the place, and failed, owing to the opening of the First Crusade. In 1129, however, he turned again to Amalfi, and sent his Admiral against the Republic, which lost Ravello and all her castles. In 1131 the Amalfitani surrendered, though they guarded carefully their municipal institutions.

The Crusades, of which the first had been so lucky for her, offered her her greatest opportunity, and she perhaps gained more than any other Italian city from these adventures. She sent expedition after expedition to the Holy Land, and it was a hospital founded by her sons in Jerusalem that was the origin of the Hospitallers of S. John of Jerusalem. In the eleventh century, indeed, Amalfi rivalled Pisa and Genoa, and it was in a quarrel, not her own, with the former of these cities that she lost the most famous of her treasures, the celebrated copy of the Pandects of Justinian.

Lothair was in 1135 at war with Roger of Sicily on behalf of Pope Innocent, and was supported by the Pisans. Roger summoned the Amalfitani with their fleet to attack Naples, and in the course of this attack forty-six Pisan ships sacked Amalfi, Scala, and Ravello; and though the Norman forces succeeded in breaking them at last, after a hasty return over Monte S. Angelo, they got away, with their famous prize, which they held for three hundred years, until the Florentines took it from them and carried it

to their city, where it still remains. To this wonderful booty has been attributed the renaissance of Roman law not only in Italy but in all the West.

The Pisans had returned from Amalfi discomfited, though with their famous booty; they were not ready to put up with their defeat. Two years later they returned, and with so great a force that Amalfi made peace and payed tribute without a blow. Ravello, which refused such ignominy, was sacked and pillaged. From this time, indeed from the first surrender six years before to Roger of Sicily, Amalfi began to decline, and this was hastened not by any mortal foe, but by nature herself; the unstable coast, always subject to earthquake, slowly began now to subside. All through the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries this seems to have continued, till more than half the city, all the marina, in fact, was drowned by the sea, and no trace of those once busy quays loaded with the merchandise of the Mediterranean now remains.

The one incident of the thirteenth century which calls for any attention was the reception by the Amalfitani of the body of S. Andrew the Apostle, which they placed in their Cathedral. This they did not win in a fight; it was brought from Constantinople by Pietro Cardinal of Capua, who presented it to his native city.

The fourteenth century shows us at least one famous man born in the city, Flavio Gioja, who was the first European to make and use the mariner's compass, which he brought from the East, and in honour of Charles II of Anjou, then King of Naples, he placed, as may still be seen, the fleur-de-lis in place of the N. at the top of the dial.

Little remains to be seen in Amalfi, which can be said to date from the famous days of the Republic. Perhaps the great round Tower on Monte Aureo is all that may claim that honour, though the convent of S. Trinità and the church of S. Maria Maggiore are said to stand upon the site of two of its public buildings—the mint and the theatre respectively.

The glory of Amalfi, in so far as it is to be found not in her history but in her monuments, is the great Cathedral of S. Andrew, where in the crypt lies the uncorrupt body of the Apostle brought from Constantinople in 1206. The glorious church, marred of course by time, by restoration and rebuildings, stands at the top of a great flight of steps, which lead up to its vestibule, upheld by the antique columns of Pæstum. There in the façade are those wonderful bronze doors which are said to date from the year 1000, and from which those of Monte Cassino were copied. Upon them we read, however, in the silver inscription which adorns them, that they were erected here by Pantaleone di Mauro in honour of S. Andrew *et pro anima sua*; but the body of S. Andrew was only brought to Amalfi in 1206.

The church itself is, in spite of all it has suffered, still a beautiful Norman-Byzantine building, rather picturesque than artistic, the antique columns within, modernized and transformed into pillars in the eighteenth century. The two ancient ambones supported by antique columns remain, as does the font, an antique vase of porphyry. Close by are two antique sarcophagi, upon which are to be seen the Rape of Persephone and other pagan stories. From the too sophisticated nave you descend, in the south aisle, to the modernized and over-decorated crypt, where lies the body of S. Andrew the Apostle, a precious relic visited through the centuries by innumerable pilgrims, among others by S. Francis of Assisi in 1218, by Queen Giovanna, and by Pius II, in whose time Cardinal Bessarion carried away the head of the Apostle in a silver reliquary to S. Peter's in Rome, where it still remains. Philip III of Spain presented the church with the huge bronze statue of the saint, the work of Nacchearino. To the north of the church stands the interesting cloister. The beautiful Campanile of four stories, the last being round, under a cupola upheld by columns, and set about with four little turrets, was the work of the Archbishop Filippo Augustariccio in 1276.

The Cathedral, spoiled though it be and crippled too, for the nave has now but three aisles instead of four, is of course the greatest sight in Amalfi, though both S. Gradello and S. Lorenzo are worth perhaps a visit. The only other work of art in the place, however, that no one should miss is the old and, alas, desecrated convent of the Cappuccini, now an hotel, high up to the west of the city. The convent was founded in 1212 by the same Cardinal Capuano who presented the body of S. Andrew to Amalfi. Therein he placed the Cistercians of Fosanova, and later the Emperor Frederick II endowed the place. In the fifteenth century, however, the Cistercians abandoned it, and for more than a hundred years it fell into ruin, till in 1583 the people of Amalfi restored it and gave it to the Cappuccini. When they were suppressed in 1815 this convent became a hostelry, but in 1850 they rescued it again, only for a time, however, for with the advent of the Piedmontese the place became a naval college, and is now, as we see, once more a hostelry, and a very charming one to boot. The only monumental interest the place has for us to-day is to be found in the double cloisters, a striking example of thirteenth-century work, very much influenced, one may suppose, by the work in the cloister of the Cathedral.

A far more splendid church than any in Amalfi is to be seen at Ravello, some four miles up the Dragone Valley to the north-east upon the hills. It seems that the Republic of Amalfi in its great days was somewhat tyrannical in its domestic government, and especially with regard to the old noble families, which were numerous, and always awaiting an opportunity to make themselves masters. The Government at length turned them out, and they fortified themselves upon this hill-top at Ravello, which presently saw a city of some 36,000 inhabitants, walled and very strong, established here. When the Amalfitani fought with Robert Guiscard the nobles of Ravello took his part, and when at last he was victorious he besought Pope Victor III to make Ravello into a Bishopric without

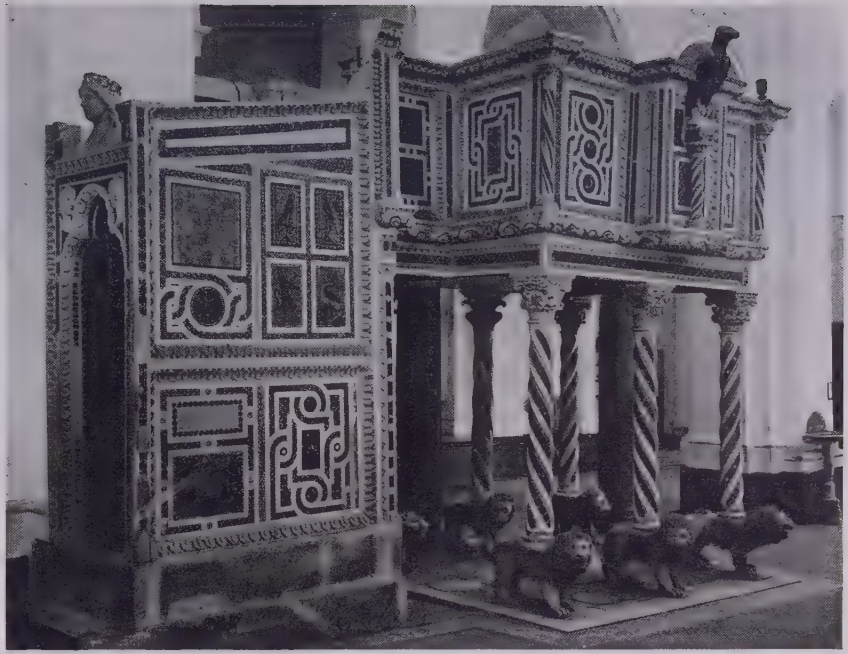
the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Amalfi, and this the Pope did, making Ravello subject only to the Holy See.

The greatest among the noble families that had established Ravello had been that of Rufolo, and in 1087 at the head of it stood that Niccolò Rufolo who was Duke of Dora and Grand Admiral to Roger of Sicily; to him and his descendants all that is loveliest in Ravello to-day is due. Niccolò himself, it is said in 1087, founded the great Cathedral on the hill-top, which was restored in the eighteenth century, but remains, nevertheless, one of the noblest churches in this part of Italy. A fine Norman Byzantine building, it still preserves its two great central doors of bronze, though it has lost those on either side. These famous doors, with their fifty-four reliefs, were given to the church by Sergio Muscetola and his wife in 1179. They are, I think, without equal in the Italian peninsula; the beauty and delicacy of their work, its extraordinary distinction and style, mark them out as the master-works of their kind in the twelfth century; indeed, they can only be compared with the doors of the Cathedrals of Trani and Monreale.

Nor is this all. Within the church are marvellous ambones encrusted with mosaics. That from which the Gospel was said is supported by six spiral columns set upon the backs of lions, and before it is a small pillar bearing an eagle for the book of the Gospels, and there is written *In principio erat Verbum.* It is reached by a staircase of marble encrusted with mosaics. This ambone was erected, as the inscription records, by Niccolò Rufolo, a descendant of the Admiral of King Roger, and was made by Niccolò di Bartolommeo da Foggia in 1272.

Opposite this glorious work is the earlier and finer Epistle ambone with its beautiful Byzantine mosaics of Jonah and the monster. It dates from 1130. Other mosaics are to be found now about the Bishop's throne; they once formed part of the high altar.

Nothing to be seen anywhere else in Campania can compare in beauty and splendour and delight with these truly



GOSPEL AMBONE
RAVELLO

marvellous works, the glorious doors and pulpits of the Cathedral of Ravello. With them in our hearts, the work of later masters seems to have suddenly become common and obvious, and without any right understanding of decoration or beauty. To these great Byzantine works even Giotto might go to school.

Scarcely less interesting or delightful in its own way is the beautiful Palazzo Rufolo close by, with its curious twelfth-century court, its gardens and terraces, from which the view is so lordly that even Niccolò Rufolo must have been satisfied with it. Here our English Pope, Hadrian IV of S. Albans, dwelt when in 1156 he came to Ravello and sang Mass in the Cathedral before the six hundred nobles of the place, thirty-six of which were Knights of S. John of Jerusalem.

Three other churches in Ravello, which is now a mere village, are worth seeing: S. Giovanni for the sake of its fine ambone, upheld by four columns and encrusted with mosaics similar to those in the Duomo; the Annunziata for the sake of its curious early frescoes; and S. Chiara for its view down the valley of the Dragon. Nor should you return to Amalfi until you have followed the road by which you have come a mile and a half beyond Ravello to Scala, which of old was walled with a wall of a hundred towers and boasted more than a hundred churches, before it was overthrown by the Pisans in the twelfth century, as I have said. The Cathedral here, for Scala too had a Bishop independent of the Archbishop of Amalfi, has another beautiful ambone, though not half so fine as those at Ravello, and in the sacristy is a beautiful mitre of the thirteenth century, presented to Scala by the great Charles of Anjou in recompense and gratitude for the services of the citizens during S. Louis's expedition against the Moors. Indeed, these hills are very rich in beautiful things, and the traveller who visits S. Pietro a Castagna on the way back to Amalfi, and Pontone, where Masaniello is said to have been born, or climbs up to S. Maria de' Monti, will not have spent his time in vain.

The coast road from Amalfi to Vietri, though by no means so fine as that from Sorrento to Amalfi, is, nevertheless, a very glorious thing. Here the little towns lie nearer the sea, as does the road itself, and the country lacks the boldness of the more western part of the coast.

The first of these little towns is Atrani, upon the eastern side of the Capo di Amalfi, and close to the sea. It was of old a confederate city, strongly walled, with Amalfi, and it perished in the same misfortune. The great church of S. Salvatore in the Piazza has very fine bronze doors, Byzantine work of the eleventh century, though not so fine as those of Ravello. Here the Doges were elected, and here they were for the most part buried. Within are still some beautiful sepulchral stones.

Still within the ancient territory of Amalfi you come to a delicious little place called Minori, with some remains of its old fortifications, especially a picturesque tower upon the headland. The church, too, possesses a fine pulpit similar to that at Scala.

Farther, but still a part of the old Republic, all about the mouth of the Val Tramonti stands the very eastern-looking town of Majori, with its fine old walls and towers still more or less intact, and above on the hills ruins of Castello di S. Niccolò, of S. Maria dell' Avvocata, a Camaldolese monastery founded in the fifteenth century, and of the old Badia, where are still some curious frescoes.

The coast beyond Majori becomes bolder and wilder, the finest part of the road lying between Majori and Vietri, where the chief place is Cetara, that nest of the Saracens, which marked the eastern confines of the Republic of Amalfi. After rounding the Capo d'Orso, the city of Salerno shines before you upon the opposite coast of the great Gulf; but I think the wise traveller will refuse her invitation, and at Vietri, the ancient Marcina, will take the road away from the sea up the valley northward to Cava, a clean and delightful place with more than one comfortable hostelry, such as Salerno cannot boast.

VII

LA CAVA AND SALERNO

LA CAVA DEI TIRRENI is a picturesque little place, consisting for the most part of one long arcaded street and a few piazzas, in which stand some rather gaunt churches. The town is set in a vast amphitheatre of broken hills 600 feet above the sea, over a delicious and fruitful valley, and it gets its name of Cava from the famous monastery of SS. Trinità della Cava. This great Cluniac house lies more than an hour away from the town to the south-west, and in another valley, being shut off from Cava by a formidable barrier of hills. The great abbey was founded by Alferio Pappacarbone, of a noble Longobard family of Salerno, in 992. He, it seems, fell ill at Cluny, and there made a vow that if he got well he would become a monk and would build an abbey in honour of the Blessed Trinity and for the glory of the great Order of Cluny, not then a hundred years old. Returning to Salerno he fulfilled his vow, and founded in this place the abbey we see, the older part of which was finished in 1025. Alferio became the first Prior, but did not live to see the consecration of his church by Pope Urban II in the presence of Roger of Sicily, the very church which was so brutally rebuilt in 1796. There, however, he was buried, as was Sibilla, the sister of the Duke of Burgundy, the second wife of King Roger; their sarcophagi may still be seen. Here, too, is a fine ambone and paschal candlestick, noble Cosmati works from the old building.

The most interesting part of the monastery to-day,

however, is not the church, but the older parts of the house itself, and the curious cloisters under the great cliff with their pointed vaults and round arches borne by many an antique column. The older part of the house is, as one sees, built under the rock, and is really a part of the great natural cavern which names the place.

The great treasure of La Cava, that to which it owes all its fame, is its vast archives, which contain some 40,000 parchments, among them more than 1600 Diplomas and Bulls, and over 60,000 other documents. Many of these concern the primitive and mediæval history of Italy, and La Cava is at least as rich as Montecassino in historical documents of the first importance from 793 to 1400. In the library, too, is a fine collection of illuminated Bibles and Horæ, one of which is said to be the work of Fra Angelico.

Attractive as La Cava is with this great religious house and its treasures in the background, it will not keep the traveller long from Salerno, which can be reached from thence in about half an hour by an electric tramway.

Salerno to-day is a squalid but picturesque town, beautifully situated within the northern curve of the ancient gulf of Poseidonia, now called by its name, the Gulf of Salerno. Little remains of the old splendour of the place, but it is worth some trouble to see on account of its Cathedral, and perhaps most of all for the sake of its ancient renown. For in truth it is a very ancient place, beside which La Cava and Amalfi and Ravello are but newcomers. We know nothing of its origin, but in 194 B.C. a Roman colony was established in what Livy calls Castrum Salerni, so that evidently before that date there was a fortress here. Indeed, the Roman colony was, as Strabo tells us, established there for the express purpose of holding the Picentines in check, for they had eagerly espoused the cause of Hannibal. They had, it seems, a town in this neighbourhood called Picentia ; its ruins may still be seen or at least its site inspected at Pontecagnano in the plain to the south

of Salerno.[1] This was destroyed, and Salerno became the chief place upon the north of the Gulf, though even so it was not of any great importance. Indeed, its name appears but once in history, and that in the Social War when it was taken by the Samnite General, Caius Papius. Later, Horace speaks of it in writing to his friend, Numonius Vala, and asks about its climate—

Quæ sit hiemps Veliæ, quod cælum, Vala, Salerni . . .

It was not indeed until long after the failure of the Roman administration in the time of the Lombard conquest that Salerno became the most important and flourishing city upon this coast, and one of the greatest and richest cities in Campania. This city of the Lombards, like its Roman predecessor, stood not as the modern town does, for the most part in the marshy plain along the shore, but upon the hill at the back of the city, and doubtless its nucleus was the Cathedral. It was here that the Lombards established themselves, and here that upon the dissolution of the Lombardy Duchy of Benevento Salerno became an independent principality. The Duchy of Benevento in the ninth century, it will be remembered, split up first into two parts, an eastern and a western, the western under the name of the Principality of Salerno. But soon after this the Count of Capua threw off his allegiance to the Prince of Salerno, so that the old Duchy of Benevento was presently represented by three independent states. In the awful revolutions of the succeeding two hundred years, when I suppose Europe more nearly foundered than ever before or since, Salerno played a very considerable part. It was then that the Saracens issued from the port of Palermo to raid these Christian coasts, their assistance as often as not invited by the rivals now facing each other in the old Lombard Duchy. A colony of Saracens had been planted at Bari. Their universal depredations united

[1] The village of Vicenza still remains there. Its railway station is S. Antonio a Vicenza.

east and west against them, and Bari was taken, but the allies soon quarrelled, the Carlovingian house decayed, and the Greeks claimed the fruits of the common victory. Everything south of a line drawn from Monte Gargano to Salerno, that is to say, all Calabria and Apulia, remained under their dominion, and the Lombard princes of Benevento, Salerno, and Capua were thus torn from the allegiance of the Latin world, but the Greeks could only hold their own against the Ottos by the help of the Saracen, and in the struggle we find Salerno besieged by these Asiatics in 874, when a Mohammedan Chief spread his couch on the high altar of the Cathedral, and there sacrified each night the virginity of a Christian nun. But we read, "As he wrestled with a reluctant maid a beam in the roof was accidently or dexterously thrown down on his head; and the death of the lustful emir was imputed to the wrath of Christ, which was at length awakened to the defence of his faithful spouse."

Thus the broken provinces of the Greeks, the Lombards and the Saracens submitted to an unspeakable anarchy in which, as I say, Europe and even her Faith were in obvious danger. Little by little the future declared itself. In 1016 it seems a Saracen fleet was besieging Salerno, when forty knights from Normandy arrived in the city, having disembarked in the neighbourhood on their return from the Holy Land. Hearing that the city was hard pressed, they offered their services, and having saved the town, and beaten off the pirates, they returned to Normandy laden with rich presents, promising in return to persuade their countrymen to come down into the South, and to help to redeem Italy from the infidel. They came, as we know, and before the year was out they rode, a great company of them, right into Apulia, and before many years had passed, partly by valour and partly by sagacity, made themselves masters. In 1029 Aversa was their nest, whence they set out to possess Sicily and Southern Italy. They placed themselves and

their territory at first under the suzerainty of the Prince of Salerno (1042), but the genius of Robert Guiscard wrung from the Papacy a new honour and a new title in 1060, and after a siege of eight months, from May to December, the city of Salerno came into his hands in 1076, and the new Kingdom, that which our fathers knew as the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, was complete, the parliament of Barons which declared him King being held within the walls of Salerno in 1130. When Guiscard possessed himself of Amalfi, his state of course reaped the riches of her trade; by the acquisition of Salerno he obtained a perhaps not less valuable booty. The treasures of Greek medicine had there found a refuge in the years of the anarchy. They owed nothing whatever to the barbarous Saracens, as has been maintained by many historians. Medicine was a Greek science, and it probably found a refuge in Salerno, because of the survival of the Greek language in this region, of which that city was the metropolis. Salerno, indeed, went back to Hippocrates without the insolent assistance of the Arab; its learning was as famous as the beauty of its women:

> Urbs Latii non est hac delitiosior urbe,
> Frugibus arboribus vinoque redundat; et unde
> Non tibi poma, nuces, non pulchra palatia desunt,
> Non species muliebris abest probitasque virorum. . . .

And Ordericus Vitalis tells us that the medical school of Salerno existed *ab antiquo tempore*. Certainly, in the tenth century, the place was famous for its physicians, and we possess works of the medical writers of Salerno, dating from the early part of the eleventh. This school, then, the Norman conquerors, and not least Robert Guiscard, protected, though it was Frederick II who first gave it by his edict of 1231 the power of examining candidates for the royal licence, which he made compulsory for the practice of medicine. It was a school of medicine, not a university. Mr. Rashdall tells us:

"Salerno remains a completely isolated factor in the academic polity of the Middle Ages. While its position as a School of Medicine was for two centuries at least as unique as that of Paris in Theology, and that of Bologna in Law, while throughout the Middle Ages no School of Medicine, except Montpelier, rivalled its fame, it remained without influence on the development of academic institutions."

If Frederick II conferred a great benefit upon the school of Salerno, he did no more than was due to her from one of his house, for his father, when he claimed the crown of the Two Sicilies, by virtue of his marriage with Constance, daughter of King Roger, razed the city to the ground in 1198. It was rebuilt, but it never again played any great part in history, its claim to honour during the Middle Age being entirely due to its great School of Medicine, which alone could grant, as I have said, the right to practise the art within the Kingdom.

To-day the old city of Salerno has but one thing to boast of, its Cathedral. The modern town, the great promenade of the Marina, now called Corso Garibaldi, is more than a mile long, and fine as it is, lacks interest. The harbour which Manfred enlarged in 1260, and which was finished by Robert the Wise, has been improved out of all recognition, and the great Castello which Robert Guiscard stormed, some 900 feet up over the sea, is a mere vast heap of ruins. The old town under this enormous debris is, however, picturesque and dirty enough to delight anyone, its irregular, narrow, and steep streets, often mere staircases, being full of mediæval corners, old shrines, and old memories. It is here in the midst, with its great and beautiful atrium before it, is set the Cathedral, at the top of a great flight of steps.

This great and glorious church was founded and built by Robert Guiscard in 1084 in honour of S. Matthew, whose body Salerno had possessed since 930, when it is said to have been brought hither from Pæstum, and which

FAÇADE OF CATHEDRAL, SALERNO

Robert placed in the crypt, where it remains to this day. The Norman, whose works always astonish us, had seen and adored the ruins of Pæstum, and these too he plundered for the glory of the new church. The great atrium before the Cathedral is entirely surrounded by antique columns brought from Poseidonia, but either from pity or from ignorance the building that was plundered to provide them was not one of those majestic temples we owe to the Greek genius, but a mere Roman work. Here are its columns and sarcophagi, the latter converted into Christian tombs.

The church itself is guarded by marvellous doors of bronze, presented by Landolfo Butromile, and made in Constantinople in 1099. They are wonderfully adorned with the figures of six apostles and with crosses, and were once all inlaid with silver. Within, unhappily, the church we see is altogether unworthy of these glories, for it has been entirely modernized. It still retains, however, certain noble ornaments from of old and its tombs.

Over the great doors within is a fine mosaic of S. Matthew, a Byzantine work of the eleventh century. At the end of the nave are two beautiful Byzantine ambones, with a noble paschal candlestick, similar to those at Ravello, though not so fine, dating from the twelfth century. In the choir is a pavement, a balustrade, and a Bishop's throne of similar work, and here are two columns of verde antico from Pæstum, now bearing lights.

At the end of the left aisle is the very lovely Gothic tomb of Margaret of Anjou, who died in 1412, the wife of Charles of Durazzo, and the mother of King Ladislaus and of Giovanna II, the work of Baboccio da Piperno. She lies under a canopy supported by angels, while a relief upon a sarcophagus shows her enthroned among her children. Above all, the tomb is interesting for its polychrome decoration, which is almost entirely preserved. Close by is the tomb of a Bishop of Salerno, Niccolò Piscicelli, by Jacopo della Pila, another work of the

fifteenth century. The chapel at the end of this aisle to the left of the high altar contains a Pietà by Andrea da Salerno. In the similar chapel to the right of the high altar lies the greatest of all the Popes, Hildebrand Pope Gregory VII. This was he who in the eleventh century conceived that wonderful dream which only the brutality of the time prevented him from realizing to our lasting good. He it was who would have summoned an army from all Christendom, which he would have led in person to the conquest of Byzantium, that the Greek and Latin Churches might have been united under one head; and this having been achieved, all Christendom under his leadership would have turned upon the Saracen and restored the Empire of Augustus and of Hadrian and of Constantine. In that dream lay all the future of which even now, now least of all, should we despair. The Pope forewent his dream. Instead, seeing the corruption of the world he began the reformation of the West. And first he made an army that nothing has ever been able to break, for he made it in a white fire and of steel. He established the celibacy of the clergy, created the priesthood of Europe, and forbade alike the investiture of a married clergyman or any layman to any spiritual office. Then he claimed for the Church an absolute independence from the temporal power of Cæsar; more, he declared and maintained the supremacy of the Church over the State, and all this he made good; and over all shone the throne of Peter like the sun over the world. For he claimed and maintained and established the infallibility of the Pope; he asserted and erected the name of Pope as incomparable with any other; the Pope alone could make and depose an Emperor; all Princes must kiss his feet; he could release from their allegiance the subjects of those whom he had excommunicated, and his legates took precedence over all Bishops and all ambassadors.

The first to face him and say him nay was the Emperor; at Canossa he was broken and humbled in the snow.

It was Hildebrand alone who flung his Europe upon the Holy Sepulchre. But when he died in Salerno, having given a general absolution to mankind, but excepting from this act of mercy Henry, so-called the King, and the usurping pontiff Gilbert and their abettors, his last words were: "I have loved justice and hated iniquity; therefore I die in exile." He had not lived in vain, since there was one to answer: "In exile thou canst not die! Vicar of Christ and His Apostles thou hast received the nations for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."

This man, who more than any other before or since has expressed and summed up the soul of the Church and of Europe, was the son of a poor carpenter; but his name is like a light in heaven; when it was extinguished, the kings crept out into their twilight. Here in Salerno let us salute him.

VIII

EBOLI AND PÆSTUM

THE great spectacle which La Cava or Salerno usually affords the traveller, which for the most part is the reason for a visit to them, is the Greek Temples of Pæstum, twenty-four miles to the south of Salerno in the malarious marsh by the low seashore that stretches from Monte Giove on the north to Agropoli on the south. The traveller usually leaves La Cava or Salerno in the morning, spends the best part of the day at Pæstum, and returns in time for dinner; and this procedure, unsatisfactory as it is, for it not only forces one to see those marvellous sanctuaries in the company of a crowd of tourists and in the ugliest hours of the day, but entails a journey of not much less than two hours each way, is generally considered necessary, on account of the unhealthy and malarious situation of Pæstum itself, which for this reason is without an inn, or indeed any decent habitation. Pæstum, however, is worth any sort of trouble to see quietly, apart from the crowd, and best of all in the early morning, and therefore I determined not to follow the usual plan, but to go to Eboli overnight, and to drive thence at dawn some fifteen miles across the oak forest of Persano down the valley of the Sele to Pæstum shining in the rising sun.[1] Nor was I disappointed. Eboli

[1] The traveller who wishes to see the Temples alone need not go to the expense of this long drive. He can easily go into Battipaglia from Eboli, some four miles, in time to catch the early morning train for Pæstum, which leaves Battipaglia at 6.17 a.m., arriving at Pæstum before 7 o'clock.

itself, the ancient Eburum, on the hills to the north-east of the great Pianura di Pesto, I found to be full of interest. This almost unvisited little town boasts a quite possible hostelry in the Albergo Pastore, and from the grand old Castello offers the traveller glorious views of the great mountains and over the forest and the plain to the far-away temples and the sea. Nor is it itself without treasures. In the church of S. Francesco, in the sacristy, there is to be seen a large picture of the Madonna and Child, an altar-piece by Andrea da Salerno, to say nothing of a Crucifixion by Roberto Oderisi, the fourteenth-century pupil it might seem of Simone Napoletano.

The road from Eboli to Pæstum, very early in the morning, is full of delight. The forest of Persano was of old of much greater extent and beauty than it is to-day; but in 1746 all the Bosco Grande was destroyed by fire: what remains is a vast ruin of the great forest of the Silarus of which Virgil speaks:—

> Est lucos Silari circa ilicibusque virentem
> Plurimus Alburnum volitans cui nunen asilo
> Romanum est, œstrum Graii vertere vocantes
> Asper, acerba sonans quo tota exterrita silvis
> Diffugiunt armenta . . ."[1]

I don't know of any more graphic description of the mosquito, which of course still abounds in all this country: in Virgil's lines one can almost hear the small sharp drone of the dangerous little beast.

Coming out of the forest, the road from Eboli joins the high road southward from Battipaglia across the half-drained marsh where of old great herds of buffalo used to

[1] "About the groves of Silarus and Alburnus, where holm-oaks flourish, an insect flies often: we Romans call it asilus, the Greeks gave it another name, œstros; a stinging fly buzzing with sharp sound, thereat terrified all the herds scatter in flight through the woods . . ." Strabo also speaks of the unhealthiness of the plain of Pæstum.

wander, a few of which still remain. These beasts are not native to Italy, or indeed to Europe. They were brought by the Saracens into Sicily, and thence into the peninsula by the Normans. In the year 1300 Filippo di Taranto gave all the marsh on the right bank of the Silarus, or Sele as it is now called, to the people of Eboli as pasturage for their buffalo, and the marsh to the east of the river to the people of Capaccio for the same purpose. The marsh-land suited the brutes very well, and one may measure the success of the drainage of the plain by the extent to which the oxen have replaced the wilder and inferior beast.

The country here is still brutalized by the marsh, almost unpopulated, and extraordinarily melancholy. It is with relief that soon after crossing the Sele one sees still far off the ruins of Pæstum, and with delight one presently passes a lonely farm at the gates of the forgotten city, where as by a miracle roses are blooming, the twice blossoming roses perhaps of which Virgil sings, or were they the eglantine ?—

. . . biferi rosaria Pæsti.

But not the wild desolation of the plain, nor its silence, nor its shadowy light, prepare one in any way at all for that vision of splendour and sadness which it still guards so well. One enters the gate of the desolate city, and there within the low overgrown far-stretched walls of the place, in the immense silence of early morning, in the clear and tender light beside the sea, three temples stand that in their mysterious isolation and tragic beauty are like something wholly divine, at one with the sky and the earth and the sea, from which indeed they come, out of which they were hewn, and in honour of which they still stand, abandoned by man, after centuries of silence, in so great majesty.

Within a great walled pentagon, near three miles in circumference, they are alone with the sun, the wind, and the sea. What can the city have been like which boasted such sanctuaries as these ? It cannot have been less,

one might think, than the capital of Magna Græcia, beside which Cuma was a provincial town and Neapolis a village. Indeed, Poseidonia was but a colony, the colony of Sybaris.

Its foundation dates from about 650 B.C. The Dorians of Trœzen, who had been associated with the Achæans in the foundation of Sybaris upon the shores of the Ionian Sea, in what we now call the Gulf of Taranto, were it seems so numerous that in course of time their descendants formed so great a party within the city as to threaten its character, therefore the Sybarites turned them out while they could, and established them in a new colony here at the mouth of the Silarus, upon the Tyrrhene Sea. Thus Sybaris early established her power upon the two coasts, and since the God of the Dorians of Trœzen was above all Poseidon, they named the new city after him, placing it under his protection, and called it Poseidonia; and until the ruin of Sybaris at the hands of Cotrone, in 510 B.C., Poseidonia looked to her as a daughter to a mother, as a provincial city to the metropolis, paying an annual tribute and contributing soldiers for her armies in case of need, as did indeed twenty-five other free cities. Thus Sybaris established her power upon the Tyrrhene Sea, and to such purpose that when the Phocæans came to build the city of Velia, the only city save Cuma, the oldest of all, founded upon this coast not as a colony but as a new settlement, she with Poseidonia looked upon it as a usurpation of her territory, and instantly made war, which Poseidonia continued even after the ruin of Sybaris, though without the old success.

Indeed, under the hegemony of Sybaris, Poseidonia flourished exceedingly: she firmly established herself as the great city of the Gulf we call of Salerno, but which in the sixth century B.C. took its name from her, and which even the Romans continued to call *Pæstanus Sinus*.

Sybaris ceased to exist, however, in 510 B.C., and it has been suggested that the bulk of its population migrated to Poseidonia. History, such history as we have, however,

by no means endorses such a theory. Indeed, we know so little of Poseidonia at any time, and especially after the destruction of Sybaris, that but for her marvellous ruins and the large number of her coins that have been found, we should scarcely be sure of her continued existence. It seems certain, however, that she was one of the first cities to suffer from the advance of the Lucanians, and she probably fell altogether into the hands of these barbarians before 390 B.C. At this time the Greeks do not seem to have been expelled, but they were compelled to receive a barbarian colony within the city and to submit to its authority. For ages, it is said, the Greeks of Poseidonia would assemble every year upon a certain festival, and bewailing their captivity remember the great days of their fathers. But there seems little doubt that some two generations after the fall of the city it was retaken from the barbarians by Alexander, King of Epirus, in 330 B.C., and it is probable that it was he who built the walls we still see. They would appear to have availed the city very little, and when Alexander was gone Poseidonia again fell into the hands of the barbarians, and with the rest of Lucania came at last into the power of Rome.

It would appear to have been at this time that the great city changed her name and became Paistum. This name, we may think, was not the oldest of all, for the Œnotrians before the Greeks came to the land had here perhaps a village, perhaps a town, which they called Viistos or Fiistos, and this became for the Lucanians Paistum, and for the Romans Pæstum.

The Romans established a colony in the city in 273 B.C., immediately after the departure of Pyrrhus from Italy; but we hear as little of Roman Pæstum as we do of Greek Poseidonia. All we know for certain is that it distinguished itself above every other Greek city by its fidelity to Rome during the Second Punic War, and this probably because it was no longer Greek. In the first years of the Empire certainly it was already unhealthy by reason of the silting

up of the mouth of the small river upon which it stood; it presently boasted a bishop, and certainly continued to exist down to the ninth century, when the site seems to have been abandoned, the inhabitants moving to Capaccio, a few miles inland upon the hills, on account of the raids of the Saracens, who had established themselves at Agropoli. It is probable that the See was removed to Capaccio at the same time, but the bishop continued to bear the title of *Pæstano* until the end of the eleventh century, although Pæstum had long before then become a desert.

It would certainly seem that that emigration was really a flight, for the Pæstani abandoned even their most precious possession, the body of S. Matthew in their cathedral church. In the year 954 the people of Salerno found it and stole it away, but they lost it. When by a miracle it was recovered, Robert Guiscard, as I have said, caused to be built as its shrine and in its honour the noble church in Salerno whose spoiled beauty we see to this day. In that work he employed the loot of the forgotten city, but whether from ignorance or superstition, certainly by good fortune, he carried away the marble and the stones of a mere Roman building, leaving the Greek temples almost intact in an inviolable silence that endured for more than six hundred years. Indeed, it is surely one of the most extraordinary facts in the history of archæology that these enormous and majestic ruins, though less than twenty-five miles from Salerno and less than four from Capaccio, an episcopal city, remained entirely unknown to the Middle Age and the Renaissance, nay, until the middle of the eighteenth century, when about 1740 they were discovered by a certain Conte Gazola, to be first accurately described by Swinburne in 1779, and first mapped by Wilkins in 1807; and yet the largest temple of the three is the best preserved Doric building in existence, and in its beauty and majesty rivals the Parthenon itself.

The three temples stand within the ruined walls in a rough and stony place strewn with the debris of other buildings, and overgrown with brambles and wild flowers, and among them perhaps the twice-blossoming roses for which the place was famous. The two principal temples stand close together to the south, their façades facing the *agora*, or market-place, the consecrated open space which in coast towns usually lay on the sea side of the city.

The greater of the two temples, the Temple of Poseidon, is also the most ancient. Before it stands a platform in the midst of which we still see the foundations of the altar of sacrifice, for such bloody rites were not performed within the sanctuary but in the open air. The great building stands 58 metres long by 26 broad. The façades east and west consist of six mighty columns which uphold the architrave, and there are twelve upon each of the sides north and south, in all thirty-six columns, 5 metres 90 high and 2 metres 27 in diameter. The *cella*, or sanctuary, within is open to the sky, and consists of sixteen columns about 2 metres in diameter, surmounted by a second order of smaller columns, which bore the roof of the aisles. All these columns are intact save upon one side, where the smaller columns of the upper story have disappeared; but the walls of the *cella* have been demolished. Although this mighty work, so nearly perfect, impresses one at once by its noble size and the beauty of its proportions, it seems less splendid than it is, because it is not built of marble but of stone. Of old, indeed, these enormous fluted columns of the Doric order, the shafts without a base resting immediately upon the stylobate, and diminishing in diameter from about one-quarter of their height to the top, were covered with a fine stucco which gave them the appearance of the finest marble, but this has nearly everywhere perished, and with it the beautiful polychrome ornamentation with which it was once enriched. But the absence of such ornamentation only enhances the impression of weight and power which

TEMPLES OF DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE AND OF POSEIDON PÆSTUM

everyone receives from these indestructible sanctuaries. No wonder Roger of Normandy used the Roman buildings here for his quarries; before these enormous and heroic stones he was helpless, he could neither move them nor use them in the buildings he was busy upon, which they would have dwarfed and made ridiculous. In their beauty and their strength they remain forever as though the sea and the earth had raised them in their own honour, as though indeed they were the work of nature rather than of man.

And it is in truth in honour of the sea, of Poseidon, God of the Sea, that this the greatest of the three temples still stands there upon that lonely and desolate coast. In the name of that God to whom the city was dedicated, the men of Poseidonia raised it to Poseidon in the first half of the sixth century before Christ. It is therefore not only perhaps the most beautiful, but certainly one of the most ancient Doric buildings left to us in the world.

The second temple, which stands beside it to the south, is a later work. Not only are its dimensions somewhat smaller, it measures 54 metres 33 in length and 24 metres 50 in breadth, but its columns are both smaller and more numerous, and its form is altogether different. Upon either side north and south it numbers sixteen columns, and upon each of its façades east and west there are nine columns, an uneven number, so that a column stands right in the midst of the entry.

The whole temple would seem to have been built really as an experiment which was never repeated. Its peculiar form gives us its secret. It has been called a Basilica, but its double form of two parallel naves divided by the uneven number of the columns of its two façades suggests at once that it was dedicated to a dual divinity, and we know of only one such in all the mythology of the Greeks, the mother and daughter Demeter and Persephone. This both the discoveries of statuettes in terra-cotta made in 1820 beside this temple and the coins of Poseidonia confirm, while we know that the Dorians of Trœzen

associated the two Goddesses of the Earth with the God of the Sea, and held them in scarcely less honour.

The third temple, which stands at a considerable distance to the north of its fellows, is much the smallest of the three, and would seem to offer an insoluble problem to the archæologist who would discover in whose honour it was built. It can only be called the small temple. It measures 32 metres 25 in length by 14 metres 25 in width. It consists of thirty-two columns, of which six appear in each of its façades east and west, and while its beauty is very great it is of a less primitive kind than that of the two greater works. They date respectively from the early sixth and early fifth centuries B.C.; this last temple cannot be much earlier than the end of the latter century, or perhaps the beginning of the fourth century, when Poseidonia had become Paistum and was, under the Lucanians, already a city half barbarian, where nevertheless, as this temple shows, Greek manners and Greek art still prevailed and were able to find noble expression.

Between this last temple and the Temple of Poseidon are the ruins of other buildings which would seem to date only from Roman times, and to be the stones of a theatre, of an amphitheatre, and of the platform of a very small temple. These were the buildings looted by Roger of Sicily for his Cathedral of S. Matthew at Salerno.

But these may well be disregarded, and such time as can be spared from the temples themselves spent in an examination of the walls, huge masses of travertine in places over 12 feet high, dating from the time of Alexander of Epirus, and especially upon the eastern gate, the only one of the four which remains almost perfect and nearly 50 feet high.

When all is said, however, the delight of Pæstum lies in its appeal to the eye, in the sheer beauty of those golden buildings shining there in the dawn between the great mountains and the sea in the midst of the wide plain, deserted and silent, where only the sun and the wind are at home.

IX

INTO CALABRIA

FEW travellers, I suppose, get farther south than Pæstum upon this coast. It is a pity. The lonely majesty of those indestructible ruins should encourage one to penetrate farther, but the desolate aspect of the country, as seen from Pæstum, the silence or vagueness of the guide-books about it, the absence of good modern inns, above all, perhaps, the fear of malaria, prevent the traveller in any impulse he may have to journey into the South, and so he turns back from Pæstum towards Naples without adventuring into what, when all is said, is by no means the least interesting, and certainly not the least beautiful, part of a country which from top to toe is all compact with delight.

It was my good fortune to explore the South with two companions whom I had lured upon this adventure; to journey, sometimes on foot, sometimes by public automobile, sometimes by train, for the distances were too great and time too precious to allow of our going all the way by road, through the provinces of Calabria and Apulia. The country had, we knew, many extraordinary attractions, the chief of which was, of course, that here the Greeks established their great cities, which all together were known as Magna Græcia, of which Pæstum formed a part; but there were Roman and mediæval memories too, and the natural beauty of the Basilicata and Calabria, of their broken and steep sea-coasts, of the great mountains of the Sila and the Aspromonte, together with their almost com-

plete isolation from the modern world, seemed to offer us much for the small hardships and difficulties of the way.

Curiously enough, it was only of these hardships and difficulties that we heard before setting out. Kindly and well-meaning people in Naples who had heard by chance of our intention, Italians every one, would have saved us from they knew not what. Not one of them had ever been into the South—they assured us of that; it was unsafe, uncivilized, a country of brigands, hopelessly lost to the modern world, reeking with malaria, and altogether as unattractive in every way as any place could well be. "What are you going for?" they constantly demanded. "There is nothing to see, nothing to eat, no inns, no beds, no roads even, and of course no railways; moreover, you will certainly be robbed and very likely murdered. . . ."

Let me hasten to say that what we found was something very different from this. To begin with, the roads everywhere in the South are good, the trains as a rule punctual if slow, the inns in the larger places fairly clean and comfortable, the food a little rough and monotonous but plentiful. Indeed, there is nothing at all to hinder anyone in travelling through the South, or from seeing all that is to be seen with a fair amount of comfort and continual delight in the monuments and the natural beauty of a country for the most part delicious. Indeed, if ordinary English travellers who are fond of getting off the more beaten track but knew of half the beauty and pleasure to be found in Calabria, in the forests of the Sila and upon the Aspromonte, they would be found there in increasing numbers every year. Calabria is a paradise that has not yet been opened to the tourist, and in consequence it is quite unspoilt. As for the two things we were chiefly warned against, robbery and fever, we had not to complain of the one or the other. The people of the South are as full of humanity as are other Italians. Every day you live you will be robbed in Naples and that with your eyes open, for you are helpless and they unashamed; but in the

South it is not so. On the contrary, people are there rough-mannered but good-hearted, and as honesty goes in Italy, very honest. You will be fleeced in Milan but not in Cosenza, you will receive bad money in Naples but not in Catanzaro, and considering the poverty there is an extraordinary absence of begging. Not that I object to begging; God knows if a poor man may not demand an alms of his fellows, it is a hard and certainly not a Christian law which forbids him. Nevertheless, though the South is still poor and still Christian, the beggars are but few; they demand courteously in the name of the Madonna, without the threats of the Neapolitans, and are content with little.

As for the fever, there is no fear of it at all between November and June; at any rate, we saw nothing of it in March, April and May, and except perhaps here and there, as in the valley where Sybaris stood, Sybaris which was the mother of Pæstum, the people seemed to be healthy enough and the children rosy and happy, if poor and ragged and barefoot.

Indeed, the only thing the traveller need fear in the South is distance: the distances between the greater places, and it is only in the greater places that one can live with comfort, are enormous; and this fact alone makes walking for the most part impossible. Nowhere else except in Spain is distance, I think, so overwhelmingly impressed upon the traveller. It is the shadow behind all his pleasure, and no day is quite free from its influence.

It was already midday when we turned away from the ruins of Pæstum and set out upon the first stage of our journey, leaving the city by the Porta Justitia, and presently crossing the Solofrone to follow the high road over the desolate plain towards the mysterious Southern hills, the hills *in territorio Cilenti*. These twisted and tortured mountains, a mass of volcanic craters cut by one great winding valley narrow and deep, the valley of the Alento,

have from time immemorial been a district apart. Coming down steeply westward into the sea, these heights upon which towers the noble cone of Monte Stella form the southern promontory of the great Bay of Salerno or Poseidonia, and like the headland of Sorrento, above which Monte S. Angelo hovers, which forms the northern promontory of the vast gulf, they are everywhere covered with woods, with vineyards and olive gardens, with figs and almonds. But unlike the northern promontory, this broken country of the Cilento is not a country of towns—there is not a true town in the whole district—but of villages often close together and always upon the hill-tops, for the silting up of the mouths of the various streams has made the valleys unhealthy and malarious. It is a beautiful and a fruitful district, once within the territory of the Phocæan city of Velia, which stood upon its southern extremity, where the Alento finds the sea. While Velia flourished doubtless it was rich, as it certainly continued to be throughout Imperial times; but it suffered terribly from the Saracens in the ninth century and all through the wars of the Greeks and Lombards of Benevento and Salerno, but was repopulated and built up afresh by the Cluniac monks of La Cava in the eleventh century, who with the assistance of the Benedictines of Monte Cassino planted here some eighteen monasteries which quite redeemed the country. The abominable administration of the Spaniards in the fifteenth century, however, when the Barbary corsairs began to descend upon this coast, depopulated it anew, and it is only in our time, and especially since the evisceration of Algiers, that it is beginning to revive.

It was into this living and pleasant land we came out of the desolate plain in which Pæstum lies a broken sanctuary. For in some two miles or so the road climbing out of the marsh began to rise precipitously, and presently we stood a thousand feet and more over the sea above the village of Ogliastro, and all before us lay the great bay

in its beauty and splendour, guarded on the north by the steep and broken coast beyond Salerno where Vietri stood and Amalfi, Praiano and Positano, how many days' journey behind us, out of the sea. That great coast, stretched out along the promontory of Sorrento till it came to an end in the Punta Campanella, where, a little way off, Capri stood on guard like a sentinel, seemed to be lined with the houses of a single town so thick the villages shone upon it under the great mountains beneath which ran the road we had traversed so many days before. Our eyes lingered upon it, till suddenly like a shadow beyond Capri one of us spied the crater of Epomeo upon Ischia, sixty miles away as the crow flies.

Close at hand as it seemed, but not less than twenty-five miles away, in the depth of the bay, lay the city of Salerno over the Pæstan marsh, and behind, the hills, and over them the mountains, and again beyond them and above them the central range of the Apennines. Nearer still, over the valley of the Sele, Eboli stood up against the rude hills of Terminio ; while to the east, behind us, lay all this tumble of mountain called the Cilento, and farther again mountains, and beyond the darkness of the Apennines. And all before us lay the perfect arc of the vast bay, and at our feet this great headland answering that of Sorrento, crowned by Monte Stella as that by Monte S. Angelo, beaked by the Punta Licosa as that by the Punta Campanella.

But such a catalogue of names can give but a small idea of the glorious sweep of sea and air and mountain and plain which these hills give to him who climbs them. Neither from the heights of Vietri nor from Ravello is the prospect comparable with that which these hills command. To come so far as Pæstum and to go home without a sight of this glory is to miss a good half of the pleasure Pæstum can bestow. But no guide-book speaks of it, and therefore the tourist moons for hours about the temples, waiting for the train, unsuspecting that so great a spectacle is within reach and to be had almost for the trouble of asking.

From this great view-point, of which we could not have enough, we presently descended to Agropoli. This little village stands upon a great rock rising out of the sea just where the hills first reach it beyond the Pæstan plain. It is but a small place, but it is worth seeing on account of its situation, its towered walls and old castle dating from the Aragon times of the fifteenth century. The name is Greek, but Agropoli owes nothing to Magna Græcia, being indeed most probably a foundation of the Byzantines, perhaps of Narses, who after finally breaking the Goths at Angri founded many such strongholds. By the end of the sixth century it was like most of such Byzantine foundations, in possession of a bishop. It seems to have flourished until, in 882, it was seized by the Saracens, who made it their chief stronghold hereabouts, and issuing thence ruined Pæstum and all this coast. It was the last of their strongholds to be surrendered after their defeat on the banks of the Garigliano, and by 1070 certainly Agropoli was held by Roger of Sicily. The place seems to have flourished exceedingly under the Normans, the Angevins, and the Aragon kings, until in the middle of the sixteenth century the corsairs, and chief among them Barbarossa, descended upon this coast and seized many places, but chiefly Agropoli and Policastro, the latter being utterly destroyed, and the former so ruined that it was never able to recover itself.

Beyond Agropoli the coast thrusts out westward into the double headland which closes the Gulf of Salerno upon the south. The larger and more southern point is the famous Punta Licosa, off which rises a little island where according to Strabo and Pliny was the tomb of the Siren Leucosia, which names both island and promontory. Others, with more reason I think, call this headland Posidonium Promontorium, the promontory of Poseidon. Dionysius of Halicarnassus, however, calls the island Leucasia, and asserts that it was named so after a cousin of Æneas, whom the hero buried here, as he did his pilot

Palinurus farther down the coast. The headland was well known in Imperial times, when both it and the island were covered with luxurious villas. It is a delicious spot, as beautiful as any of those more famous places on the Gulf of Naples which were so popular among the wealthy Romans in the first centuries of our era.

We slept at Agropoli, at the Albergo del Sud by the sea, and early next morning went on by train, coming down the deep and tremendous valley of the Alento on the southern side of the promontory through a lovely country to Ascea, where we left the railway to return a little way by road towards the mouth of the Alento, the ancient Hales, where are the ruins of Velia.

These ruins are set on a low ridge of hill about a mile and a half south of the river mouth, and half a mile from the sea-coast, over a spacious bay between the great promontory of the Cilento on the north, the rocky Punta di Ascea on the south. Immediately over the sea, the top of the hill upon which Velia stood is now occupied by the mediæval village of Castellammare della Bruca, doubtless the old acropolis, for the walls of the ancient city may still be traced all about; but other ruins of the Greek time are wanting, what we see, the debris of aqueducts and buildings, being of Roman date.

The city of Velia was the only Phocæan colony in all Magna Græcia, and it came to be founded in this fashion. In the year 544 B.C., when Harpagus conquered Ionia, the inhabitants of Phocæa rather than come under the Persian yoke voluntarily expatriated themselves and went in a body to their new colony of Alalia, in Corsica. There, however, they suffered so much at the hands of the Carthaginians that after a final naval defeat they were compelled to abandon their city, and while a part of them went to Massilia (Marseilles) the rest went south to Rhegium (Reggio); but their welcome being anything but cordial they soon set out northward again, and presently founded a new colony at the mouth of the Hales, upon the coast of

Lucania. This happened about 540 B.C. We know practically nothing of the history of Velia except that from the moment of its foundation it was bitterly attacked by the people of Poseidonia and their mother city of Sybaris, and thus the place would have but little interest for us but for two facts, namely, the fame of the school of philosophy that arose there, and the extraordinary beauty of its coinage. That it flourished for all the people of Poseidonia could do, that it was wealthy and a famous place, seems as certain as that it never rose to the great position of such places as Sybaris, Crotona, and Tarentum; but its celebrated school of philosophy has given it the same immortality which the temples of Pæstum have conferred upon Poseidonia or the luxury of the Sybarites has given to Sybaris.

Pythagoras, who gave philosophy its name and passed so much of his life in Magna Græcia, regarded the universe as a perfect harmony dependent on number: the Eleatic doctrine of unity might seem to have been the exact opposite of this. The school was founded by Xenophanes of Colophon, who was born about 570. He was the father of Pantheism, who declared God to be the eternal unity permeating the universe and governing it by his will. The greater disciple of Xenophanes was Parmenides, born here in Velia in 511, who declared God to be unchanging, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," as we might say, and thus to be alone capable of being at all—multitude and change, which never are but always to be, having merely appearance without reality. The glorious doctrine of the school was very ably maintained dialectically by Zeno against the vulgar, who see and realize only this multitude, this change, this becoming in things, in life, in the universe. It was, however, Leucippos of Velia, a disciple of Zeno, who should interest us most perhaps, for he was the father of the atomic philosophy which boasted such famous exponents as Democritus and Epicurus.

Zeno, we know obscurely, lost his life in maintaining the

liberty of his native city against a tyrant. His example as well as his thought would seem to have been cherished by his countrymen, who not only maintained themselves against the Poseidonians but, if Strabo is to be believed, against the Lucanians also. If this were so, Velia was one of the very few Greek cities which preserved a real national existence in the face of these barbarians. At any rate, Velia was early admitted to the alliance of Rome, and under Roman government became almost as famous a health resort as Baiæ. And it continued to flourish until, like Pæstum, it was destroyed by the Saracens encamped at Agropoli in the ninth century.

Sitting there to-day in that lonely place among the stones one tries to recall the thoughts and words of that great spirit which first in Europe conceived the idea of the Absolute, the One; and attempted to demonstrate that Thought and Being are identical—τὸ γὰρ αὐτὸ νοεῖν ἐστίν τε καὶ εἶναι. "Come! listen and take home, says he, what I shall tell you: What are in truth the two paths of search after right understanding. The one that what is, is; and that what is not, is not. This is the path of persuasion, for truth goes along with it. The other is that what is, is not, and by consequence that what is not is—I tell you that is the way which goes counter to persuasion. That which is not never would you know; there is no way of getting at that; nor could you explain it to another; for Thought and Being are identical." It was perhaps while gazing across this very sea from these hills which were his home that Parmenides uttered those famous words that were after all of so dubious omen—that one day would start Don Quixote on his travels.

From the ruins of Velia before midday we went on by train through all the beauty that is Pisciotta within the exquisite curving headland of Palinuro to Policastro.

The beautiful lonely horn of Palinurus thrusts itself loftily into the sea between Velia and the old Greek city of Buxentum. Of old, the promontory had a port to

which it gave its name, and which is still called Porto di Palinuro. Both headland and port, indeed, received their name from Palinurus, the pilot of Æneas, who was here, according to Virgil and many other Latin writers, cast ashore and buried.

> Princeps ante omnes densum Palinurus agebat
> agmen ;

In the sixth Æneid, Palinurus himself tells the story of his death. "Lo, the pilot Palinurus came along, who late on the voyage from Libya, while he watched the stars had fallen from the stern of the ship, and been tumbled into the midst of the waves. Æneas, when he had hardly recognized him, full of sorrow in the thick darkness [within the gate of Hades], first addressed him thus: 'Which of the gods was it who snatched you from us, Palinurus, and sunk you in the deep? Tell me, I pray. For Apollo, though I never before found him a deceiver, deluded my soul by this one oracle in that he foretold that you would be unharmed by sea, and reach the Ausonian shores. Is this indeed his faithful promise?' The other answered: 'Neither did the tripod of Phœbus deceive you, Prince, Anchises' son, nor did a god plunge me in the waves. For in headlong fall I dragged down with me the rudder, wrenched away by mishap with rude violence; the rudder which I its appointed guardian was holding steadfastly, and guiding the ship's course. By the wild seas I swear that I conceived no such great fear for myself as for your ship, lest stripped of its helm, and violently bereft of its master, it might not live while such a sea was running. Three winter nights the south wind wildly bore me on the water across the boundless main; scarcely in the forth dawn as I raised myself upward I caught sight of Italy from the surface of the sea. By slow degrees I swam towards land; soon I should have gained safe ground, had not the ruthless race, while I was weighed down in my drenched garments, and striving to grasp

with crooked hands the rough points of a crag, attacked me with the sword, and in their ignorance thought me a prize. Now I lie at the mercy of the waves, and the winds ofttimes cast me on the shore. Wherefore by the pleasant light of heaven, by your fathers, I beseech you and the promise of your rising Iulus, rescue me from these woes, unconquered Prince; either cast earth upon me yourself (for you have the power) and again repair to the port of Velia; or now if there be any means . . . lend your hand to your hapless pilot, and carry me with you across the flood [the Styx], that in death I may repose. . . .' So had he spoken when the priestess thus begins—

"'Whence comes it, Palinurus, that you feel a longing so unlawful? Will you unburied view the waters of the Styx? . . . Cease to hope that divine destiny can yield to your prayer. But receive into your memory my words the consolation of your hard fortune. For your bones the neighbouring tribes far and wide through their cities, compelled by signs from Heaven, shall propitiate, and they shall set up a mound, and to the mound shall bring due offerings, and the place shall keep for ever the name of Palinurus.'"

Servius indeed tells us that the Lucanians, probably the citizens of Velia, paid heroic honours to Palinurus, and that he had a cenotaph and sacred grove not far from the city. Some ruins of ancient buildings are indeed to this day to be seen upon the summit of the headland, and these are said by the people hereabouts to be the tomb of the great pilot.

To the south of Capo Palinuro opens the vast bay of Policastro, closed on the south again, eighty miles away as the crow flies, by the Capo Vaticano, the bluff within which the ancient Laus, the city which named the whole bay, lay. Immediately to the south of the great headland of which the Capo Palinuro is the horn, and which is crowned by Monte Bulgheria, in the deepest part of the bay, lies Policastro, a place of considerable antiquity and import-

ance, which Robert Guiscard destroyed in 1055, as did the Corsairs in 1542, so that it is now but a village. It was founded, it is said, in the fifth century B.C. by the Greeks of Rhegium, but its coins lead us to accept an earlier foundation, and that from Siris, whose colony it apparently was. Its name was Pyxus. We know absolutely nothing of it, however, until after the conquest of Lucania by the Romans, who in 186 B.C. established there a colony, and named the place Buxentum. No ruins at all of the Greek city are to be seen, and but little of the Roman town even of imperial times. Policastro, indeed, is not worth a visit. Far better is it to go on directly to Sapri, where there is a fair inn, the Albergo Garibaldi, and where considerable remains of the old Greek town of Scidrus may still be seen.

The only ancient authority who speaks of Scidrus at all is Herodotus, who, however, does not define its situation. He tells us that it was like the greater city of Laus to the south, which named the whole Gulf a colony of Sybaris, and that to both these cities the Sybarites fled away when their own city was destroyed by Cotrona. There can, I think, be no doubt that the Sybarite colony of Scidrus was established here where we now find the town of Sapri, and that it was of ancient foundation and not a place established by fugitives after the destruction of Sybaris. The enormous wealth of Sybaris was due to commerce, and this was secured and maintained by communications and alliances which kept open the various routes over the sea or the mountains which had their terminus on the *agora* of the great Achæan city. A people such as we know the Sybarites to have been would be sure to establish themselves firmly upon the Tyrrhene Sea, and this we know they were able to do at Poseidonia. But that city, whose mighty ruins still fill us with wonder, was too far north and too difficult of access from Sybaris to fulfil the whole purpose of its founders. They needed a port easily accessible from the mother city upon this coast, and this was most easily

found at Laus, as a glance at the map will assure us. Sybaris lay in the delta formed by various valleys at that point where the Gulf of Taranto is deepest, and where in consequence the peninsula of Calabria is narrowest between the Ionian and Tyrrhene Seas. To follow one of these valleys, the Valle del Salice, as we call it, to its head, to cross the Campo Tenese, the watershed, and to descend the valley of the Lao to Laus upon the Tyrrhene Sea was the shortest and easiest road from one sea to the other. Thus was Laus founded. It might seem that on the same principle Scidrus should have been a colony of Siris instead of Sybaris, for it was most easily approached from that city, from the Ionian Sea up the valley of the Sinni, and it may be that in spite of Herodotus this was the case, and that Sybaris only came, as it were, into possession of Scidrus, or rather that Scidrus only came to depend upon Sybaris after that city had destroyed Siris. However that may be, it is obvious that the reason for the foundation of these cities upon the Tyrrhene Sea was that they could be approached overland from the Ionian Sea, and that thus the western coast was accessible without a journey round the great gulfs of the south and through the dangerous straits of Messina.

A mere glance at Sapri shows us at once how valuable a natural harbour and port it must have offered to the small ships of those far-off times. Sheltered on the north by the great bluff on which Monte Bulgheria broods, and by other lesser and nearer heights, it is held on the south by Monte Cerasco, within whose shadow the bay is spread out a glorious land-locked pool of safe water, about which the most considerable of the remains of the ancient Greek city lie in an almost undecipherable confusion.

If little remains of Scidrus, nothing at all is to be found of Laus, in the plain by the river, though in the charming little town of Scalea, where there is a good harbour and where, in consequence, some have thought the ancient city must have stood, a few vestiges of antiquity have been disinterred. They are scarcely worth stopping to see.

Far better is it for the leisurely traveller in Calabria indeed to go on to Belvedere, where he may understand the ancient economic and political geography of these cities of Magna Græcia better than anywhere else upon this coast, and that by climbing the hills behind the town whence he will see both seas, the Ionian and the Tyrrhene, the Gulf of Taranto, and the Gulf of Policastro, and realize how narrow is the peninsula between them. The beauty of the place, too, cannot but enchant him, and no pleasanter way of spending a long afternoon is to be had in all this country. At night he will go on to Paola to sleep.

X

FROM PAOLA TO COSENZA

PAOLA is to-day, I suppose, one of the most important places upon this beautiful but neglected coast, for it is not only served by the railway, but also two or three times a week by a small steamer from Naples. It is, too, the port of Cosenza upon the Tyrrhene Sea, and as such offers by far the best means of approaching that city, the capital of Calabria *citeriore*, from the north and west. The little town stands some hundred metres above the sea on the hillside, more than a *chilometro* from the station upon the shore. It is a charming place, alike on account of its situation and its buildings, its churches, especially that of the Annunziata, and its old convents, in one of which, that of S. Francesco da Paola, lived the famous fifteenth-century saint of that name. The place is, however, without history, and though less primitive than many of the village-towns upon this coast, so unused to the sight of strangers that the whole population turns out to welcome you and escort you to your quarters. As to these you have a choice between the Albergo Regina d' Italia, not far from the station, and the Albergo Leone, in the upper town, and it would be difficult to say which is the least comfortable. Perhaps our experience has been unfortunate. The first time we came to Paola, we arrived from Belvedere about ten o'clock at night. We were the only people alighting there from the train, and save for an oil lamp the station was in complete darkness. We were vaguely directed along a dark and open road and left to ourselves, and indeed, if presently we had not encountered an extraordinarily

violent tramp, upon whom we loaded our baggage, with directions to lead the way to the inn, I often wonder whether we should ever have found it. As it was, he brought us at last through an almost deserted street to the door, where he demanded payment and off he went. It was a long time before the noise we made attracted any sort of attention, and when at last the door was opened our request for beds was met with derision. After mutual reproaches, however, we were shown a single room, in which after much persuasion the host consented to erect three beds. This settled, our host became all smiles. We demanded food, and late as it was we ate there and then the best meal we had all the time we were in Calabria. It was nothing to boast of neither! but even a month or two in this beautiful but untravelled country makes the traveller think with pleasure of the food to be had at Paola.

The long persuasion that had been necessary to obtain us beds, the preparation of the meal, had given the people at least of the lower town of Paola time to get up and dress in a negligent sort of way—for the whole place was asleep when we arrived—and to come to the inn to see the strangers. A great company presently filled the dining-room, and overflowed into the street. Most of this company remained till we had finished, and then followed us up to our room, which, since there was no way of locking the door, all night and next morning, was, at least for the occasion, part of the street. We were, it seemed, as entertaining as a puppet show, and it was only by remembering that we were just that, not human at all really in the clear and curious eyes of these amazingly interested people, that we were able to sleep, to get up, wash, and dress; as it was, I know we abbreviated the washing. One must be a true-born puppet to stand and take a bath in a tin pot within a circle of children, backed by an exclamatory and admiring crowd of men and women, to whom such a thing is as strange a spectacle as the fire-eating of the clowns at the village fair used to be to us.

We were up betimes in the morning, and had plenty of time to see Paola and the convent of S. Francesco da Paola before setting out for Cosenza.

S. Francesco da Paola is interesting as the founder of a new Order. S. Francis of Assisi had called his *frati* Minors or Lesser Friars, for he wished them to be humble and poor, but S. Francis da Paola was not content with this; he called his *frati* Minimites, the least of all in the kingdom of God. The Saint was born here in Paola in 1416, the longed-for son of very poor parents. Having no issue, they besought S. Francis of Assisi to aid them by his prayers, and thus when their son was born he was named Francis after the poverello of Assisi. From the first they seem to have dedicated him to God. When he was twelve years old they sent him to the Franciscans of S. Marco Argentano, the nearest episcopal town; there he learned to read and write, and laid the foundation of his ascetic life. After a year there, as a lad of thirteen he went with his parents on pilgrimage to Assisi and Rome, and on his return to Paola with their permission he retired to a lonely place half a mile from the town, and shortly after to a still more lonely spot, where to-day stands his convent. Here he was presently joined by two companions, and the neighbours built them cells and a chapel, which in 1454 were replaced by the large church and monastery we see. Here the new Order was established by S. Francis da Paola, under a Rule based upon the Franciscan, indeed an exaggeration of it, both Order and Rule being approved by the Archbishop of Cosenza in 1471, and confirmed in 1474 by Sixtus IV, who established Francis Superior-General. In 1476 the Saint began to found other convents, the first of which was at Paterno on the Ionian Sea. That Francis was of very considerable fame and authority in his day is established, if only by the fact that when Louis XI first fell into his despair it was Francis of Paola he desired to see, and when no other means would bring him to Plessis les Tours he besought the Pope to send him. This was

done. S. Francis made the tremendous journey, going by sea from Ostia, and was met with a purse of ten thousand crowns, borne by the Dauphin at Amboise. He arrived at Plessis in April 1482, the King going out to meet him, falling on his knees and conjuring him to obtain of God a prolongation of his life. S. Francis refused to make such a prayer, but nevertheless the King lodged him in his own palace, and daily conversed with him, and died in his arms upon August 30, 1483. King Charles VIII honoured Francis even more than his father had done, built him a fine convent in the Park at Plessis, and another at Amboise, where he had first met him, and when he went to Rome to be saluted Emperor of Constantinople by Pope Alexander VI he built the Saint a noble monastery upon the Pincian Hill, in which none but Frenchmen were to be admitted, and which we still call S. Trinità, though it is now in the hands of another congregation. S. Francis remained in France till his death, in 1508, at the age of ninety-one, and his body remained uncorrupt in the church of Plessis till the year 1562, when the Huguenots broke open the tomb and dragged the body through the streets and burned it "on a fire which they had made with the wood of a great Crucifix." The Order wear a dark tunic and cord, and the word *Charitas* appears upon it, and this is the badge of the Order. The Saint is generally represented as an old man with two companions, or in allusion to his famous miracle when he crossed on his mantle from Reggio to Messina, as spreading his cloak upon the sea. His convent in Paola is picturesquely situated at the end of a long Via Crucis, reached from the upper town, but it has nothing beside its beauty to recommend it, neither works of art nor even a major relic of the Saint who founded it.

The road for Cosenza [1] climbs up out of Paola very steeply for many miles in a marvellous series of curves

[1] A public automobile leaves Paola for Cosenza at 9 o'clock every day. Places should be booked overnight. The distance is 36 chil., covered in 3½ hours.

SAN FILI

till it crosses the bare ridge of the watershed of the Calabrian Apennines, and descends by the scarcely less steep eastern escarpment to the large village of S. Fili above the wide valley of the Crati. The way up from Paola to the summit is exceedingly noble and fine, offering a wonderful view of the wide and shallow Gulf of Laus or, as we say, of Policastro, a view a little featureless after all, though with far-away glimpses of noble headlands, but not to be compared in any way with the view of the Gulf of Poseidonia from the hills above Agropoli to the south of Pæstum. Nevertheless, the way is beautiful up through the steep forest, but the true splendour of it is only to be had when suddenly and unexpectedly from the summit one looks down from the woods upon that immense and noble valley of the Crati, at the mouth of which eastward once stood the city of Sybaris, the greatest of Magna Græcia, and at the head of which westwards stands the famous city of Cosenza, where Alaric died and was buried.

All that valley from your first sight of it seems only full of that accursed Gothic army laden with the spoil of the Eternal City. Here the barbarian passed, as he thought, to the loot of Sicily, but, as God willed, to his atrocious grave. Beyond rise the beautiful heights of the Sila, dark with woods. We could have looked down upon that valley from that height, 3000 feet and more in the air, for hours, recalling that catastrophic march, but that the lingering sun warned us of the hour, and the milestones spoke of Cosenza as still at a great distance. So we went down through the chestnut forests to S. Fili, still some 1500 feet up, and on, still downward, into the valley, where we came into the great Roman road southward, and along it in its straight monotony deep in the dust we trudged in the wake of the Goths into Cosenza.

It was still daylight when we climbed out of the wide, profound valley into that noble city, which for how many centuries has kept the secret of the barbaric grave of Alaric. High up it stands all about a great headland of

hills, and in this it is like Segovia, though without the splendour of the Spanish city, thrust out between the valleys of the Crati and the Busento. There is in all Calabria no nobler place than this.

The inn we chose, the Albergo Vetere, and there are several, we chose as much because from its window we could look across the Crati Valley to the great woods high on the Sila, as because we thought it the best in the town. It is in its Calabrian way a very comfortable house, with a good and plentiful table and clean beds. There we lived gaily, and thence we issued out to see the remarkable city where Alaric died.

It is true that we could think of little else in Cosenza but the tremendous Goth, who first with barbarian arms smote upon the gates of the Capital of the Empire, demanding what he should for ever have been denied; but Cosenza is older far than Alaric.

Consentia, as the Romans called the place, was the capital city of the Bruttii, the greatest town of that barbarous people, and the centre of their movements against the cities of Magna Græcia. We first hear of it in history, however, in the expedition of Alexander of Epirus, and Livy asserts that it was taken by that hero, but it would seem that when he was assassinated at Pandosia, "a little above Consentia," a city the site of which is unknown, Consentia was still in the hands of the barbarians, and Alexander's mutilated body was brought there for burial. During the Second Punic War, Consentia, though reluctantly, followed the rest of the cities of the Bruttii, was occupied by the Carthaginian General Himilco, supported the cause of Hannibal, and was only reduced by the Romans in 204 B.C. It was then, according to Appian, a very large place, and continued to be the chief city in this part of Italy all through the great time of Rome, which would seem never to have wholly subdued the tribes of the Sila hereabout. Then in the year A.D. 410, at the end of August, Alaric, having sacked

the Eternal City, appeared upon the Appian Way at the head of his army, laden with noble prisoners and the spoil of Rome, intent upon the loot of the South and of Sicily, and in his train as a captive went along with him Galla Placidia, the sister of the Emperor, the daughter of the great Theodosius. The Goth marched southward spoiling the mighty cities, Capua the capital of Campania, Nola, too, which was devastated; one after another the great towns of the South were ruined and spoiled, till at last he came to Consentia. Already it seems the first division of the Gothic army had embarked for Sicily, when in the midst of a tempest which sunk and scattered their transports news came of the death of Alaric. Then, in the immortal words of Gibbon, "the ferocious character of the barbarians was displayed in the funeral of a hero, whose valour and fortune they celebrated with mournful applause. By the labour of a captive multitude they forcibly diverted the course of the Busentinus (Buxentius), a small river that washes the walls of Consentia. The royal sepulchre, adorned with the splendid spoils and trophies of Rome, was constructed in the vacant bed; the waters were then restored to their natural channel, and the secret spot where the remains of Alaric had been deposited was for ever concealed by the inhuman massacre of the prisoners, who had been employed to execute the work."

After that appalling spectacle, Consentia is wrapt in darkness for more than five hundred years. In 988, however, we hear of it as taken and destroyed by the Saracens, and then in 992 as rebuilt by the Greeks, only to be burnt in the beginning of the eleventh century again by the Saracens. When in 1050 Pope Nicholas II gave Calabria to Robert Guiscard, Cosenza came into his possession without a struggle, but later it rebelled, and it was then the great Castello was built to dominate it on the hill-top.

It is from this Castello that one gets the finest impression

of the situation of the city, and of the beauty and splendour of the country round about. It is a tremendous place, a vast keep looking over the valleys to the Apennines upon the west, the Sila on the east, down the great valley of the Crati between them on the north and southward to the tumble of mountains that divides Calabria Citeriore from Calabria Ulteriore, the toe of Italy and the Aspromonte. Beneath the Castello the girls sing in the vineyards, children laugh at their play under the olives, and all the beauty of Calabria, one of the loveliest provinces of Italy, is spread out before you ; but none of these will keep your mind from Alaric. Down the wide and noble valley from the north rode the barbarian king at the head of his thousands and his thousands, train upon train of captives bearing the spoil and the loot of Rome. Hither he came in the midst of his great success, the first barbarian who had successfully broken into the Empire, intent upon the destruction of Sicily, the spoliation of Africa. Here he died. Somewhere down there where from the great height you may see the Buxentius meet the Crathis they buried him, turning the river aside to make his sepulchre, and setting about it the gold and silver of Rome. There in that unknown place he lies, till God shall raise him up and judge him.

Little to compare with that great view from the Castello remains to be seen in Cosenza. The city has suffered, especially in the last two centuries, from earthquakes which have even damaged the Castle, whose walls are nine feet thick, so that little else that is old has escaped damage or destruction. Among that little, however, is happily the Cathedral, a Gothic building, in so far as it remains ancient, of the thirteenth century, consecrated in 1222 in the presence of the Emperor Frederick II. There lie King Henry of Germany, the eldest son of Frederick II, Isabella, the Queen of Philip III of France (1270), and Louis III of Anjou (1435). The other churches are scarcely worth a visit, but the town itself is picturesque, especially

COSENZA, FROM THE CASTELLO

in its higher parts under the Castello, where the steep, narrow ways are very well worth the fatigue of the climb.

If for a time we forgot Alaric in Cosenza it was to the Sila we turned. Those great mountains, dark with forests rising to the east over the valley, impress you with their dark beauty all day long. Somewhere there you remind yourself the Neaithos rises of which Theocritus sings. It is this stream with all its riches of green herbage and trees that you come upon if you adventure into these great hills and come over the watershed, as in summer-time you may do, by public automobile, to S. Giovanni in Fiore, some 3000 feet above the sea, in the very heart of the Sila.

This village began to rise in the sixteenth century about an ancient monastery, one of the most famous in Italy in the twelfth century. There Joachim da Fiore [1] founded his new Order, the Ordone di Flora, and wrote those amazing works, the most celebrated of which was, or perhaps only was to have been, *The Eternal Gospel*, which seems to have had so great an influence upon the Franciscans, and indeed upon religious thought generally in Italy in the thirteenth century. It is a long way to S. Giovanni, some seventy *chilometri* from Cosenza, but the beauty of the road and the interest of the place are certainly worth any trouble and fatigue they may cost.

[1] For an account of Joachim, see my *Cities of Umbria* (5th ed., Methuen, 1913), pp. 261–277.

XI

TO CATANZARO AND REGGIO

FROM Cosenza you may go very easily down the great valley of the Crati by train to Sybaris upon the Ionian Sea, and thus come immediately into the heart of Magna Græcia, but the wiser traveller will not hesitate, I think, to take advantage of the new service by automobile, which will take him right across central Calabria and over a great shoulder of the Sila to Catanzaro, a hundred *chilometri* southward, the capital of Calabria Ulteriore. That long journey, occupying at least seven hours, is very well worth making, for it takes you through some of the most beautiful parts of this extraordinarily beautiful country, crosses a great mountain range, and though it offers you nothing so dramatic as the sudden view of the great valley of the Crathis which the road from Paola to Cosenza affords, at Tiriolo, near the end of your journey, you may look upon both seas, the Ionian and the Tyrrhene, the Gulf of Squillace on the east and the Gulf of S. Eufemia on the west.

The road first proceeds up the valley of the Crati to the source of that famous river; then passing under the village of Donnici it descends into the valley of the Arbicello, crosses the torrent, and climbs up to the Piano del Lago, some fourteen *chilometri* from Cosenza and 2000 feet and more over the sea. Here it crosses a part of the Sila, passing through the little mountain town of Rogliano above the Savuto, the ancient Sabatus where of old there was a Roman station. Rogliano was the Rulianum of antiquity,

but little or nothing remains there that is very old, for the place has suffered much from earthquakes, and was almost destroyed in 1638. The road climbs up to Rogliano through delicious forest, and beyond the village descends through a beautiful country to the Savuto, which it crosses to climb up by many winding ways to Carpanzano, whence it is possible to see the Tyrrhene Sea.

At Carpanzano the road turns eastward, climbing all the way till it reaches a height of well over 3000 feet, and a little beyond the village of Corace crosses the southern hill-tops of the Sila Piccola and descends into Soveria Mannelli. In this rather desolate village you leave the automobile that has brought you from Cosenza, and after a wait of an hour and a half, in which it is well to get some luncheon at the local *ristorante,* a by no means bad little place, another automobile arrives to take you on to Catanzaro.

There can be no doubt that these automobile services which are now everywhere in Italy are doing very splendid work in opening up the less accessible parts of the peninsula, such as the mountain districts of Calabria and the Marches.[1] In a country such as this, where the distances are enormous and the whole country so far away from any great centre, one cannot praise the enterprise of modern Italy enough in establishing this admirable means of getting about. Here are two sub-units of a great province, Calabria Citeriore and Calabria Ulteriore, each with its capital, Cosenza and Catanzaro, to reach either from other before the coming of the automobile meant a journey of two days, almost impossible in winter and always full of a sort of misery. To-day you may leave Cosenza at half-past seven in the morning and be in Catanzaro by half-past two, or you may leave Catanzaro at half-past eight in the morning and be in Cosenza by half-past three. And besides the two capitals, how many hamlets and villages the automobile serves. It is enough to notice the difficulty of obtaining

[1] Cf. my *Cities of Romagna and the Marches* (Methuen, 1913), p. 188.

seats to see at once how welcome it is to the people. It is cheaper, and certainly as expeditious as most of the railways here in the South, and quite as comfortable. Moreover, it can go where the railway cannot penetrate; it passes not under but over the hills. In all things it is to be praised; and its effect upon the isolated communities of this glorious but neglected and despised Calabria cannot but be good, for little by little people will come into the South from Central Italy, and Calabria will be discovered. When that happens a new playground will be opened for us all, and such a one as we have never dreamed of. For there can indeed be few provinces of Europe lovelier or nobler than this, with its great mountain ranges covered with primeval forest, miles of glorious woodland, and an air so soft and yet so exhilarating that no other hills in Europe can boast the like. Alike in spring, summer, and autumn these mountains are a paradise; they should gather wealth for Italy from the rest of Europe, and that should be employed in draining the wide valleys of the sea-coast, which of old supported a great population, but which are to-day utterly lonely on account of the malaria which everywhere holds them in its grip all the summer and autumn through. But even after two thousand years let no one any longer despair of the South. With the new communications it will be rediscovered, and again it will lift up its head. Here rather than on the sands of Lybia lies the field for Italy's new energy; here, in this virgin and fruitful soil, which has been resting for two thousand years and awaits every day with more impatience the labour of the delivering peasant, the gold of the capitalist, the love and enthusiasm of Italia La Nuova.

The automobile is indeed to be praised, for it has made such a belated resurrection possible and even certain; but in its minor results it is still disquieting to the populace. By reason of the great hills that stand everywhere in ranges throughout Calabria, of which the Sila and the Aspromonte are but the greatest, the roads continually and without

TIRIOLO

ceasing wind up and down in so astonishing and so many series of curves and hairpin corners that the countrymen and burgesses who travel in the new public conveyances which hurry along at a really frightening speed are all sick by reason of them. Indeed, upon the run from Cosenza to Catanzaro my companions and I were the only travellers in the packed machine who were not continually leaning out of the window.

Soveria Mannelli is about half-way between Cosenza and Catanzaro. There the road forks, the western branch proceeding over the Monti di Nicastro to Nicastro, the eastern road passing along a high ridge some 3000 feet high, over Serrastrella, past S. Pietro Apostolo, to the town of Tiriolo, whence one may look upon both seas, the Ionian to the east, the Tyrrhene to the west, while to the south rises the long peaked ridge of the Aspromonte.

Tiriolo is indeed one of the loftiest towns of Calabria, standing over 2000 feet above the sea. The place is the Ad Turres of the Antonine Itinerary, and many antiquities have been found there, more especially a table of bronze, now preserved in the Imperial Museum at Vienna, upon which is incised the text of a decree of the Senate of 186 B.C. which forbade the celebration of the Bacchanalia. This discovery was made in 1640. But in our own day a large number of terra-cottas of the best Greek period have been unearthed here, and are now preserved in the Museum of Catanzaro.

For the traveller the delight of Tiriolo is the costumes of the women, which are most beautiful and picturesque. With the coming of the automobile it is to be feared these will disappear, but they have not gone yet. Almost every girl in the place wears the old-fashioned dress of the commune and is, and not only on this account, a delight to the eyes.

Tiriolo is divided from Catanzaro by the vast gorge of the Corace, down the western side of which the road winds very steeply and giddily to the river, which it crosses

and thence climbs up on the other less lofty side to Catanzaro, about 1000 feet above the sea.

Catanzaro is built upon a lofty and precipitous shoulder of rock between two deep valleys that unite before it, and proceed onward together, ever widening, towards the sea. In the main it consists of one long street, which runs from north to south till it comes to an end above the steep southern escarpment of the great hill on which the city stands, in the garden where the ruins of a castle built by Robert Guiscard still remain. Upon this side the city slopes a little towards the valley in a few windy alley-ways almost mediæval in their picturesque dilapidation; but for the most part Catanzaro stands along the hill-top, strikingly new in appearance, a clean, healthy, cool town, where a breeze that easily becomes half a gale of wind always seems to blow, and where everyone seems to be happy, healthy, and hospitable to strangers. There are in this unexpectedly modern town several inns, two of which certainly deserve the name of hotels. That we chose was called the Brezia, and there we found every sort of reasonable comfort and attention; it might have been in Siena for that.

Catanzaro would seem to have been founded like Agropoli, by the Byzantines, indeed in the time of Nicephorus Phocas, in the tenth century. In 1055, however, it came into the hands of Robert Guiscard, who recognizing its strategic importance as commanding the shortest road of all between the Ionian and the Tyrrhene Sea, there built the strong castle whose ruins we see. Under the Norman, indeed, the town flourished exceedingly, and was divided into four quarters, in which the Latins, the Greeks, the Amalifitani, and the Jews dwelt apart; the two latter peoples having established themselves here for the sake of commerce. Catanzaro then boasted twenty-eight churches, a relic doubtless, as Lenormant reminds us, of the Greek rule, that rite not permitting more than one mass to be said in any church daily.

Time and earthquake have left but few of these churches,

and not one that is recognizable as a Byzantine or Norman foundation; indeed, all are dishearteningly modern, and without either beauty or interest. One of them, however, S. Domenico, or La Chiesa del Rosario, contains a fine Venetian picture of the sixteenth century, in which we see S. Domenico receiving the Rosary from the Blessed Virgin and her little Son.

A work perhaps by the same master is to be found in the little Museo near the Castle: this is a Lucretia. But the most beautiful thing here is a helmet, a Greek work found at Tiriolo, and a number of terra-cottas, vases, coins, and other curiosities, for the most part from the district.

The true delight of Catanzaro is to be found in its extraordinary situation and the amazing views it offers you of the great country in which it lies. To the south, and for the first time, you see before you something of the bitter desolation of the coasts of the Ionian Sea, where long and long ago, in all their beauty, energy, and pride, stood the great cities of Magna Græcia, the memory of which names, even to-day, all this country. To the east from the Giardino Pubblico you look upon the strange valley of the Crotalus between its sheer and barren cliffs, an extraordinary, bitter, desolate place, on which it might seem the sun never shines. Uplifted above this curious and arid country in which the priapal agave and the cactus form the chief vegetation, hedging in the olives, the vines, and the rare patches of corn, Catanzaro alone seems to laugh, ever in the wind, high above the fever belt and the malaria of the empty vales and littoral. The town is indeed a sort of refuge thrust out from the hills into the midst of this dead country which from Reggio to Taranto is washed by the Ionian Sea.

Something of the strategical value of Catanzaro in ancient times as in the Middle Age may be best understood by journeying by the light railway from the uplifted town across the hills from the valley down which the Corace runs into the Ionian Sea to the valley of the Lametus

(Ameto), which empties itself into the Tyrrhene Sea. To the north above the valley and the plains of Maida stands the town of Nicastro, a Byzantine foundation in whose castle Frederick II confined his rebellious son Henry, who lies buried in the Cathedral of Cosenza.

Frederick II had two sons by his first wife, Henry and Conrad, whom he caused, each one during his lifetime, to be elected King of the Romans. But in 1240 King Henry perceiving, as Villani tells us, "that the Emperor his father was doing all he might against Holy Church, and feeling the same heavy upon his conscience, time and again reproved his father, for that he was doing ill; whereat the Emperor set himself against him, and neither loving him nor dealing with him as with a son, raised up false accusers, who testified that the said Henry had it in his mind to rebel against him as concerning his Empire, at the request of the Church. On the which plea (were it true or false) he seized his said son King Henry and two sons of his, little lads, and sent them . . . into prison severally; and there he put him to death by starvation in great torment, and afterwards Manfred put his sons to death. . . ."

Upon the other side of the Lametus lies the plain of Maida, the field of the only battle ever fought by British troops upon Italian soil. This battle, fought in 1806 against the French army of General Regnier, resulted in a victory for Sir John Stuart. That General was in command of the British forces then in occupation of Sicily when upon July 1, 1806, he landed 4800 men in the Gulf of S. Eufemia. The French upon the southern side of the Lametus occupied the wooded hillside of Maida, but they outnumbered the British force and, confident of success, they crossed the river and came on to meet us in the plain. They came, and were met with the bayonet, and the result does not seem to have been in doubt for a moment. They fled, leaving 4000 men upon the field; the British casualties amounting in all to 327. But before

the end of the year the French were again in possession of Calabria.

S. Eufemia, the little town which to-day gives its name to the ancient Sinus Terinaeus, is chiefly famous for the Benedictine monastery founded there by Robert Guiscard, in which he placed the head of the martyr S. Eufemia, which he brought from Constantinople. All, however, was destroyed in the earthquake in 1638. It stood upon the site of the Greek city of Terina, a colony of Crotona, and was regarded as the burial-place of the Siren Ligeia, and consequently would seem to have been older than the Greek settlement, whose date we do not know, nor indeed are we acquainted with its history, though the number, beauty, and variety of its silver coins bear witness to its wealth and importance.

From the railway junction of S. Eufemia the railway from Naples proceeds south over the plain, and presently under the hills along the coast to Pizzo, where in the castle Murat was done to death in 1815. His body lies beneath a plain stone in the parish church.

The great Roman highway, the Via Popilia, runs through Pizzo, and leaving the coast there proceeds across the hills to the gloriously situated city of Monteleone, 1500 feet above the sea, which still boasts of a ruined castle built by Frederick II.

Monteleone stands upon the site of the Greek city of Hipponium, a colony, according to Strabo, of Locri upon the Ionian Sea. We know, however, almost nothing of it save that it was taken in 389 B.C. by Dionysius of Syracuse, who destroyed it and carried away its citizens to Sicily. With the assistance of the Carthaginians, however, these exiles returned. Presently the city fell into the hands of the Bruttii, but was taken from them in 294 B.C. by Agathocles, who established a naval station there, and for a time held the place, which upon his departure was seized again by the Bruttii and his garrison put to the sword. These barbarians held it thenceforth until the

Roman conquest of the peninsula. Under the Romans both city and port flourished exceedingly, it became a very important place, and Appian indeed speaks of it as one of the "most flourishing cities of Italy." In the civil wars it played a very considerable part, its situation at the point where the Via Popilia first touches the sea no doubt giving it a great strategical and economic importance. The ruins of the city would seem to have disappeared if it was situated upon the hill where Monteleone stands, but considerable remains may still, in spite of time and earthquake, be seen of the port at a place called Bivona (Hipponium, Vibonia, Bivona), some three miles from that lofty town, upon the shore, where there remains also a mediæval Castello.

To the south-west of Monteleone the high lands over which that city shines thrust out westward and south from the beautiful southern headland of the Sinus Terinaeus, the Gulf of Eufemia. Upon this headland stood the old Roman Herculis Portus, on the site of which stands Tropea to-day, most beautifully situated upon a precipitous rock thrust out into the sea above a delicious bay, all surrounded by woods and olive gardens and vineyards and villages. Above all the city stands the church, upon its steep and cavernous rock rising sheer out of the sea, within a vast amphitheatre of great hills far in the background. Beyond, southward, the railway runs quite round the great headland by the great Capo Vaticano, which may be reached also by road from Tropea, a walk of about six miles. That walk is worth taking not only on account of the glorious beauty of the coast here, but because from the high land above the Capo Vaticano one may first see snow-crowned Etna and the Sicilian mountains over the incomparable beauty of the sea. Far and far away they lie, like ghosts on the horizon beckoning you on into a world the loveliest we may know.

One proceeds by paths and tracks along the headland over the railway to Nicòtera, and thence across the mouths

of the Mèsima and the great plain or marsh of Gioja, upon the farther side of which, just upon the hills, stood the ancient city of Metauria.

It is here, amid the horrid desolation of the Piana di Gioja, that one enters upon the country so awfully made desolate by the earthquake of 1908 which destroyed Messina. Signs of this appalling calamity are indeed still very visible even as far north as Pizzo, but it is here at Gioja that one begins to realize what that disaster really was. Indeed, in all the exquisite loveliness of the coast between Gioja and Reggio through the Straits of Messina scarcely a village is left. Of Palmi amid its gardens, its orange groves, and wonderful olive-yards, really only the glorious views of the island are left to us. It is best to leave it, to forget, and to climb thence through the olive gardens, the great hill of Monte Elia upon whose slopes it lies in ruin to gaze upon Etna and Sicily, the Straits down which you may look as into the noblest of bays, the glory of the sea in which like jewels lie the Lipari Isles and smoking Stromboli, and eastward the great mountains, the Aspromonte dark with forests.

And if Palmi seems to have been destroyed, what can one say of Scilla, at the mouth of the Straits, of old so famous; what of Villa S. Giovanni, where the coast so wonderfully turns suddenly southward; of Reggio itself, amid all the loneliness God has here poured out of His heart? Here are nothing but ruins, about which linger even yet an incredible romance and the rumour of Homeric verse amid the tragic litter of the buildings of the Middle Age, the Renaissance, and the modern world. We enter Magna Græcia to-day through a ruined gate.

XII

MAGNA GRÆCIA

WE speak of Magna Græcia and think of all those cities founded by the Greeks hundreds of years before the coming of Our Lord, east and west between Taranto and Reggio along the shore of the Ionian Sea; but in fact Magna Græcia meant more than this, for it included those colonies founded upon the Tyrrhene coast between Poseidonia and Hipponium, though never, as we may think, the oldest settlements of all at Cumæ and Neapolis. Nevertheless, we are right after all when in speaking of Magna Græcia we think first of the cities within the Gulfs of Taranto and Squillace along the Ionian Sea, for these were the original settlements from the mother land, the Tyrrhene cities, with the exception of the Phocæan city of Velia, being but their colonies. Magna Græcia indeed was, whether in its larger or narrower sense, this above all, a long string, as it were a rosary, of cities, not a territory; the name was never used in a territorial sense as including the whole or part of Southern Italy, it was only applied to the Greek cities on the coasts, and corresponds most nearly to Livy's expression, *Græcorum omnis ora*.[1] The Greek inhabitants of these cities were known to the Greeks of the mother lands as Ἰταλιῶται; that is to say, the Greeks in Italy, while the Italians were of course οἱ Ἰταλοῖ.

As I have said, the most ancient settlement of the

[1] Livy, xxii. 61. The same historian uses the name Græcia Major, but the commonest title of all was undoubtedly Græcia Magna. The term did not, of course, include the Greek cities in Sicily.

Greeks in Italy would appear to have been made at Cumæ, and this was very ancient indeed, some placing it as early as 1000 B.C. Cumæ, however, was so remote, and perhaps for early navigation so difficult of access by reason of the approach through the Straits of Messina and of Capri, that it remained isolated from its later sisters in the South and never made a part of Magna Græcia.

Cumæ thus isolated from Magna Græcia was not only the oldest of the Greek settlements in Italy, but it was older than those in Sicily, which are themselves older than any city of Magna Græcia. The settlements upon the southern shore of the mainland followed those upon the island, and for the most part may be said to date from 735 to 675 B.C.; but we have unfortunately no record of their foundation and history in any way comparable with that preserved by Thucydides concerning the Greek cities of Sicily; nevertheless, we may state certain facts with some certainty.

We know, and this without doubt, that the Achæans, a people always undistinguished in the history of Greece proper, were the earliest colonists here upon the mainland of Italy and that they founded the two greater cities of Magna Græcia, first Sybaris in the Gulf of Taranto in 720 B.C., and then, ten years later, in 710 B.C., Crotona upon the eastern side of the great headland which divides the Gulf of Taranto from the Gulf of Squillace.

About the same time, according to Strabo, the Locrians founded the city of Locri near the modern Gerace, and two years later, as we may believe, in 708 B.C., the Dorians founded Tarentum, and it was to hold them in check that at the prayer of the Sybarites the Achæans founded about 700 B.C. the city of Metapontum, some twenty-seven miles along the shore to the south-west of Tarentum.

Some twenty-five years later, about the year 675, the Ionians of Colophon, having been conquered by Gyges, King of Lydia, emigrated westward and founded the city of Siris here upon the Gulf of Taranto between Sybaris

and Metapontum; while about the same time the Chalcidians founded Rhegium within the Straits of Messina.[1]

Such were the chief Greek cities upon the Ionian shore of the Italian peninsula; the Greek cities upon the Tyrrhene Sea were, as I have said, with one exception, Velia, a Phocæan settlement, all colonies of these cities, and not original settlements from the mother lands. Thus Poseidonia, Laus, and Scidrus, as we have seen, were all colonies of Sybaris; Terina was a colony of Crotona, as was Hipponium of Locri. As for the minor cities upon the Ionian shore, Scylletum (Squillace) was a dependence of Crotona, and Heracleia a fortress of Tarentum.

All we know of the early history of these settlements and colonies amounts to very little, but it would seem that one and all they flourished and became exceedingly prosperous, and indeed in size, wealth, and power they far exceeded the cities of Greece proper at this time. The fertility of this district, which they drained and cultivated, the facilities for commerce, were doubtless exploited to the utmost, and Sybaris especially enjoyed a luxury and a power without parallel at that time; she ruled, it is said, in the days of her greatness, over twenty-five subject cities and extended her suzerainty over four nations of the local barbarians, while her name has become a synonym for luxury. This period of prosperity would seem to have lasted for some two hundred years—till about 510 B.C. In that year Sybaris was destroyed by Crotona, and with the fall of the greatest of the cities of Magna Græcia a decline seems to have set in both in prosperity and good fortune. The weakness of all city states, and of the Greek especially, was a miserable jealousy that always had something of the vindictive bitterness of a personal enmity. We have seen Sybaris call upon the Achæans to oppose the new Dorian foundation of Tarentum by the foundation of

[1] Some consider Rhegium as an earlier foundation even than Sybaris.

Metapontum. Later we see the three great Achæan cities, Sybaris, Crotona, and Metapontum, utterly destroy the Ionian colony of Siris, and again the two cities of Locri and Rhegium combine to destroy though not altogether successfully, not finally at least, Crotona. In that battle, the battle of the Sagras, it is said that Crotona put 120,000 men into the field. The especial foolishness of these internecine feuds and wars will be obvious when it is remembered that these Greek cities were but little islands of civilization in a sea of brutish barbarism—a thing ineffectually perceived, too late.

Crotona would seem scarcely to have recovered from her defeat, indeed she had long endured a wretched depression, when about 530 B.C. the half-mystic and always mysterious philosopher and statesman Pythagoras suddenly appeared from the East within her walls. He was then about fifty years old, having been born upon the island of Samos about 580 B.C. The few facts we know of him, for his life is almost wholly shrouded in the legends which grew up about his amazing personality, lead us to believe that he was a disciple of Pherecydes of Syros, and that he spent a great part of his earlier life in travel in the East, where he studied those civilizations and the religions which had created them, and especially the "wisdom" of the Egyptians. It seems that when, the most learned man of the day, he would have returned to Samos, he found his country still under the yoke of the tyrant Polycrates, and almost by chance, indeed quite romantically, he came to Crotona in Magna Græcia. Here he found the political and social life of the Greeks, and more especially in Crotona itself, half ruined by the bitterness of parties, the hate of one city for another. It was his mission, as we might say, to bring about a revolution in ideas, to reorganize not Crotona alone but all Magna Græcia and to regenerate that precious civilization. To this end he appears to have established a society, perhaps secret, whose members seem to have undergone some sort of

initiation when they took upon them half-priestly vows of chastity, an enlightened morality and devotion the one to the other. With this weapon he sought to refound as it were a real and perhaps united Magna Græcia out of the old and decaying and too various states. In part he succeeded. But his society was too like an aristocracy, a *Samurai*, to please the populace, which rose against him and his followers in Crotona and slew 300 of them, Pythagoras himself, it is said, escaping to Metapontum, where he died in 504.

That Pythagoras was to fail at least in his larger aim must, it might seem, have been evident to him six years before his death, when the Crotoniats, 100,000 strong, it is said, went out against Sybaris, which put not less than 300,000 men into the field, so we are told, overthrew her on the banks of the Traeis, and razed the city to the ground. From this appalling catastrophe, followed as it was by the expulsion and death of Pythagoras and the massacre of his adherents, Magna Græcia never really recovered. The Sybarites attempted to refound their city without success, they established a new settlement close to the site of Sybaris, and called it Thurii ; this too came to nothing : many of them fled at last for refuge to their own colonies, and especially to Laus and Scidrus. Sybaris was no more, and Magna Græcia for all its splendour was unable or unwilling to send the mother country any assistance to meet the Persian invasion, nor so far as we know, though help was demanded of the Greeks in Sicily, were these cities of Magna Græcia appealed to. The same indifference, a thing even more extraordinary, seems to have characterized the cities of Magna Græcia two generations later upon the outbreak of the Peloponnesian War, nor did they take any part in the Athenian raid upon Sicily in 415 B.C., though all the Greek cities in the island were involved in the affair. The only cities of Magna Græcia that at any time showed any interest in Sicily or in Greece were Rhegium, which

under the rule of the despot Anaxilas (496–476 B.C.) became involved in Sicilian affairs by reason of its annexation of Messina on the other side of the Straits, and Thurii, which had been refounded in 443 B.C. by a body of colonists led by Athenians. This city induced Metapontum to ally herself with Athens, and with her supplied a small force to assist the expedition of 415 B.C.

The true explanation of this indifference, apart from the general softness induced by wealth, and the bitter jealousy of one city for another, will be found, I think, in the fact that each of the cities of Magna Græcia was, as I have said, but an island of civilization in a sea of barbarism. Already in the earlier part of the fifth century, in 473 B.C., the Tarentines, though assisted by three thousand Rhegians, had suffered an appalling defeat at the hands of the barbarians, the Iapygians of the district in which their city stood. Herodotus tells us that this was the greatest slaughter of Greeks within his knowledge. If it was the greatest, it was not the first nor the last, and with the advance of the fourth century B.C. this appalling danger became more and more threatening. Yet even in the face of annihilation the Greeks could not combine: it was only when, about this time, they were threatened by a Greek city, that they made at last a loose League, or confederation.

The Greek danger that threatened the cities of Magna Græcia came from Syracuse, where Dionysius had established himself as tyrant not only over that city but over the greater part of Sicily. The ambitions of Dionysius were first opposed by the Rhegians, who had already interposed in Sicilian affairs. To oppose Rhegium, Dionysius allied himself with the Locrians, and his cause thus became so formidable in Magna Græcia that a confederation was formed among the other cities, but without success. Pressed on the north by the barbarians and from the south by Dionysius, the confederate army was utterly defeated by the latter near Caulonia, about half-

way between Locri and Scylletum, in 389 B.C., and in 387 B.C., after a siege of eleven months, Rhegium was surrendered.

This foolish civil war by no means discouraged the barbarians who were continually raiding and pressing upon the Greek cities. The first and most formidable pressure came on the north from the Lucanians, who had conquered the Œnotrian tribes of the province to which the victors had given their name. These formidable barbarians had met already with more than one success against the Greeks before they possessed themselves of Poseidonia, the first Greek city actually to come into their hands. Poseidonia was followed about 390 B.C. by Laus, and when the Bruttii, a new enemy, appeared, the position was so serious that the younger Dionysius, who had succeeded his father, was forced to join the Greek confederation against the barbarians whose assistance he had formerly invoked. His efforts, however, do not seem to have added much to the effectiveness of the League, and Terina and Hipponium suffered a similar fate to that of Poseidonia and Laus, while Rhegium and Crotona had already suffered so severely from the elder Dionysius that they were only just able to maintain themselves against the barbaric raids. Every city in Magna Græcia was enfeebled by these catastrophes, and only Tarentum, far away to the north-east and especially defended by nature, was really able to stand, and perhaps still to increase in wealth and strength. At last even Tarentum became afraid. She had been the last city of Magna Græcia to join the confederation, and as one by one her sisters confined themselves to defence, she appealed to her mother city Sparta for assistance. This was given by King Archidamus, but without success, for he was finally defeated near Manduria, twenty-four miles east of Tarentum, in 338 B.C.

It was now a hero appeared for a moment, to deliver, if it were possible, civilization from the cruel hands of these

barbaric tribes. The deliverer was Alexander, King of Epirus, who appeared at the head of an army in Magna Græcia in 332 B.C., and not without success. He retook Terina, and even penetrated into the heart of the territory of the Bruttii, but the essential Greek weakness soon manifested itself even in so desperate an hour as this; the Tarentines quarrelled with him, and when he was murdered in 326 B.C. by a Lucanian exile serving in his army, they rejoiced, though that miserable event put their whole cause once more in peril.

The fourth century came to an end in utter anarchy; more than one figure appears as though to deliver civilization from the ever-advancing barbarians, only to fall, utterly unworthy of the great cause he had sought to use for his own aggrandisement. Such was Cleonymus, the uncle of the Spartan king who came to deliver Tarentum in 303 B.C., but quitted Magna Græcia at last, "the object of an universal contempt." Such Agathocles, who made himself master of Crotona and played the part of Judas, allying himself with the barbarians to possess himself of Tarentum. He died without achieving his end in 289 B.C. Seven years later the mighty shadow of Rome fell upon all Magna Græcia.

It was the Thurians who called in the Romans to their assistance when they were besieged by the Lucanians. That was in 282 B.C. But such a deliverer appeared to Magna Græcia as a whole, and especially to Tarentum, now the most powerful of its cities, worse than the barbarians. They called Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, the successor of Alexander to aid them against this last foe, and to the same end made alliance with the barbarians, who knew and feared the Roman yoke. Such was the disastrous policy of all Magna Græcia. Pyrrhus, when he landed, found himself supported by this strange alliance; but after his early successes he achieved nothing, and when at last after years of fighting he finally departed in 274 B.C., Magna Græcia was ruined and utterly at the mercy of Rome, which already

held Crotona and Locri, while in 272 B.C. Tarentum fell, and Rhegium in the following year. Thus Rome became master by force where she should have been welcomed as an ally. The mistaken policy of Magna Græcia is obvious in the fate of Heraclea, which having opened its gates obtained an alliance with Rome on very favourable terms, and long continued in a prosperous state. Rhegium, too, seems to have made the best of her bad fortune, but the other cities now enslaved and in poverty nursed their hate against the Roman name.

The political aptitude of Magna Græcia, always small, always incapable of conceiving a large policy, proved now to be non-existent. When Hannibal appeared in Italy, winning victory after victory, only Heracleia and Rhegium refrained from supporting the Carthaginian cause. It was in a very real sense a betrayal of Europe. Led by Tarentum, whose citadel, however, remained throughout the war in the hands of its Roman garrison, Magna Græcia supported the Orientals, with the result that might have been expected. When the Romans under Fabius at last entered Tarentum in 209 B.C. the city was treated like a prize of war, burnt and plundered, and its inhabitants put to the sword. Six years later, Crotona learned also the price of the Oriental alliance. Hannibal had long made that city his headquarters when he determined to obey the order of recall he had received from Carthage. From Crotona he set out, and when his allies refused to accompany him he had them led down to the sea in companies and butchered by thousands. Baal that day was satiated.

The long series of wars in Magna Græcia, which ended with the victory of Fabius and the departure of Hannibal, had ruined the Greek cities beyond revival. Their population was decimated, nay more, halved, and with the failure of administration, of public works and agriculture following inevitably upon this, the rivers silted up and flooded, the land went out of cultivation, malaria appeared,

the cities, with the exception of Rhegium and Tarentum, and in a lesser degree of Crotona, were deserted and became mere ruins, and the whole littoral became pestilent, as it largely remains to this day. Magna Græcia, as Cicero tells us, "nunc quidem deleta est." It remains for the most part a beautiful savage country, lonelier and more deserted than any other part of Italy, with here and there a stray ruin, a heap of stones from those far-off days, but for the most part almost without a memory of that great civilization which had ennobled it with cities whose names are household words.

XIII

REGGIO, GERACE, AND THE GULF OF SQUILLACE

REGGIO DI CALABRIA has to-day nothing but the spectacle of her latest misery to offer to the traveller. The most unfortunate of Italian cities, she has from her foundation suffered every violation of nature and of man; fire, sword, and earthquake have from time immemorial continually laid her in ruins. Her foundation, as I have said, she owes to the Chalcidians, who "in a year of famine" dedicated a tenth part of their people to Apollo, and these the Oracle at Delphi sent to found a new city upon a site already chosen for them by their Chalcidic brethren of the city of Zancle, which we know as Messina. With the new colonists was united a body of Messenian exiles who had for a time established themselves at Macistus, a town of Triphylia in Elis. These, however, were few in number, and until the end Rhegium was considered as a Chalcidic city, as was Zancle across the Straits.

It may be that Rhegium was the most ancient of all the Greek settlements in Italy save Cumæ alone, that she was older than Sybaris; but this is far from certain, the most general opinion being that the city was founded not in the eighth but in the seventh century B.C. In any case, Rhegium soon became very prosperous, her aristocratic government encouraging both her military power and her commerce. We know, however, little of her earlier history, the one certain fact in it being that she sheltered the fugitive Phocæans after their expulsion from Corsica before

the foundation of Velia. It was, however, in the first years of the fifth century B.C. that Rhegium came to her own. This happened under the beneficent rule of the tyrant Anaxilas, about 494 B.C. He was a Messenian and an aristocrat, a member of the families that had ruled Rhegium since its foundation. He made himself lord not only of Rhegium but of Zancle, upon the other side of the Straits in Sicily, which he renamed Messana (Messina). He was thus master of the Straits, and as such in a very strong position with regard to all the cities of Magna Græcia. It was he too who first fortified the headland of Scylla and established a naval station there, whence his ships issued out against the Tyrrhenian pirates that were so terrible a scourge upon the commerce by which all Magna Græcia lived. He was faced, and perhaps outfaced, by the Locrians and their ally, Hieron of Syracuse. He managed, however, to keep the peace with these powerful enemies during his lifetime, even marrying his daughter to the Syracusan tyrant, expecting his friendship. This wise policy was followed after his death in 476 B.C. by the guardian of his two sons, Micythus, who ruled for nine years during their minority. It was this man who very properly supported Tarentum against the barbarians, and though the auxiliary force he sent was massacred with a loss of 3000 men, had his policy been consistently followed, and had the Greeks held together, the later history of Magna Græcia would not have been the unrelieved misfortune it is.

With the disappearance of Micythus, however, the disasters of Rhegium begin. The two sons of Anaxilas on attaining their majority abused their power, and were soon expelled (461 B.C.). A period of anarchy followed, which seems presently to have involved Rhegium and the Chalcidic cities of Sicily, whose cause she espoused, in hostilities with Locri and Syracuse, though she took no part at all in the great Athenian expedition of 415 B.C. This, however, did not save her from Dionysius of Syracuse, who having

destroyed the Chalcidic cities upon the Island was opposed by Rhegium, to the disgust of Messana. Thus Rhegium lost the control of the Straits, and was compelled to make peace with Dionysius. He for his part expected her friendship and alliance in the attempt he contemplated against Carthage, but Rhegium refused his request; whereupon he made a new alliance with the Locrians, and ever after remained the enemy of Rhegium, in 394 B.C. seizing and refortifying Messana after its destruction by the Carthaginians, thus making himself master of the Straits, in 389 B.C., and after two unsuccessful attempts, on the morrow of his victory over the confederation of Magna Græcia upon the Helorus, he forced her to make a miserable truce, which was soon broken, and two years later, after a siege of eleven months, Rhegium was taken, her citizens sold as slaves, and the city itself utterly destroyed.

From this appalling calamity of 387 B.C., the first of a long series, Rhegium never recovered. That she rose again at all was due wholly to the strategic importance of her site, but her history henceforward would appear to be an unrelieved disaster. When Pyrrhus entered Italy, for instance, Rhegium admitted a body of 4000 Roman auxiliaries for her defence, but these barbarians turned upon her citizens and massacred them. The traitorous army remained in possession of the city till the end of the war against Pyrrhus, when Rome dealt with them, reducing Rhegium by force, and putting to death the survivors of the defence by order of the Roman people.

Rhegium, such as it was, remained faithful to Rome throughout the Second Punic War, but it played no great part in that heroic affair. It thus won the favour of Rome, but its inhabitants did not become Roman citizens till after the Social War. It was about this time that we first hear of the city suffering from earthquake, which in 191 B.C. partially destroyed it. But it was rebuilt, and under Augustus again increased in wealth and power, and con-

tinued to exist as a flourishing city until the collapse of the Imperial administration. Its appalling adventures since then have become notorious. It fell to Alaric in 410, who tried and failed to cross the Straits from its port. It was taken in 549 by Totila, in 918 by the Saracens, in 1005 by the Pisans, in 1060 by Robert Guiscard, and was burnt out by Frederick Barbarossa. Rebuilt, it was sacked by the Turks in 1552 and burnt to the ground by them in 1597. Rebuilt again, in 1783 it was totally destroyed by earthquake, as it was again in 1908. It is now a mass of ruins, scattered with mere shelters, but is slowly being rebuilt, certainly to be destroyed again in time to come, since it lies upon the direct line of volcanic disturbance between Etna and Vesuvius.

It is with relief one leaves the ruins of Reggio, more dreadful and more dismal by far than those of Pompeii, for they are our own. Here in 1908 perished 5000 people, and yet as one gazes upon the debris it might seem a wonder that anyone escaped; in fact, however, not less than 30,000 people got away with their lives out of that appalling calamity.

Southward one goes out of the misery of Reggio, through the riches of the valley of S. Agata under S. Leo, round the beautiful Bay of Pellaro, south-east out of the Straits across which Etna towers, to the Capo dell' Armi, the ancient Promontory of Leucopetra, that white headland which is the end of the Apennines, the extreme south-west point of Italy towards the Sicilian Sea. This was the last point in Italy which Demosthenes and Eurymedon touched with the Athenian expedition before they crossed to Sicily; here Cicero turned back to Rome after the death of Cæsar. Yet it is not with them one occupies oneself upon these white rocks, but with the glory and the beauty of Etna, which all the way round this coast fills the eyes and the mind with its incomparable majesty. With this wonder ever upon the horizon one passes over the barren rocks and sandhills about Melito, the most

southern town in Italy, famous for the landing and the surrender of Garibaldi, and proceeding onward crosses the Amendolea, which the ancients called the Halex, where still the grasshoppers sing and are silent, through desolation and wilderness to Capo Spartivento, the ancient Promontorium Herculis, after passing which, as Strabo says, the traveller's course lies suddenly north-east.

Capo Spartivento is the south-eastern headland of this vast promontory or peninsula of the Bruttii; passing it one looks eastward towards Greece over the Ionian Sea. At Capo Spartivento, very weary and disheartened because of all the desolation of the coast here at the foot of the Aspromonte, the scarcity of the villages, the barbaric Greek of their few inhabitants, the darkness of the heights, the wilderness that here lines the classic sea, we took train for Gerace, for the road beyond the Marina di Brancaleone is steep and difficult, leaving the desolate shore for the more desolate hills, while the line clings to the sea, the only friendly thing in all this country. So we went on to Gerace, which we entered just before sunset.

The Marina di Gerace, which the railway serves, lies, as its name implies, upon the shore, and there is the inn, wretched enough, yet by no means impossible; but Gerace proper, the town of that name, lies five miles and more up on the hills, and is to be reached only by a steep and difficult road, that it takes the diligenza nearly three hours to pass. It was, however, our first business to see the ruins and the site of the old Greek city of Locri, and thither we turned back very early on the morrow of our arrival. These ruins lie some two miles to the south-west of Gerace Marina, beside the road from Capo Spartivento between three precipitous hills and the sea. There is not much to be seen: the foundations of a Temple of the Ionic order of the fifth century B.C., a part of the old walls, a smaller Temple, and a shrine, little beside; but musing there in that wild and desolate place one may recall the glory that is departed.

From the shore at Locri, looking south-west, one may descry the abrupt headland of Capo Bruzzano far away, the ancient Promontorium Zephyrium. It was there the Locrians founded their first settlement, removing thence presently to this spot and building here a city which they called Locri Epizephyrii, in memory of their first place of abiding. Here under the Zaleucan code, the most ancient written code of laws given to any Greek state, the Hundred Houses ruled the city, for Locri, like Rhegium, was politically an aristocratic oligarchy, only its ruling families derived their nobility from the female side, and, as we might expect, the city was noted for its good government and order, as in the modern world Venice and England have been, and for its aversion from all innovation.

We do not know when this city was founded, but it would appear to have been established soon after Crotona, about 700 B.C. The most notable event in its history is the extraordinary victory it won at the battle of the Sagras, when a small force of 10,000 Locrians defeated an army of 130,000 Crotoniats. This would seem to have befallen after the fall of Sybaris before Crotona in 510 B.C., and consequently when the latter city was at the very height of its power. The victory was so wonderful and so decisive that it passed into a proverb. The smallness of the Locrian force certainly confirms what every other fact we know about Locri points to, that it was but a small place, and never rivalled either in wealth or power such cities as Sybaris and Crotona. It seems to have used what power it had with some dexterity, allying itself with Syracuse to hold Rhegium in check; and to ensure this in the time of Dionysius the Locrians married Doris, the daughter of one of the Hundred Houses, to that monarch, in return receiving many benefits, among them the territory of Caulonia and that of Hipponium, where they founded a colony, but they lost the place to the Carthaginians in 379 B.C.

It was indeed in Locri that the younger Dionysius found

a refuge when he was expelled from Syracuse in 359 B.C. This proved a horrible misfortune for the Locrians, for he seized and garrisoned their city, debauched their wives and daughters, and turned a place perhaps the most conservative in Magna Græcia into a pandemonium. At length, however, they seized the opportunity of his absence to drive out his garrison and to massacre his wife and daughter.

There can be little doubt that the smallness of Locri tempted the barbarians of the Bruttii long before they dared to think of Sybaris and Crotona. Perhaps this fact taught the Locrians to rely so much upon Syracuse, at any rate it certainly drove them later to seek the protection of Rome. She sent them a garrison of auxiliaries, but these the Locrians expelled when Pyrrhus appeared, preferring his troops. However, they conducted themselves so ill that they were expelled. When Pyrrhus heard of it he threatened to sack the city, and did indeed carry off "the sacred treasure of the Temple of Persephone," the most famous sanctuary of that Goddess in Magna Græcia. He was compelled to restore his loot, nevertheless, being caught in a storm which threatened to engulf him. It is probably part of this Temple of Persephone which is to be seen to-day in the shrine excavated in 1910.

The days of misfortune were, however, by no means over when Pyrrhus departed. The Bruttii were always about to overwhelm a place so small and now so feeble, and therefore Rome was again invoked. Had Locri but remained true to her great protector she might, in spite of everything, have endured in prosperity. But with the advance and the victories of Hannibal she threw in her lot with him, and when he was disposed of, Rome returned no longer as a protector, but as a harsh and absolute lord. From that time we know nothing of Locri, which, however, seems to have continued to exist—the excavations prove that a Roman city certainly stood here—till in the sixth

century of our era it was exterminated by the Saracens, and time and disaster have made of it since what we see.

We returned along that desolate coast from the ruins of Locri, glad enough to see the modern houses of the Marina di Gerace, and on the morrow climbed up to Gerace itself, high on the hillside, perhaps 1500 feet over the sea. Here in this amazing eyrie we found the refuge of the people of Locri, when their city was overwhelmed by the Saracens in the sixth century. All along the Ionian coast of Italy the Greek cities by the sea were deserted for the hills, for such inaccessible nests as this; and here you may find the debris of their civilization, all that could be saved of its material beauty and pride. Gerace is wretched enough, God knows, and the earthquake has not spared it, but there remains there the shell of a Romanesque Cathedral of the eleventh century, modernized and spoilt, but still upheld by the ancient columns of Locri, twenty pillars of marble, beautiful and august of verde antico, of giallo antico, of African marble, and six fluted columns of white Greek marble, with their original bases and capitals, exactly similar, it is said, to that of the monument of Lysikrates at Athens. Others, too, remain in the crypt. Nothing else is to be found here that may have come from Locri, but the church of S. Francesco dates from the thirteenth century and is worth a visit, and the old Rocca, now in ruins, affords one, perhaps, the finest view to be had between Capo Spartivento and the Punta di Stilo.

Beyond Gerace the railway, always clinging to the shore, runs through a country not less desolate than that it has traversed from Capo Spartivento. Here and there a picturesque town rises out of the brutal country as at Roccella, and all the way the classic names we know from Ovid and from Livy abound. One crosses the Buthrotus (Novito), the Lucanus (Locano), and Roccella itself is but Ovid's Romechium, while a little farther the iron road bridges the Sagras that once flowed with Crotoniat blood.

Here beside the wide river-bed to the north was set the city of Caulonia, that Achæan city which Dionysius destroyed after the battle of the Helorus and refounded from Locri.

The train goes on through a country so silent and dark that it seems inhuman, till it passes the Promontorium Cocinthum, the Punta di Stilo, and turns due north into the vast Gulf of Squillace, closed on the north very far away by the Lacinian Promontory sacred to Hera.

It is only along the shore that this country, so strangely silent and deserted there, is brutal and inhuman. Nothing, for instance, in all this peninsula is lovelier than the valley of the Stilo, up which a little railway runs, to Stilo high in the air, built in terrace after terrace, under sheer rocks that rise nearly a thousand feet above her. Here in this wonderfully picturesque place, with its mediæval, round-towered gate, or rather above it on a vast rock, is a curious Byzantine church, under a central cupola, supported by marble columns, and supported and surrounded by four smaller buildings under cupolas, at the angles. It is Greek work, and helps to prove what one always half suspected, that Magna Græcia, in some strangely provincial way, became Greek again after the fall of the western Empire—Greek again, but with a difference which may best be expressed, I expect, by using a word more expressive of the truth, Byzantine. Here in this sixth century building we feel that strange Renaissance to be more real than ever we may do in Ravenna, which for all its mosaics remains Roman, the mighty citadel of the Roman tradition and administration throughout the Dark Ages.

It was already sunset when we returned from Stilo to Monasterace on the main line of the railway, and because we had not slept in comfort for three nights we determined to make for Catanzaro, passing Squillace, of whose inns we heard nothing but evil, to return to it on the following day. It was well we did so, at least so we

thought on the next day when we climbed that almost inaccessible rock five miles from the railway and the sea in the most ramshackle conveyance I have ever used.

Squillace really beggars description. It stands on a rock so precipitous that it can only be approached from the west, and though from afar it is picturesque enough, when one has reached it, there is nothing to see—a squalid village under the ruins of an old Norman castle, itself a ruin, windswept and forbidding. Only the view repays you, giving you dark Sila to the north, Aspromonte to the south, and all between them the sea. And this is Cassiodorus, "bunch of grapes," shining in the sun!

As it seems, however, Squillace does not stand upon the site of the ancient Scylaceum. Perhaps for the first time Lenormant was wholly mistaken when he made that assertion. We had all our labour for nothing. The site of Scylaceum, the birthplace of Cassiodorus, to which he returned with such joy at the end of his busy and useful life, is not at Squillace, but at Roccelletta, above the valley of the Corace, close to the Marina di Catanzaro. There its ruins remain. We came to these in the afternoon on our way back to Catanzaro, but found little to see. The whole of this coast is but a graveyard, in which more often than not the tombs have been rifled and the gravestones have fallen away.

XIV

CROTONA

NORTHWARD from the Marina di Catanzaro the railway crosses a desolate marsh country, cut and divided by the mouths of many rivers at the foot of the hills, which here stand back from the sea, before it turns inland, some twenty miles from Catanzaro to cross the Lacinian Promontory, upon the northern side of which in the Gulf of Taranto Cotrone lies under its citadel beside the sea. Nothing can be drearier or more sinister than this desolate marshland, which is utterly deserted, save for a few houses about the railway stations, without even a village. The whole littoral is in the grip of the malaria; the stations themselves are entirely wired in to keep out the poisonous mosquito, and such poor folk as one sees upon the platforms, the children especially, look ill and wretched. Surely the proper drainage and tillage of all this country would be a more glorious enterprise for the Italian Government than the watering and reclamation of the desert of Tripoli.

Cotrone lies upon a little low promontory within the great northern headland of the Lacinian peninsula, the Promontorium Lacinium proper, famous throughout the Greek world for its Temple of Hera, and now upon that account called Capo delle Colonne. It is a curiously busy but rather wretched place, which, on account of its haven, I suppose, does a thriving trade in oranges, olives, and so forth; and the inn, the Albergo Concordia, is, except those in the upper town at Catanzaro and at Taranto, horrible though it be, the best upon this coast. Cotrone

itself, however, the town we see, has no attractions at all for the traveller, but the history of the place is so famous and important that no one who comes this way can afford to pass it by, while the site of the great Temple of Hera upon the headland to the south cannot be left unvisited.

Croton or Crotona, which we call Cotrone, was, as I have said, one of the greatest and most important cities of Magna Græcia. Founded in 710 by a colony of Achæans led by a certain Myscellus, a native of Rhypæ, in obedience to the Oracle at Delphi, the city owes its name, so of old it was asserted, to that Croton who, living hereabout, received Heracles into his house when he was driving the bulls of Geryon across Italy. It seems that the king of this country, Lacinios, was unfriendly to the demi-god, and refused him shelter. Heracles avenged the insult by killing him, but during the fight Croton, the son-in-law of Lacinios, who had married the king's daughter, Laura, would have aided the hero, but Heracles seeing him approach mistook his intentions and killed him also. Understanding too late of what a crime he had been guilty, the hero raised a mighty tomb over the body of his victim, whom he buried with customary rites, prophesying to the natives, there assembled, that one day over the tomb of Croton a mighty city would rise and bear his name. So far the legend. Philologists, on the other hand, assert that the name Crotona is Pelasgic and the same as Cortona, the great city of this people in Etruria. However that may be, we know that the Crotoniats paid especial honour to Heracles, whom they regarded as their tutelary divinity, and to Croton, who was their national hero.

All we know of Crotona before the arrival of Pythagoras in the middle of the sixth century B.C. is that it rapidly rose to great wealth and power, and though it was never so luxurious a city as Sybaris, its rival, its walls were twelve miles round about, and it extended its power as Sybaris did right across the Bruttian peninsula to the Tyrrhene Sea,

where it founded the colony of Terina, while upon the Ionian coast towards Locri it established as an outpost the city of Caulonia. The Crotoniats, indeed, would appear to have been an energetic, athletic, and in comparison with the Sybarites a stern and even a puritan people. The climate was certainly better here on the headland, then as now, than in the low valley of the Crathis—"more healthy than Croton" was a proverb in the old Greek world, while the women of the city were the loveliest in all Magna Græcia, and the men the strongest, the best soldiers, and athletes. "Crotona," says Strabo, "seems to have given herself above all to the production of soldiers and athletes. It happened, for instance, in the same Olympiad, that the seven victors in the Stadium were all Crotoniats, so that it was said and with truth that the last of the Crotoniats was still the first of the Greeks." Crotona, indeed, could boast of more victors in the Olympic Games than any other city of the Greek world. The famous Milo of Crotona was six times victor in wrestling at the Olympic Games, and as often at the Pythian. He it was who carried a heifer five years old on his shoulders through the Stadium at Olympia, and afterwards ate the whole of it in a single day. He was a follower of Pythagoras, and is said to have commanded the army which broke Sybaris in 510 B.C. His end was curious and terrible. In his old age, passing through a forest one day, he saw the trunk of a tree which had been half split by the woodman. He tried to rend it altogether, but the wood closed up his hands and held him fast till he was devoured by wolves in the night.

What the government of Crotona was before the coming of Pythagoras we cannot say for certain, but according to Iamblichus it was an oligarchy, power being vested in the hands of a council of 1000 who claimed to be descended from the original inhabitants; and in this it resembled Sybaris before the rebellion. But the advent of Pythagoras to Crotona, about 540, led apparently to great changes.

The extraordinary and adventurous life of Pythagoras,

CALABRESE PEASANT GIRL

if we may believe anything of his legend, would seem especially to have fitted him for the strange and at last the disastrous part he played in Magna Græcia. He had travelled everywhere in Greece, in the East, in Egypt, had seen the courts and the politics of all civilized communities, had penetrated the mysteries of his own people, of the Phœnicians, and especially of the Egyptians; for at Thebes he is said to have lived twenty-two years in the temple there, and he had too often been a prisoner not to be a despot. It was indeed as a captive that he left Egypt at last in the train of Cambyses, the general of Darius of Babylon, at forty-four years of age, a slave in the heart of Assyria. There he became the friend of a certain physician of Crotona, for even then Crotona was famous for its physicians as for its athletes. This physician one day cured Darius of a sprain, and as a reward asked that he might return to his native city. This the king granted him, but on the way the ship was driven into Tarentum and all were taken prisoners; but when the Tarentines found that the physician was of Crotona they let him go. Then he came to Crotona, and found there a certain Tarentine exile who being very rich ransomed the Persian prisoners out of the hands of the Tarentines his countrymen, and sent them back to Darius; and this he did, begging two favours, namely, that Darius would make the Tarentines receive him again, and that he would set free the famous magician Pythagoras, and to this he was prompted by the physician. And Darius granted him what he asked; and Pythagoras returned to Samos, but when he found his home still in the hands of a tyrant he turned toward Magna Græcia and his benefactor, and took ship and came to Crotona, where he founded the amazing brotherhood which passes under his name.

Exactly what this society was we do not know. It consisted of 300 members bound by a vow to Pythagoras and to each other, and was at once religious and political. It would appear to have spread through all Magna Græcia

and to have been an attempt to establish some sort of governing sect, a sort of *Samurai*. The whole movement excited the enmity of the populace and led to a great democratic revolution which changed the government of half the cities of Magna Græcia and led to the expulsion of Pythagoras from Crotona. But this did not happen all at once. It certainly seems to have been during the years of Pythagoras' greatest influence that the appalling war broke out between Crotona and Sybaris, in which the latter city was wholly and finally destroyed. This happened in 510 B.C.

The cause of the sudden quarrel between the two most famous and powerful cities of Magna Græcia, hitherto friendly rivals, is for the most part unknown to us. We can but suppose that the moral revolution worked by Pythagoras, a sort of revival of asceticism, and his attempt to form a real confederation of the Greek cities of Magna Græcia was laughed at and refused by the wealthy and luxurious Sybarites, who had by reason of too great prosperity fallen into a strange impiety and scorn of all religion. Perhaps the influence of Pythagoras in Sybaris had already begun to be felt, an influence ascetic and aristocratic in its intentions. At any rate we know that a democratic reaction occurred in Sybaris; certain Sybarites, presumably followers of Pythagoras, found refuge in Crotona, and upon their expulsion being demanded and refused, the Crotoniat ambassadors sent to Sybaris were massacred; whereupon war broke out. Milo the athlete led the Crotoniat army of 100,000 men against the Sybarites, who are said to have put no less than 300,000 into the field. The two armies met upon the banks of the Træis, when the Sybarites were utterly destroyed and their city razed to the ground.

The democratic revolution or reaction which had thus brought Sybaris to nothing soon after appeared in Crotona, and the first event of which we have any evidence after the democratic expulsion of Pythagoras is the amazing

defeat sustained by the Crotoniats 130,000 strong at the hands of the 10,000 Locrians upon the famous field of the Sagras which dyed that river red with Crotoniat blood.

This was but the first of a long series of disasters which at last brought the city, once so famous, to obscurity. It placed itself at the head of the League which opposed Dionysius, which was defeated by that despot upon the river Helleporus, and not long after Crotona fell into his power. Dionysius held it for twelve years, and when he was gone he left it distracted by parties and in peril from the pressure of the Lucanians and the Bruttians. It suffered still more in the following years from enemies within and without, and when Pyrrhus was gone even the extent of the city was reduced by not less than a half. Indeed, when Hannibal broke into Italy, and, after victory upon victory, appeared here in the South, it was altogether at his mercy, even the citadel being obliged to surrender, though it was long defended by a few of the aristocratic party. The roadstead, the only possible port hereabout, was useful to Hannibal, and the citadel of Crotona became in his hands his principal fortress upon this coast, and when at last he determined to return to Carthage it was here he embarked, massacring upon the shore all those his Italian and Greek allies who refused to accompany him. It might seem as though this shore, desolate since then, were still under the shadow of that appalling act.

Having burnt his magazines and store-houses and barracks, and slaughtered 4000 horses with all the sumpter beasts of his army, Hannibal began the long embarkment of his troops, the most redoubtable regiments of which since he had lost the Gauls were composed of Campanians, Samnites, Lucanians, and Bruttii. These especially he wished to take with him that he might face Scipio upon the Carthaginian soil and not without success. He offered them, therefore, increase of pay, and did all he could to persuade them to follow him to Carthage. They refused.

He therefore assembled them and caused them to lay down their arms, and this done he surrounded them with his African troops. Then he gave the order, and before his eyes these savages shot down the Italian mercenaries with flight after flight of arrows until all were dead, for they could neither fly nor resist. And this he did lest they should be enrolled by the Romans because he was a Carthaginian. Well said Cato: "Delenda est Carthago."

No one certainly coming to Crotona to-day would guess her ancient dignity and long, long history. Not a stone remains of the ancient city, and the place to-day is altogether wretched save for the delight of the orange gardens in which it is embowered, and the noble sea over which the old citadel looks out ever towards the mother land eastward. It would be useless to visit so miserable a town, devoid alike of beauty and antiquity, but for the fact that it is only from Crotona one may reach the Lacinian promontory, where there still stands in majestic loneliness and silence a single column over the sea of that great Temple of Hera which was so famous through the Greek world.

The low headland upon which this column stands lies some seven or eight miles from Crotona to the south, and can be reached either by sea in a fishing-boat or by the road, or rather track, along the low cliffs. This road passes first the cemetery, a walled Campo Santo full of flowers, and presently reaches the little haven or roadstead of Porto Berlinghiere. Thence it climbs along the steep escarpment of the hills over the sea, and soon becomes just a perilous track over a precipice guarded upon the landward side by a sheer wall of tufa. This dangerous passage safely passed, one comes out upon the downs of the headland itself, sweet with thyme and all sorts of wild flowers. Before one lies a valley which divides the cape into two parts and is called "La Fossa del Lupo," or as we might say "Wolf's Hole"; it is full of trees and

undergrowth, and has served in times gone by as a nest and hiding-place for pirates. A few villas are scattered about, summer houses of the well-to-do Crotoniati, and upon the very end or head of the low promontory rises the beautiful solitary column, all that now remains of the great Temple of Hera.

It is perhaps impossible to convey to the reader the impression of noble and tragic beauty which this lonely column, standing upon that far headland in the midst of that classic sea, makes upon the traveller. Beyond anything else in Magna Græcia it recalls that fair and ancient world which is so irrevocably lost; and if only for this reason it is better worth the trouble and fatigue of a visit than any other fragment left to us upon all this coast. Here the Greeks worshipped and the maidens laid their offerings; here Pythagoras lingered in contemplation, gazing over the sea: for, as one may still understand, the place itself was sacred, if only because of its beauty: the temple in its glory and perfection only expressed what after all was inherent here in earth and sky and sea.

Indeed, that place was sacred from the beginning: long before the Achæans landed upon this shore men prayed here to the genius of the place, and, sacrificing victims, propitiated the gods, those divinities still implicit in the beauty of such places as this. Legend ascribes the foundation of the temple to Hercules or Lacinius, or asserts that Thetis gave it to Hera, and that therefore in her honour the women of Crotona mourned there every year the death of her son Achilles; while Virgil speaks of it as already in existence at the time of the voyage of Æneas. Everything indeed that we hear of it impresses us with its immense antiquity, while that solitary column of the Doric order that alone remains upon a vast and perhaps in part a Roman foundation is undoubtedly the oldest thing left to us in Magna Græcia, far older than anything we have at Poseidonia or Metapontum.

It would seem that until the beginning of the sixteenth century this mighty Temple of Hera remained almost intact, its forty-eight columns still erect upholding the pediments and the roofs. But in the first years of that century the well-named Antonio Lucifero, Bishop of Cotrone, pulled it down to build with the broken materials his episcopal palace in the city. Even until the middle of the eighteenth century two columns remained and considerable parts of the pavement and the wall which formed the peribolos of the temple, but these were then carried off to mend or build the mole of the haven of Cotrone. To-day there is left to us only that solitary and mighty column looking over the sea. This great Doric column is 26½ feet high,[1] and has sixteen grooves; it is thus somewhat smaller than the columns of the Temple of Neptune at Pæstum, but is older than they, having been set up here at the end of the seventh century B.C. It is itself all that remains to us of the temple it supported: the masses of ruins some hundred yards away have nothing to do with it, though they may represent its dependences. The whole headland, of course, was a sanctuary dedicated to Hera, whose sacred flocks wandered and grazed in the valley which we call the Fossa del Lupo. The façade of the temple faced towards the sea, eastward that is, looking to Greece. Within, at the end of the fifth century B.C., it was decorated at the expense of the Crotoniats by Zeuxis. "Crotona," says Cicero, "at that time when she was so famous and so rich that she was regarded as the happiest city in Italy, wished to decorate with paintings the Temple of Juno, which she especially held in veneration. Therefore she persuaded Zeuxis of Heracleia to come to Croton. And when he had painted several pictures, of which some remain to this day, the painter resolved to create an image of Helen, the model of perfect beauty. This greatly flattered the Crotoniats, who knew how excellent a painter

[1] 8 m. 29 high; 5 m. 60 in its lower circumference, 1 m. 75 in its lower diameter.

of women was Zeuxis, so that they helped him in every way, thinking to enrich their temple with a masterpiece. Nor were they deceived. First Zeuxis demanded of them if they had any maidens remarkable for beauty. Thereupon they led him to the gymnasium, where he saw a crowd of youths of most noble and perfect beauty, for the Crotoniats were famous for strength and beauty of form and for their victories in the combats of the gymnasium. And when Zeuxis greatly admired these youths, the Crotoniats said, 'We have their sisters, the maidens: these youths will give you some idea of their beauty.' 'Give me,' said Zeuxis, 'the most beautiful for my models.' . . . Then by a decree of the people of Crotona all the maidens were assembled and Zeuxis was bidden to choose. He chose five, whose names the poets have preserved for us. . . ."

In such wise did the Crotoniats build and adorn the Temple of Hera which was so famous through the Greek world. There it stood for hundreds of years, the most venerable and the holiest place in all Magna Græcia, and perhaps the most beautiful. It was filled with a vast treasure. This it was which at last tempted Hannibal. At the end of the Second Punic War he had made Crotona his chief stronghold, and greatly in need of money to pay his mercenaries, at his wits' end to find it, he determined to loot the Temple of Hera Lacinia. In the midst of the sanctuary, before the statue of the Goddess, there stood a great votive column of solid gold. Its worth was reckoned in thousands of talents, and it represented the price of the wool of the sacred flocks during many centuries. This he determined to steal. But like a true Semite, before committing this appalling sacrilege he wished to find out whether it was indeed worth the risk of stealing. Therefore he had it bored to see if it was of solid gold. And when he found that it was so, he gave orders to have it carried away. But in the night as he slept Hera appeared to him and forbade the sacrilege, threatening him with blindness. Frightened by this dream, the Carthaginian

revoked his orders, and with the gold produced by the boring he caused to be made a golden calf which he placed upon the column of gold, in honour of that goddess worshipped by the Carthaginians whom the Romans called Juno Cœlestis, and there too he placed a great table of bronze upon which in Greek and in Phœnician he caused to be inscribed the account of his wars against the Romans that it might remain for ever: and this table Polybius saw and used in his History.

It was not the barbarian Hannibal who began the destruction of this marvellous sanctuary, but a Roman magistrate, one Q. Flavius Flaccus, who in 173 B.C., having founded in Rome the Temple of Fortuna Equestris, bore away the marble tiles of the unique roof of the Temple of Hera to adorn his own sanctuary in the Eternal City. This outrage was indeed condemned by the Senate, which caused the slabs to be carried back to this headland, but there was found no one able to replace them. Lenormant tells us that in the middle of the nineteenth century this great pile of tiles which the Romans could not replace upon the roof of the temple was discovered intact and ranged in order upon the ground close to the temple.

Flavius Flaccus did not stand alone. In 36 B.C. Sextus Pompeius having been conquered by Agrippa and forced to abandon Sicily, hoped to continue the war in the East by piracy. Before setting out finally for Mitylene, he descended upon Crotona and looted the temple, so that Strabo writing a generation later tells us that the temple had lost its wealth though it still itself remained, as indeed it would seem to have continued to do till the sixteenth century. Lenormant indeed asserts that it was with the advance of Christianity transformed into a church and dedicated in honour of the Madonna. There still in fact remains in the Cathedral of Croton a chapel in honour of La Madonna del Capo delle Colonne, while upon the headland itself there is a shrine of Our Lady to which it is said the maidens of Cotrone, *le verginelle*, go yearly in

procession with bare feet carrying flowers and singing as of old. I would that I might have seen them as they came by that steep way over the sea in the early sunlight, as though they were the maidens of Crotona going in spring-time to the Temple of Hera Lacinia.

XV

THE GULF OF TARANTO

WE left Cotrone after all with a sort of reluctance to follow the coast by rail to Taranto, and first we passed along a low shore across which, amid a profusion of flowers, the Æsarus finds the sea, and then we crossed the Neæthus, the Neto of the Sila and of Theocritus, concerning which that poet sings in the rather dull Fourth Idyll where the shepherds Corydon and Battos speak of their pastures. Just across the wide bed of this stream, the greatest that descends from Sila into the Ionian Sea, is the station of Stròngoli, the city lying some miles away on the hills inland toward the west.

Stròngoli is a wretched place enough, set on a bold height more than 1100 feet high and some six miles from the shore. It stands right above the ancient city of Petelia, founded according to the Greek traditions by Philoctetes after the Trojan War. It would seem to have been always rather a fortress than a city, a small place really of the barbarians, who probably became almost completely Hellenized by the Crotoniats. Later it fell into the hands of the Lucanians and became the chiefest of their strongholds, so that Strabo calls it their metropolis. In the Second Punic War it played a considerable part, remaining entirely faithful to Rome amid the general disaffection; but Rome was compelled to abandon it, and after a most heroic resistance the city fell into the hands of the Bruttian allies of Hannibal. Most of the inhabitants appear to have been massacred, but some

few escaped, and these Rome restored and treated with such favour that Petelia was soon a flourishing town, indeed in the first years of the Empire one of the most flourishing towns in this part of Italy. With the fall of the Empire in the West, Petelia apparently came to ruin, until Justinian restored it and built the fortress of Strongylos, as the Byzantines called it. The place like all the Byzantine foundations became an episcopal city, which however it no longer remains. But upon its old Cathedral certain inscriptions from Petelia are to be found, the only ruins left to us of the ancient city.

From the station of Stròngoli by the shore the railway follows the coast, crossing the Crimisso upon the low and open shore, and rounding the Punta dell' Alice under Ciro. This headland is the ancient promontory of Crimissa upon which, according to Greek tradition, Philoctetes founded a small city known by that name, no ruins of which are left to us, but the retreat from which is represented by the town of Ciro. Like Petelia, Crimissa was probably an Œnotrian city, a barbarous town that was in the great years of Magna Græcia completely Hellenized.

Ciro, which does not occupy the site of the ancient city, is not worth a visit except it be for the beauty of the Calabrian mountains and sea to be had thence. These mountains are the joy of Calabria to-day; amid many disappointments they never disappoint us, for their beauty alone remains unchanged from the days of Pythagoras to our own.

From the Punta dell' Alice the railway passes through a country of considerable charm all along the shore, past Crùcoli and its castle, exquisitely situated over the sea, across the Fiumenicà to Cariati, a place as miserable as Crùcoli is delightful, and close to the shore. The line continues to follow the coast through a hill country full of beauty if rather sombre, until, crossing the Trionto, the ancient Traentus, it enters the vast and noble Gulf of

Taranto along the low and ever widening shore across which the famous Crathis reaches the sea upon which stood of old the great and illustrious city of Sybaris and the later foundation of Thurii. Before coming to these famous but now empty and desolate places, however, the railway passes under the beautiful town of Rossano, which is not only worth some trouble to see, but which boasts the best inn, poor though it be, in this part of the country, the only possible resting-place from which to visit the site of Sybaris.

Rossano is a considerable town, so wonderfully situated upon a height surrounded by great precipices that coming to it one wonders how men ever chose so inaccessible a spot. It takes more than an hour to climb up to it from its *borgo* by the station where I suppose the ancient town of Roscianum to have stood, and every yard of the way is full of wonder. It can indeed only have been in the misery of the Lower Empire, when the whole of these coasts were open to the raids of the Saracens, that Rossano retreated to the marvellous eyrie upon which it lies, living by its quarries of marble and alabaster. In that time of confusion the first necessity of any strong place was natural strength and difficulty of access. This virtue certainly Rossano possessed, and thus it appears as one of the principal fortresses of the Byzantines in Southern Italy, itself impregnable and commanding the coast and the valley of the Crathis, the easiest route from the Ionian to the Tyrrhene Sea. The first we hear of it is that it fell to Totila in 548, but thereafter it appears as the southern key of all this country, a rôle it continued to play until late in the Middle Age. To this early importance the fact that it was and is the see of an archbishop bears witness, as does the strange career of its saint, the Byzantine S. Nilus, who was born in Rossano in 910, and of whom the town boasts to this day. Before the Byzantine Madonna which remains in the Cathedral he took his vows under the Basilian Rule, and he became

abbot of S. Maria close by. His life was a long flight before the Saracen.

The Byzantine Cathedral of S. Pietro, under its five domes, however, possesses a treasure even more precious than S. Nilus' Byzantine Madonna. This is a sixth-century manuscript of the Gospels of S. Matthew and S. Mark, written in silver upon purple leaves of vellum, with twelve full-page miniatures in gold and colours, a marvellous antiquity. Even this wonder is as nothing to the beauty of the world that lies before one from the terraces of Rossano, where mountains and sea and great headland, all the vast bay of Taranto and the peninsula of Otranto are spread out in the glory of the morning and evening light, never to be forgotten.

From Rossano it is a fine morning's walk to Corigliano northward by a footpath over the hills which leaves the steep road to the sea about half-way down. Rising out of the olives stands a great castle, and beneath it the little town, almost as beautiful though less picturesque than its neighbour. Thence it is easy to descend to the railway and from the desolate station of Sybaris to visit the forgotten site of that great city.

Nothing but the melancholy satisfaction of standing by the river beneath which lie the ruins of Sybaris is to be gained by a visit to this utterly desolate place, where not only Sybaris but Thurii once stood. There is nothing to see, not a stone remains of either Greek city, though at Thurii a few Roman ruins are still visible. Yet Sybaris was incomparably the greatest republic in Magna Græcia, Poseidonia was but her colony. The power and splendour of Sybaris were so great that the name of her citizens has become a synonym for luxury, and in the height of her career in the sixth century B.C. she was easily the greatest and wealthiest city of the Greek world; she ruled over twenty-five subject cities and could put an army of 300,000 men into the field. Her own walls were not less than 50 stadia in circumference, and her knights, those wealthy

patricians who rode in her ceremonial processions, were not less than 5000. When one of her citizens sought to marry the daughter of Cleisthenes of Sicyon he carried with him in his train not less than 1000 slaves. Their luxury indeed was such that all dressed in silk, and such was their magnificence that Alcimenes of Sybaris offered to the Lacinian Hera a figured robe of purple which Dionysius of Syracuse stole and sold for 120 talents, £24,000 of our money.

But in spite of their wealth, their power, their luxury and exquisite civilization, the Sybarites were destroyed, and this not by the barbarians but by their brothers of Crotona. Both were Achæan cities, but after years of friendship they quarrelled when Pythagoras began his mysterious revolution. It seems that like Crotona, Sybaris had been governed till then by an aristocratic oligarchy, but this had been dispersed by a demagogue called Telys who made himself despot. The aristocrats took refuge in Crotona, and when Telys demanded them and was refused, he declared war upon Crotona, and, murdering her ambassadors, marched against that city with an army of 300,000 men. With 15,000 men under the command of Milo, Crotona met him upon the Træis, and having annihilated his immense army, proceeded to destroy the city, turning the course of the Crathis so that it flowed over the ruins and for ever forbade any resurrection. This happened in 510 B.C. All attempts to rebuild the city were frustrated by the Crotoniats; the Sybarites were forced to take refuge in Laus and Scidrus, colonies of theirs upon the Tyrrhene Sea. Half a century later a fresh attempt was made to re-establish Sybaris, but Croton would not permit it, and all that she would ever consent to was the foundation of Thurii by the Sybarites and certain Athenian colonists sent by Pericles. This was done about seventy years after the fall of Sybaris. The site of the new city was chosen upon rising ground to the south of the mouth of the Crathis; but for some reason Thurii did not flourish:

constant disputes arose between the Sybarites and the Athenians, until the former were expelled, their ultimate fate being unknown to us. Having got rid of the Sybarites, the Thurians made friends with the Crotoniats, and the new city rapidly increased in wealth and prosperity under a democratic government which seems to have welcomed every sort of immigrant. The wars of Dionysius and Pyrrhus left it greatly weakened, but it was the Second Punic War that destroyed it, for Hannibal gave it to be plundered by his troops. Later Rome sent it a colony, but it never rose again to its old prosperity, and with the fall of the Empire disappears altogether, even its site being to-day doubtful, and its name as utterly lost as that of Sybaris was till with the advent of the railway the new station in this desolate place was called Sibari.

Leaving that melancholy station, the railway crosses the marshes of Sybaris, and proceeds through a delicious hill country between the mountains and the sea, crossing many a river, under Trebisaccie, Amendolara, Roseto, Rocca Imperiale, to the marshes of the Sinni, the ancient Syris, where the station of Nova Siri, a mere handful of houses, gives us access to the site of the ancient Greek cities of Siris and Heracleia.

There is nothing more picturesque upon all this coast than Trebisaccie, Amendolara upon its isolated rock, and Roseto in its ravine, or Rocca Imperiale; but their obvious wonder and delight does not occupy the mind as does the legendary beauty of Siris in the words of Athenæus: "There is no spot on earth so sweet, so lovely, so to be desired as the banks of that stream upon which Siris stands." The place is a marsh: nothing at all remains of that Ionian city founded perhaps in 700 B.C.; not a stone is left of it, and scarcely a word in history—only that loving tribute of Athenæus. The place early came to nothing; it was destroyed before Sybaris fell, and thereafter would seem to have served Heracleia as a port.

Heracleia was founded by the Tarentines as an outpost against the Thurians and the Crotoniats in 432 B.C. After years of war the Tarentines were victorious, and they established this outpost of Heracleia, transferring there what was left of the population of Siris upon the headland that comes down from the mountains towards the sea between the rivers Acisis (Agis) and Siris (Sinni). The two cities of Siris and Heracleia were indeed so bound together in their history that Pliny confounds them and Livy considers them as one. The history of Heracleia follows that of Tarentum, for it was her daughter till the Second Punic War, when upon the offer of extraordinary terms it deserted the cause of Hannibal for that of Rome, and throughout the time of the Republic continued to enjoy a very favourable position, so that it hesitated to accept the rights of Roman citizenship in 89 B.C. Later it seems to have sunk into decadence, and with the fall of the Empire it disappears, and its site seems to have become desolate. All along this coast, with three exceptions, Reggio, Cotrone, and Taranto, the cities upon the sea were deserted because they could not be defended against the malaria and the raids of the Saracens. It was doubtless the same causes which made Heracleia a desert. The wretched village of Policoro would seem to-day to occupy the site of this outpost of Tarentum.

Between Sybaris and Tarentum there is only a sort of desolation. The coast here is a low swamp, and the only place of any importance is the railway junction, little more than a station, of Metaponto, rather nearer Heracleia than Tarentum, in the deepest part of the gulf. Alighting there to-day and crossing the neglected fields in search of the ruins of the great and famous city which once stood here by the sea, none would guess that this place was once so fertile, and especially in corn, that the Metapontines sent to the temple at Delphi an offering of a "golden sheaf," θέρος χρυσοῦν, and used an ear of corn upon their coins as the symbol of their city. To-day the country

is wholly desolate, the only village being that of Torremare by the station.

It is across a melancholy waste, utterly lonely and silent, that one makes one's way north-east, at first by a road and then by a sort of track, to the Tavola de' Paladini, expecting a wonder. Of all the ruins in Magna Græcia these, I think, are the most disappointing; not that there is little or nothing to see; on the contrary, fifteen fluted columns of a Doric temple with their architrave still stand amid this melancholy desolation; but that they have been surrounded in our time by a high wall, so that they are invisible from afar and cannot properly be seen at all; and this for no cause whatever, for the gate in this wall is always open. The long and dreary walk thus would not be worth taking, but that every stone of that lost civilization is worthy of homage from us who owe so much to it. For this reason alone it is worth while upon retracing one's steps towards the station to turn out of the way by a road upon the left to see the Chiesa di Sansone, where are the prostrate ruins of another temple two and a half miles at least from the Tavola de' Paladini, while a mile south-east beyond the railway line near the shore is the Lagone di S. Pelagina, the ancient port of Metaponto. Can it be that all these were part of one city? It might seem likely enough when we remember the wealth and importance of Metapontum, which, founded twenty-four miles from Tarentum by an Achæan people, and on the frontier of that Spartan colony, for years held its own as an Achæan outpost against Tarentum. That it grew and increased in size and wealth we know, as well as that it welcomed the doctrines of Pythagoras, offering a refuge to that great man himself when he was expelled from Crotona. Indeed, he died in Metapontum; his house there was consecrated as a temple, and his tomb was still venerated even in the days of Cicero. Nor was Pythagoras the only hero who there found a last resting-place. For it was to Metapontum they bore the body of Alexander of Epirus after his defeat

and death at Pandosia in 326 B.C. By this time, indeed, Metapontum and Tarentum were allies against the Lucanian barbarians. Together they welcomed Pyrrhus, as later they encouraged Hannibal. This indeed seems to have cost Metapontum her life; for when Hannibal was forced to evacuate the city he removed all the inhabitants lest they should fall into the hands of Rome, and from that time we hear no more of Metapontum, save from Pausanias, who tells us that in his day it was a heap of ruins.

With the fall of the city, its utter desertion or decay, the land went out of cultivation, agriculture perished, the rivers silted up, and the malaria appeared. It was probably as much in fear of the malaria as to escape the Saracen raids that the coast cities along the shore with but two exceptions, Croton and Tarentum, were deserted, and are still represented as they were throughout the Dark and Middle Ages by those curious towns huddled among precipices upon the heights. It was a retreat from death by fever as well as from death by raid. We see this indeed if we consider that it is now many years since any sort of violence was possible upon this coast, and yet it is only now when efforts are being made with the advent of the railway to deal with the malaria, and not altogether unsuccessfully, that the people are, though slowly, returning to the coast from the heights.

XVI

TARANTO

TARANTO is in many ways the most remarkable city left to us in all Magna Græcia. To begin with, it is by far the most living, as it is by far the most healthy, and something of its old power and importance seem again to be within its grasp with the great development of the naval strength of modern Italy.

The success and the continuance of Taranto are due entirely to its situation, which is as astonishing as it is fortunate. Coming into the place to-day out of the melancholy plains of Metapontum one finds the city set upon a now insulated peninsula, a long, low headland thrust across a deep bay, and only separated eastward and westward from the mainland by the narrowest of channels. The ancient city spread itself out over the mainland eastward, its acropolis alone occupying the peninsula, which is now an island. The mediæval city was confined to the site of the acropolis alone, but to-day Taranto is spreading out again over all its ancient site, which indeed it presently bids fair to overflow. The remarkable fact about the situation of the town is that the peninsula upon which it stands is thrust not directly seaward, but across the bay, which it all but completely encloses. The place thus boasts of two seas or ports, an outer and an inner, known as the Mare Grande and the Mare Piccolo, the former offering an excellent roadstead, the latter the finest natural harbour upon all this coast, indeed in all Southern Italy. These harbours upon

a harbourless coast alone might serve to explain the continuous life of Taranto, its persistence when every other Greek city upon the Ionian Sea, save Crotona, was utterly ruined, and even Crotona had become a mere derelict. But they are not enough to explain the continuous life of the place if, as has always been asserted, the final destruction of the cities of Magna Græcia was due to the appalling raids of the Saracens, from which the strong, but unattractive situation, of Crotona crouched under its uplifted citadel alone saved it. Here certainly in Taranto was a city whose enormous natural advantages would have attracted so intelligent an enemy as the Oriental, from whom it would seem nature had done little to protect it. It is true that the city of the Dark Age was grouped altogether upon the long and narrow peninsula which could certainly be defended by a few men, but this like the great natural strength of Crotona would have availed it little, but for the fact that since it was almost surrounded by the sea it was therefore not at the mercy of the malaria as were Locri, Sybaris, and Metapontum. That was the real enemy that appeared with the failure of the Roman administration; and it was an invincible foe. Not the Saracens but the malaria ruined the cities upon this coast and drove the people inland on to the windy and healthy heights; and because Taranto and the sea-girt rock of Crotona were comparatively free from this pestilence, they endured when every other place upon this shore was deserted.

Thus it is that the success and continuance of Taranto are due entirely to its situation.

What this is appears at once on emerging from the railway station upon the mainland to the west of the town. Before one, across the canal of the Porta Napoli, the city lies huddled together upon its island-peninsula, house joined to house, shining, glittering, dazzling in the sun. From end to end of it runs the narrow Via Maggiore, in the midst of which upon the highest part of the island

peninsula, closely surrounded by houses, stands the Cathedral of S. Cataldo. To the south, looking over the Mare Grande where in the offing rise the two islets of S. Peter and S. Paul, the Chœrades of the ancients, the escarpment is very steep; to the north the city slopes gradually down to the Mare Piccolo, along the shore of which parallel with, but much lower than, the Via Maggiore runs the newly named Via Garibaldi, the old fishermen's quarter, the most picturesque part of the city, really a quay lined with fishing boats, for this Mare Piccolo has always been famous for its multitude of fish. Upon the south-east corner of the island-peninsula over the Mare Grande, guarding the *Canal Navigabile* between the two seas, a passage cut by Ferdinand I of Aragon, stands the huge Castello built by Charles V. Behind this, along the top of the steep southern escarpment, looking over the Mare Grande, runs the new Corso Vittorio Emanuele, a splendid boulevard, parallel with the Via Maggiore and the Via Garibaldi.

Astonishing and even splendid as the situation of Taranto thus is, no one, I think, has ever entered this shining city without disappointment. Remembering its great history one expects much; in fact, almost nothing remains of ancient Tarentum and very little of the Taranto of the Middle Age. But one ruin reminds us of all the buildings of antiquity, and as for the equally lonely monument of the Middle Age, the Cathedral, it has been so outrageously modernized, to quote the words of Lenormant, that save for its ancient columns it is not worth a visit. Indeed, but for these and the fragments collected in the Museum, the best of which are two fine marble heads, one of which dates from the end of the fifth century B.C., Taranto is wholly bereft of works of art. Nevertheless its picturesque, eastern aspect, its narrow streets, above all, its fishermen's quarter along the Mare Piccolo, give it a certain delight, while its long, long history must always attract the scholar.

Tarentum gets its name from the river Taras, which of old flowed into the sea to the west of the city. With regard to the name of this river, local legends have always asserted that the earliest settlement here was that established by a Cretan colony.

It is said the Iapyx with Saturia, the daughter of Minos, set out from Crete for Italy, and came safely to shore here in the Gulf of Tarentum. Iapyx founded the nation of the Iapygians, but Saturia was seized by Poseidon, by whom she had a son, Taras, who thus becomes the legendary founder of Tarentum. It is probable that some basis of truth lies beneath this legend ; but the historic foundation of the city was due not to the Cretans but to the Spartans, and befell in the year 707 B.C.

It seems that the new generation, born and educated at Sparta during the absence of the Spartan men at the first Messenian War, were, though recognized by the laws of Lycurgus as legitimate, having the rights of citizens, in truth the children born of illegitimate unions contracted by the Spartan women during the absence of their husbands. In spite of their legal claim to recognition as citizens these youths and maidens were treated with contempt by the returned warriors, and after a vain attempt to assert their rights they determined to set out in a body under their leader, Phalanthus, to found a new city for themselves, and after consulting the Oracle at Delphi they came to the Italian shore and, according to some, were well received by the natives, though others, and especially Pausanias, assert that they found there a great powerful city into which they made their way only after a long and bloody struggle. It would seem to be impossible to decide between these opposite stories, and indeed we know almost nothing of the early history of Tarentum, save that like Sybaris and Crotona it quickly became both rich and powerful. This success it must have owed altogether to its situation, to its harbour, the only good port on all this southern coast, and the wealth of the Mare Piccolo, which abounded in

shell-fish of all sorts, and especially in the murex from which was obtained the famous purple dye, for which Tarentum soon became noted.

Whether or no the Tarentines established themselves upon this coast without quarrelling with the natives, they were soon at war with them, and for the most part successfully, it would seem, till in 473 B.C. in facing the Iapygians they, with an auxiliary force of 3000 Rhegians, were utterly defeated by the barbarians with very great slaughter; indeed, Herodotus asserts that they suffered the greatest defeat of his time. This appalling disaster was apparently followed by a revolution in which the aristocratic government fell, and was followed by a democracy. It is curious that this result was obtained in Tarentum about the same time as in the other great cities of Magna Græcia, though not apparently from the same cause. In Croton and Sybaris the democratic reaction had followed upon the establishment of the aristocratic doctrines of Pythagoras; but that mystic philosopher would seem to have had little influence in Tarentum, where the democratic revolution was brought about by a defeat in war of the aristocratic government.

This defeat and revolution are the first events in the history of Tarentum to which we can definitely assign a date. They occurred more than two hundred years after the foundation of the city, and a full generation after the destruction of Sybaris. Tarentum, indeed, was till then utterly overshadowed by the enormous wealth and power of the two great Achæan cities to the south, and it was only now that it began to assume a predominant position in Magna Græcia.

For the defeat of the Tarentines would seem to have been the beginning of their great prosperity. Perhaps the destruction of Sybaris—and what that meant to Magna Græcia has never been fully understood—gave them their opportunity. At any rate, it is now that they begin to play a great part in the affairs of their neighbours. They first

avenged their defeat upon the Iapygians, sacking the city of Carbona (Carovigno), putting the men to the sword, and outraging the women upon the altars of the gods; and as an expiation of their excesses dedicated at Delphi the famous horses of bronze, the work of Ageadas of Argos. Thus all the peninsula of Iapygia came into their power. Then they turned to Magna Græcia, and seeing the city of Thurii established by the Athenians to take the place of Sybaris, and fearing that the new city would ally itself with the Achæans of Metapontum, they decided to seize the territory of Siris, between the two cities, and to establish there a fortress to hold all their foes both among the Greeks and the barbarians in check. This new colony was Heracleia, founded in 432 B.C. This was the beginning of the great power of Tarentum. Their remote position eastward saved them from many of the dangers that the other cities of Magna Græcia had to face, such as the incursion of Dionysius of Syracuse, and doubtless the destruction and humiliation of the more southern cities by this tyrant tended to increase the relative power of Tarentum, which was out of his reach. The Tarentines, indeed, at first refused to join the Greek confederation against him, and when at last they were persuaded the congress at which their decision was taken was held at Heracleia, a fairly clear acknowledgment of the position they had come to hold in Magna Græcia. Their consent was won, in truth, by the necessity of action against the Lucanians. They were now the leading power in Magna Græcia, the very existence of which was threatened by these barbarians. Nor were they content to lead the already broken Greek cities against this common foe; they appealed for aid to their mother city, Sparta, whose King Archidemus came to their assistance with a very considerable force, landing in Italy in 346 B.C., and fighting apparently for some eight years, to be defeated and killed in battle with the barbarians at Manduria in 338 B.C., when almost his whole force perished with him.

Then it was that the Tarentines invited Alexander, King of Epirus, to assist them. Six years later, in 332 B.C., he landed at Tarentum, broke the Iapygians, and turning then upon the Lucanians defeated those barbarians and their Samnite allies near Pæstum. But he had by then quarrelled with the Tarentines, so that from Pæstum he returned and seized their colony of Heracleia. In 326 B.C. he died, and the Tarentines were soon compelled to look for another champion. They appealed again to Sparta, who sent them Cleonymus, the uncle of the king, with a large army; but though Cleonymus seems to have been victorious, his arrogance and luxury soon alienated his allies, and he quitted Italy without having achieved anything definite.

But already before this Tarentum had seen upon the northern horizon a more formidable shadow than that cast by the barbarians—the shadow of Rome. In the year 303 B.C., the year in which she invoked the aid of Sparta for the last time, Tarentum had after many threats unfulfilled consented to conclude a treaty with Rome, in which it was agreed that no Roman ship of war should pass northward of the Lacinian peninsula. A year had not passed away before this treaty was broken by Rome. In 302 B.C. a Roman squadron of not less than ten ships, which had been sent under Lucius Cornelius to the assistance of Thurii, hard pressed by the Lucanians, appeared in the Tarentine Gulf, and even sailed with a studied insolence within sight of the city. These ships were immediately attacked by the Tarentine fleet; one was taken and four sunk, and the remaining five sailed away to tell the tale in Rome. Meanwhile the Tarentines attacked Thurii for having called in Roman assistance, and took the city. Rome immediately sent an embassy to Tarentum, whose demands were refused with contempt, and Rome, half-heartedly, declared war upon the Greek city. In reply, Tarentum called Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, into Italy, who at once sent an army of 3000 men to occupy the citadel

of Tarentum, whither he himself shortly after arrived. The war opened in the spring, and as we know was at first wholly successful, but Rome at last roused herself, and having finally driven Pyrrhus out of Italy descended upon Tarentum, still held by a Pyrrhic garrison. The city was in two minds as to its course of action. One party was for surrender, the other appealed to Carthage for assistance. A Carthaginian fleet, indeed, was sent, and sailed into the bay just too late, for Rome was in possession, the Pyrrhic garrison having been forced by the majority to surrender the city.

Thus Tarentum came into the power of Rome, its citadel being occupied by a Roman garrison. The citizens, indeed, enjoyed a virtual independence, but they were compelled to furnish ships against the Carthaginians in the First Punic War, in which otherwise they played no part. Rome, however, kept a watchful eye upon Tarentum, and had begun to develop the port of Brundusium, the terminus of the Via Appia, before the end of the war; and as this was achieved she again began to oppress Tarentum.

With the disastrous procession of Carthaginian victories in the Second Punic War Tarentum, however, again gradually became of very great importance. But nothing could have induced her to side with Carthage—indeed, as we have seen, she had given herself to Rome rather than admit the Carthaginians—had not Rome, who had demanded and obtained hostages from all the Greek cities since the beginning of the war, committed an act of the utmost barbarity against her. It seems that these hostages, which so far as Tarentum was concerned consisted of thirteen young men of the noblest families of the city, attempted to escape, and on being retaken were flogged and thrown headlong from the Tarpeian rock. When this news reached Tarentum, Hannibal, who had captured many Tarentines at Cannæ and released them, was encamped upon the Galesus. In their rage the Tarentines agreed with him, and one day throwing themselves upon

the Roman garrison opened their gates and admitted the Carthaginians. Marcus Livius, with the greater part of the Roman garrison, found refuge in the citadel, which he contrived to hold.

Hannibal thus found himself in possession of a much-needed port from which he could communicate with Carthage, and into which he could receive reinforcements. He attempted to storm the citadel, but without success; therefore he blockaded it with earth-works upon the landward side, without demobilizing his army, thus protecting the city, and wishing to use the Tarentine ships in the Mare Piccolo, the passage from which to the outer sea the citadel commanded, he even dragged them across the isthmus which, as I have said, Ferdinand of Aragon cut through when he made the *Canal Navigabile.*

Tarentum remained thus in the possession of Hannibal, its citadel in the hands of a besieged Roman garrison, for three years, the Tarentine fleet meantime doing great damage to the Romans; but in 209 B.C., when the fall of Capua had definitely ruined Hannibal, Fabius Cunctator crowned his glorious career by retaking Tarentum. Fearful excesses were committed by the exasperated Romans upon this occasion. They massacred everyone they could find, pillaged, burnt, and raped, and sold at last no less than 30,000 Tarentines into slavery. Hannibal arrived to relieve the city too late, and retired upon Metapontum.

When all this was done, and the spoil of Tarentum amounted to no less than 730,000 pounds sterling of our money, the city was left in utter decay, though it remained the chief city of this ruined part of Italy. In 123 B.C. it was proposed to revive it, and to this end Rome sent a colony to Tarentum, which apparently she had renamed Colonia Neptunia. The city appears to have re-arisen upon the site of its ancient acropolis, that is to say upon the island; its situation, indeed, saved it from death, and throughout the Empire it appears as a seaport of considerable importance, keeping too, like Neapolis and perhaps Rhegium,

its Greek tongue and civilization. Nor does it appear less important in the Dark Age, when Belisarius disputed it with Totila, as did Narses after him, and with more success, so that it remained subject to the Byzantine Empire till the middle of the seventh century, when Lombard, Saracen, and Greek continually fought for it, the Greeks possessing it most often. From them it finally passed to Robert Guiscard in 1063, to form ever after a part of the Neapolitan kingdom.

Little or nothing remains to-day of the ancient city, for, as Strabo tells us, "the greater part of the splendid monuments which adorned the Acropolis in ancient times were either destroyed by the Carthaginians when they took the city or carried off as booty by the Romans when they made themselves masters of it by assault; among other treasures they carried off the colossal bronze statue of Hercules, a work of Lysippus, now in the Capitol, dedicated there as an offering by Fabius." Indeed, the only remnant of the ancient city which remains to us is the upper part of two huge columns of a Doric temple, perhaps of Poseidon, near the eastern end of the Via Maggiore, while over the Porta di Napoli bridge runs Il Triglio, an aqueduct, which would seem to date from Byzantine times.

It is not in any building that we shall to-day find a hint of Tarentum of old, but rather in the amazing life of the fishermen's quarter, the crowded Via Garibaldi, the staked and populous Mare Piccolo, which for all its torpedo boats and great naval quays remains what it has been for three thousand years. Beside this inland sea, some six miles long by three miles broad, one may wander for hours, talking with the fishermen, or rather trying to understand their curious half-Greek dialect, or in the market where, amid the myriad sorts of fish exposed for sale, one tries to recognize those one has seen upon the ancient coins of the city, or to find that silk-bearing shell-fish which Pliny calls pernilegum, but the Tarentines of to-day pernuetico,

best of all perhaps in wandering, as how many have done, in search of the Galæsus which flowed into the Mare Piccolo upon the north and used, according to Virgil, to soak the golden fields where now no fields are golden perhaps any more for ever and no such river runs.

The Galæsus must surely have flowed close to S. Maria di Galeso, but the stream there to-day, a mere swamp, cannot surely be that of which Horace sang—"The stream of Galæsus dear to the skin-clad sheep and to the fields that once were ruled by Phalanthus the Laconian king"?

And yet it is even so. Here at Taranto, the last city of Magna Græcia, let us confess the appalling change this whole country must have suffered from earthquake and neglect since classic times. Everywhere it is a prey to malaria, because it has so long lacked a population which may pursue the art of agriculture in peace; everywhere, save for its noble outlines, its mountains and its sea, it is a bitter disappointment to "those few fantastics who hold a memory of the ancient world dearer than any mechanic triumph of to-day." Magna Græcia is not here, but in our hearts; it is in memory of a vanished world I recall here the beautiful verses in praise of this beloved country: "Dear to me beyond all other retreats . . ."

Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes
angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto
mella decedunt viridique certat
baca Venafro

Ver ubi longum tepidasque praebet
Iuppiter brumas, et amicus Aulon
fertili Baccho minimum Falernis
invidet uvis . . .[1]

[1] Dear to me beyond all other retreats is that corner of the world where the honey yields not to Mount Hymettus, and the olive berry vies with green venafrum; where Jove grants lingering spring and winters mild; and Aulon's slope, friendly to fruitful Bacchus, envies not a whit the grapes of Falernum.

XVII

TERRA D'OTRANTO

THE railway out of Taranto toward Brindisi passes at first along the northern shore of the Mare Piccolo, and crossing the low hills soon comes into a country of far-stretching plains and vast, low, rolling hills, the true Apulian landscape as different as anything can be from the wild romantic mountain country of Calabria and Basilicata, of which, though we had entered the province of Apulia on leaving Metaponto and crossing the Bradano, we had till now had no hint. This Apulia is a land of vast pastures and cornfields and olive gardens, islanded with many rich cities, notable if only for the splendour of their churches, though these are not perhaps so fine in this southern corner of the province as farther north. Indeed, in spite of the landscape that greets you on crossing the Tarantine hills, this southern corner, wholly peninsula in character as it is, is not really Apulia at all, but rather Iapygia, as the Greeks called it, or, as the Romans said, Calabria, for they called the heel of Italy by that name which we give to the toe. So much for names.

The first city you reach in this great rolling country on coming out of Taranto by train is Francavilla, an Angevin foundation without much interest; but the second is Oria, a very ancient place, the old capital of the Messapians, who gave the Tarantines so much trouble. It is most beautifully placed upon the low hillside under a vast thirteenth-century Castle, built by the Emperor

Frederick II, whose country, indeed, Apulia more especially is, for he particularly rejoiced in it.

The chief interest in Oria lies indeed in this great Castle which the Emperor built to occupy the entire summit of the two hills upon which the city stands. This great fortress is triangular in shape, having one huge square tower at the apex, and two round towers at the angles of the base. Between these towers enclosing the great triangular space are double walls having forty-five *torricelle*, and all about is a garden of pines, laurels, cypresses, agaves, and eucalyptus, roses, and all manner of flowers. A curious legend illustrating the brutal cruelty of the overpraised Frederick, a hero, for the Protestant historians, only because he was an enemy of the Pope, half a Mohammedan and half an infidel. It seems that in building the walls it was found that owing to the fact that they were set about the hill-top they continually crumbled, until someone suggested that if a living child were built up within them they would stand firm enough. The son of a widow, it seems, was chosen, and we have a picture of the frantic mother rushing about the city demanding of all and sundry her little one. Learning the truth from an eye-witness, she dies of grief and horror, exclaiming: "O mura crudeli, come arde e fuma per dolore il mio cuore, possa così Oria fumar per sempre," and the peasants still point out to you how at nightfall the city is lost in vapour, the rising mist from the plain, the heat mist from either sea.

Little else is to be seen in Oria, though it boasts of many a fine palace, a Cathedral in which are certain frescoes, and a small museum of vases, arms, and bronzes of the Greek time in the Palazzo degli Uffici. But not far away to the south lies the city of Manduria, and this, together with the Castle of Frederick at Oria, makes it worth while to linger.

This most Oriental-looking city, which the Middle Age named Casalnuovo, is as old as anything in Southern Italy, still boasting indeed the ruins of its ancient Messapian walls, which in parts remain some six feet high. They are

built of huge rectangular blocks of the porous stone which abounds here, and originally formed a double circuit about the city with a broad street between and a ditch upon the outer side. Close by, in a vast cavern, is the well spoken of by Pliny, whose waters, however much be taken from or added to them, always remain at the same height. The present town does not, as is fairly obvious, occupy the site of the ancient city which was destroyed by the Saracens. The few inhabitants that escaped this disaster settled close by the old city at a place they called Casalnuovo. This settlement presently grew into the city we see, which by royal licence in the eighteenth century assumed the name of the ancient city, its mother, under whose walls it will be remembered Archidamus, King of Sparta, whom the Tarentines had invited into Italy to assist them against the Messapians, was defeated and slain in 338 B.C.

The fine Cathedral of Casalnuovo has a beautiful rose window and an elaborately beautiful campanile adorned with two splendid heads of Greek workmanship found in the ancient city. In the Chiesa della Madonna delle Grazie here, is the entrance to a curious subterranean passage, perhaps a catacomb, and just outside the city on the way to the Cappuccini is the Chiesa di S. Pietro Mandurino, where in a curious underground chapel deep in the earth are some traces of very ancient frescoes.

From Manduria one goes direct by train to Lecce, undoubtedly one of the most charming and beautiful towns in Southern Italy. "The Florence of Apulia," Gregorovius calls it, and with reason, for not only is it full of interesting churches and works of art, but in its intelligence, civilization, and hospitality it resembles that fairest city on the Arno without which Italy would be, how much less herself than she is.

Lecce is indeed to Iapygia, the Terra d'Otranto, what Florence is to Tuscany, its capital, summing up all its delight, a beautiful city, cool and quiet, set in the midst of

gardens and orchards some eight miles from the Adriatic, where stands the port of Lecce, Castello di S. Cataldo.

It is a little difficult to explain the capital importance of this town, which is set eight miles from the coast and its inferior port, more than twenty miles north of Otranto upon the Adriatic, and Gallipoli upon the Ionian Sea, and about as far south of Brindisi and east of Taranto. It probably owes its importance to the fact that it is thus equally distant from these four important places, and also to the general geography of this part of Italy. A great town was bound to spring up where the long peninsula of the heel of Italy, Iapygia, the Terra d'Otranto, joined the mainland, and more especially as on either side of that mainland lay a widely different sea and coast, each with a history and destiny of its own.

Its vast antiquity cannot be doubted: it was a Salentine city, and so far as we know was never settled by the Greeks. When Rome came down into the South, she at once saw the strategical and economic importance of the city, and though we hear but little of Lupiæ, as Lecce was called, it was certainly a Roman municipal town of considerable wealth, and this the very fine Roman amphitheatre in the Piazza S. Oronzo now being excavated fully confirms us in believing. This vast building had a major axis of 102 metres, that of the arena itself being 52, and was larger than the amphitheatre at Nîmes, though not so large as that at Arles.

Christianity is said to have been brought to Lecce by that Justus of Corinth in whose house S. Paul dwelt, "hard by the synagogue."[1] This man was sent to Rome by the Apostle, and taking ship landed at Otranto, and came on to Lecce, where he abode in the house of a certain Publius Orontius, whom he baptized with his whole family, and whom, later, S. Paul made first Bishop of Lecce, giving him Justus for his priest. Both were martyred in the time of Nero. Thus S. Oronzo and S. Justus became patrons of the

[1] Acts xviii. 7.

city of Lecce, and are commemorated in the names of her churches and piazzas; but the fame of both is overshadowed by that of the Irish S. Cataldo, who at the beginning of the second century, on his way back from the Holy Land, visited Taranto, and remained there to become first bishop and then patron saint of the city.

With the failure of the Roman administration, Lecce like every other city in Southern Italy fell into a sort of decay, was disputed by Goths and Byzantines and Lombards and Saracens, and in the eleventh century was taken by the Normans, who were presently acknowledged as vassals of the Holy See, the brother of Robert Guiscard, Godfrey, becoming the first Count of Lecce in 1055. His twin nephews, Roger and Bohemund, presently quarrelled, but at last combined their affairs and divided the territory of their uncle between them: Bohemund took the title of Prince of Taranto, and obtained that city, Oria, Otranto, and Gallipoli, while Roger, Count of Lecce, took the rest, with Lecce for his capital and that of his successors. These, and especially Tancred, fifth Count of Lecce and King of Sicily, doubtless built much in Lecce, but there is left but one building of their time within or without the city.

This, a noble and lovely thing, is the great church of SS. Niccolò e Cataldo, outside the Porta di Napoli, built by Tancred himself before he became King of Sicily in 1180. It is to-day surrounded by the Campo Santo of the city, a garden of flowers set about with dark cypresses. There, over the wonderful doorway now set in a monstrous baroque façade, a work of 1710 of the Olivetani monks, who came into possession of the church at the end of the fifteenth century, we read the following inscription:—

> Hac in carne sita quia labitur irrita vita
> Consula dives ita ne sit pro carne sopita
> Vita Tancredus Comes eternum sibi fedus
> Firmat in his donis ditans hec Templa colonus.

Over the door into the cloister we read—

> Anno milleno centeno bis quadrageno
> Quo patuit mundo Christus sub rege secundo
> Guillelmo magnus comito Tancredus et agnus
> Nomine quem legit Nicolai Templa peregit.

The monastery of which this church was the sanctuary was founded by Tancred for the Cluniac Order. It is indeed a Burgundian church "in a shell of Byzantine-Apulian architecture," the cupola being a most astonishing and lovely work, without a rival in all Italy.

Apart from this very noble church, nothing remains to us in Lecce of the great Norman times, and practically nothing either of the Brienne Counts who succeeded them. What indeed we find in Lecce to-day, as we pass up and down its gay streets and in and out of its numerous churches, lingering in its piazzas or wondering at its fine palaces, is a baroque city of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and it is this above all which gives it its interest for us. Nowhere else in Italy can you see this strange art, beautiful for all its lack of simplicity, its amazing restlessness, so unmixed with earlier and nobler forms, so completely itself, so unhampered by a greater glory.

The best monument, though no longer a material one, of the Brienne Counts, and more especially of the famous Walter of Brienne, Count of Lecce, Duke of Athens, and for a time Lord of Florence, is the Celestine convent by the Giardino Pubblico, now the Prefettura, founded in 1353 by Walter under the dedication of S. Maria dell' Annunziata e S. Leonardo. Walter de Brienne's buildings were demolished in 1539 by Charles V, and ten years later church and convent were begun anew, though they were not finished in 1582, when the church was consecrated. In 1811 the convent was desecrated, and in 1814 the church was abandoned and plundered, to be later restored and altogether spoiled. The best thing here that remains to us of the seventeenth-century building might seem to be

the amazing baroque façade, with its magnificent rose windows, its wonderful statuary and carving, and its appalling general design.

Another and for all its incompleteness a better façade of the same baroque style is to be found before the church of S. Chiara, at the corner of the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, dating from the end of the seventeenth century. Close by, at the end of the Via Ascaneo Grande, stands the Duomo, the Seminary, and the Vescovado, about the Piazza del Duomo. The Duomo, as we see it, dates for the most part from 1661, but the Cathedral of Lecce was first built upon this site by the Normans in 1144. This first church was, however, rebuilt in the thirteenth century, and according to Ughelli was a very splendid affair. It was, nevertheless, destroyed in 1658, and that we see immediately begun, to be consecrated in 1767. It is dedicated, like its predecessor, to S. Oronzo. The campanile dates too from 1661. The whole group of buildings has a noble if cold effect, and chimes very well with the baroque note of the city.

The most interesting piazza, however, in Lecce, the true centre of the city, is not the Piazza del Duomo, but the Piazza S. Oronzo, close to the old Castle on the east of the city. Here the market is held, and most picturesque and busy it can be. The seventeenth-century column in the midst bears a statue of the patron of the city dating from the first half of the eighteenth century, and in one corner stands the Sedile, now a museum, of old and till 1851 the Town Hall; it dates from 1592. Here, too, stands the Venetian church of S. Marco, dating from 1550 or thereabout, but constantly restored.

These are but the more famous sights in Lecce; the whole town is indeed full of seventeenth-century work and has a special character and delight of its own on that account, while its gay and busy life, its air of well-being, its shady, well-built streets, its curiously quiet old palaces, its gardens and orchards all encourage the traveller from

PIAZZA S. ORONZO, LECCE

the melancholy of Magna Græcia to linger awhile and to leave Lecce at last with regret. There is this wonder, too, that from the roof of S. Cataldo, and certainly from the campanile of the Duomo, you may on a clear day of wind see the Acroceraunian mountains of Albania which shut in upon the south the great Bay of Valona which is the key of the Adriatic, and for the possession of which one of these days there will be a bloody war, unless indeed that mighty harbour can be placed into the hands of a minor power which shall be able to hold but not to use it.

Something of this you may feel, if setting out from Lecce you will make your way by train or by road to Otranto, the little harbour and fishing village nearest to the great Bay of Valona which has played, and will play in the future, so great a part in the history of Italy. In the best years of the Empire it was outshone by Brindisi, but with the decay of the Imperial administration it gradually grew in favour as the port of the usual because the shortest passage not only to Greece but to Apollonia Dyrrhachium, and so to Constantinople. Its importance grew throughout the Dark Ages, and it was one of the last Byzantine strongholds in the peninsula. It remained a place of considerable traffic all through the Middle Age till with the fall of Constantinople it began to decline, and was suddenly killed outright in 1480, when the Turks fell upon it and sacked it and desecrated its churches. From that awful blow it never recovered. In our own time its name was familiar to us all by reason of the cable to the East which there came to land, so that an English official was always in residence there ; but that too is now of the past, and Otranto is to-day as sleepy and quiet a place as is to be found in Italy. Whether in the great development of Italian sea power and the struggle that is coming it will awake remains to be seen. Certainly Italy is so poor in ports upon this coast that even this will probably not be neglected.

The only thing that the people remember in Otranto to-day of all their past is the awful sack of the Turks in

1480. The town is still full of the huge Turkish cannon-balls, and the church and convent of S. Francesco upon the Hill of Martyrs commemorate the dead. But what here in Otranto fills the mind of the Englishman, who may always be depended upon to be ignorant of the fact that he is a European, is the Castle now used as a barracks which gives its title to the famous romance of Horace Walpole.

But the real delight of Otranto lies in its glorious Cathedral, a fine basilica splendid with marbles and ancient columns from a temple of Minerva, it is said, which stood upon the Punta S. Nicola. There is nothing certainly in Southern Italy to surpass the beautiful crypt upheld by no less than forty-two of these pillars in marble and porphyry, with splendid Byzantine capitals and paved with the wonderful mosaic floor dating from the middle of the twelfth century.

On the way back from Otranto to Lecce, for neither S. Maria di Leuca, upon the southernmost point of the Iapygian peninsula, nor the island town and port of Gallipoli upon its western side, are for the tourist worth the trouble of the long journey, it is very well worth while to stop at Soleto to see the magnificent campanile for which that village is famous. Soleto lies on the plain upon the site of the ancient Soletum of Pliny, but there is only one thing remaining of any interest there—the glorious campanile built in 1397 by Raimondello Balzo Orsini, who set it up "for the honour of his name," by the hand of Francesco Colaci of Lecce. There is no more beautiful tower in all Italy of the South than this.

Raimondello Balzo Orsini was Count of Soleto. He was captured by the Turks in the Holy Land, and ransomed by the people of Galatina for 12,000 ducats. In recompense for that deliverance by his people and for the honour of his name, as he says, he built not only the great and splendid tower of Soleto in 1397, but in 1390 walled the city of Galatina and built there the fine church of

S. Caterina, this last because the church of S. Pietro was served by Greeks and knew only the Greek rite.

Galatina lies perhaps two miles from Soleto upon the hills, a shining place, walled still, and all it might seem of gold in the evening sun. It is a true town, busy and large enough, but it can boast of little else save the five-aisled basilica of Balzo Orsini with its magnificent portals in the manner of those of SS. Niccolò e Cataldo at Lecce, with smaller flanking doorways, and over all a great rose window.

Within, the church is spacious and noble, the Lady Chapel which here forms the apse being an addition by Balzo's son Giovanni, and there stands his gorgeous tomb. A very noble monument commemorates his father to the right of the high altar. The church is largely covered with frescoes of the fifteenth century which are of very considerable beauty in the nave, and represent the life of S. Catherine, the Creation, the life of Our Lord, and the Seven Sacraments.

It is very well worth while turning out of the way to spend an hour or two in these places, and from either, for the same line serves them both, it is easy to visit Gallipoli ; but the walls of that strange island fortress have been flung down, and practically nothing remains there worth the trouble of the journey save the beauty of the coast and the Ionian Sea, of which he who has passed through Magna Græcia has already had his fill, while the coast of Gallipoli has nothing to offer comparable with that about Rocella and Rossano.

XVIII

TO BRINDISI AND BARI

FROM Lecce the railway runs northward across the vast Apulian plain out of sight of the sea until it comes to Brindisi, still so famous though scarcely worth a visit. The curiously dismal town is set on a low headland as broad as it is long, within two greater promontories which almost meet before it to the east and spread widely north and south, forming a vast external port, which is guarded on one side by the island of S. Andrea and on the other by the small island group of Le Petagne. In order to prevent the silting up of the narrow passages between the external and internal ports, the island of S. Andrea on the north, which is strongly fortified, has been in modern times joined to the mainland by a solid breakwater of stone. The internal port within the narrow passage between the two outer promontories is divided by the headland upon which Brindisi stands into two great harbours, the Seno di Grande on the north and the Seno di Piccolo on the south, and altogether the place offers incomparably the finest port upon all the Italian shore of the Adriatic, its position so far south being perhaps its greatest advantage, while its only drawback is its propensity to silt up with sand.

Brindisi seems to have been used and famous from very early times, though it was never a Greek city. According to Strabo, it had long been governed by its own kings at the time of the foundation of Tarentum, and it is indeed as the rival of that great maritime city on the Ionian

Sea that it appears when it attracted the attention of Rome and led her to turn her arms against the Salentines, one of whose chief cities Brindisi was in 267 B.C. There, in 244 B.C., Rome established a colony, and from that moment Brundusium, as the Romans called it, rose to a place of the greatest political and economic importance, increasing even as Tarentum decreased in wealth and prosperity.

It was circumstance as well as Rome which fought against Tarentum. The great Greek port upon the Ionian Sea in truth led nowhere and looked towards nothing, while Brindisi was the gate to Greece and the East, and as the Roman arms were carried first into Macedonia and so into Asia, Brindisi became their natural exit; its admirable harbour, capable of sheltering the greatest fleets of those days in perfect safety, soon won it a lonely precedence over every other port in the peninsula. Here, in 229 B.C., Rome assembled her fleet and army for the First Illyrian War; here, during the Second Punic War, she prepared to prevent the flank attack of Philip of Macedonia. And since this was the position of Brindisi in the Roman administration it is not surprising that it remained faithful through the campaign of Hannibal, and was one of the eighteen colonies which spontaneously came forward to assist the Eternal City with supplies after the appalling defeats of the Trebbia, Trasimene, and Cannæ.

Thus Brindisi came to be the Eastern Gate of Rome and of Italy, the terminus of the Appian Way, as she is to-day, though less exclusively, the Eastern Gate of Europe, and it would be easy to record a continuous series of incidents during the later years of the Republic and throughout the years of the Empire in which she thus appears. Here Sulla landed with his army on his return from the Mithridatic War in 83 B.C. to face his enemies in Rome, and because Brindisi flung wide to him her gates he rewarded her by granting her an immunity from all taxation, a privilege she long enjoyed. Hither, too, came Cicero from

exile in 57 B.C.; while in the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey Brindisi played a great part. Pompey had here gathered his forces, intending to cross the Adriatic, but before he could move Cæsar was upon him, investing the town upon the landward side, and having no fleet of his own he attempted to close the narrow channel from the internal to the external port by driving poles in the fairway by night. In this, however, he was not successful, and Pompey managed to escape to Illyricum. It was again at Brindisi that Octavius first assumed the name of Cæsar, the garrison there being the first to declare in his favour. Nor did it play a small part in the war with Antony.

When we think of Brundusium to-day, however, it is none of these things which come into our minds, but perhaps Horace's journey with Mæcenas in 37 B.C., and certainly Virgil's death here on his return from Greece in 19 B.C. In his fifty-second year the great poet set out for Greece, intending to devote three years to the correction and completion of his greatest work, the *Æneid*. He had come as far as Athens when he met Augustus, who was returning to Rome from the East, and suddenly Virgil changed his mind and decided to return with the Emperor. Before setting out, however, he desired to see the city of Megara. It was September and very hot, and apparently he caught a fever upon the journey. At any rate he was ill when he set out for Italy, and though his voyage was uninterrupted he came to Brundusium at last only to die there on September 21, 19 B.C.

All through the years of the Empire Brundusium flourished exceedingly, but with the failure of that great administration it declined, and Otranto, already a formidable rival, took its place during the Gothic wars. In the Byzantine wars it plays indeed but a small part, and though with the rest of Apulia the Byzantine emperors long retained possession of it, their claims constantly disputed by Goth and Lombard and Saracen, it declined, to rise

again with the advent of the Normans, but to fail altogether after the Crusades, and to be destroyed by Lewis of Hungary in 1348, and utterly demolished by the frightful earthquake of 1458. After that calamity even its harbour was allowed to silt up, and was not again opened till 1775. Its modern importance is largely due to the English occupation of India, and later of Egypt.

Little remains in the city worth seeing apart from the curious geography of its port. The Cathedral, in which Frederick II was married to his second wife, Iolanthe of Jerusalem, in 1225, was utterly destroyed in 1458, and has been entirely rebuilt. The church of S. Giovanni of the Knights Templar perished in the same catastrophe. Only the mighty Castello founded by Frederick II and enlarged by Charles V remains with the great cipollino column on the quay, its fine Byzantine capital carved with the heads of the gods, a work of the tenth century as we see it, though the column with another, the base of which alone remains, is said to have marked in ancient times the terminus of the Appian Way.

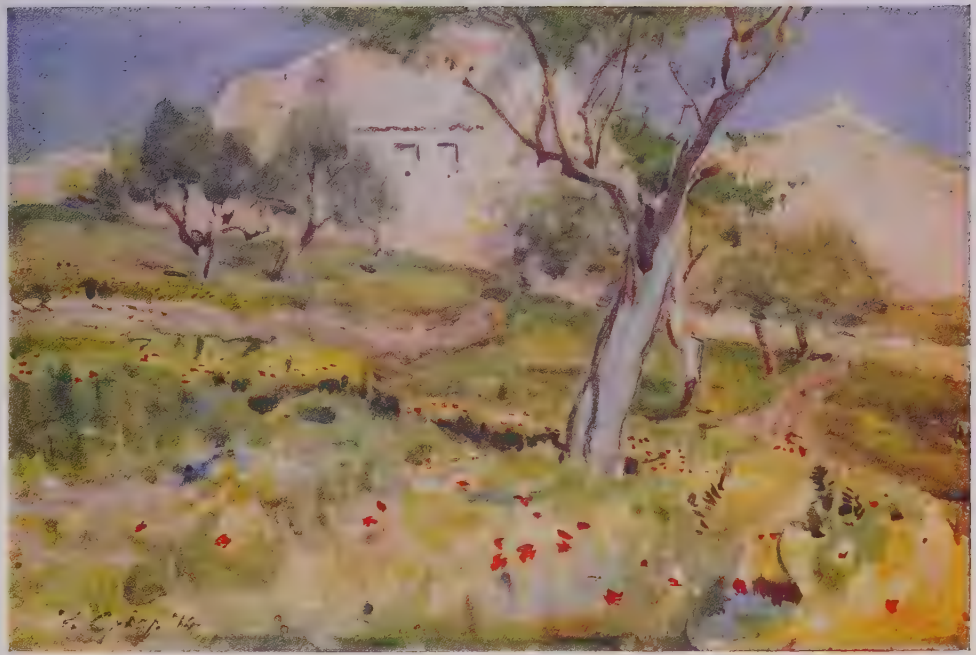
Leaving Brindisi, the railway curves inland, and then again seeks the littoral, running northward to Bari upon the seaward side of a long range of hills which gradually approach the sea at Monopoli. The second station after leaving Brindisi is that of Carovigno. The town which lies inland over the hills was anciently known as Carbina, and was the scene of the appalling vengeance of the Tarentines upon the Messapians for the defeat they and the Rhegians had sustained at their hands, a defeat which Herodotus tells us was the bloodiest that had occurred in his time. The vengeance for this was exacted at Carbina; the town was sacked, and the Messapian women were outraged upon the altar of their gods with such refinements of lust that one must suppose an extraordinary corruption of manners among the Tarentines. Later, in expiation of these excesses, they dedicated at Delphi the great bronze horses of Ageadas of Argos.

Not far from Carovigno, on the top of the hills, more than 600 feet high, stands the walled and picturesque town of Ostuni, which boasts a fine Gothic cathedral; while a little farther north, at the foot of the hills eastward, lies Fasano, a large town which still preserves in its Municipio the noble old palace of the Knights of S. John of Jerusalem, dating from the first years of the sixteenth century.

A little beyond Fasano, close to the sea, lies Torre d'Agnazzo, the site of the ancient city of Gnatia, which Horace made his last resting-place on his journey to Brundusium. He calls it "a place built when the Nymphs were angry," and tells us that it "gave us theme for laughter and joke, because they tried to persuade us there that frankincense melts without fire in the entrance of their temple. Let the Jew Apella believe it, not me; for I have been taught that the Gods lead a life free from care, and that if nature works wonders, it is not that the Gods trouble themselves to send them down from the roof of heaven." Certain remains of the old city of this miracle are still to be seen.

The line now passes on seaward through a fruitful country of olive gardens and vineyards to Monopoli, the ancient Monopolis. The town would not be worth a visit but for the noble picture by Palma Vecchio in the eighteenth-century Cathedral, a San Sebastian. Far more picturesque than Monopoli is Polignano, which stands on a great rock over the sea. This, like so many of the towns on the Ionian Sea, was a refuge established in the Dark Age by the people of a far more ancient city upon the shore. The ancient city here was Neapolis, situated to the north of Polignano, and we know nothing at all of it save the fact of its existence, which we learn from its coins, though its site remains not altogether without ruins. So under the evening we come at last into the curiously modern city of Bari, which is so difficult to know and to love.

Bari, I suppose, is as old as anything in Apulia, and yet one's first impression on entering it is altogether of a place



APULIAN OLIVE GARDEN

as new and parvenu as any American city upon the Pacific slope. The truth is, Bari is a double city. The brutal town into which one steps at once from the railway station is wholly an affair of to-day, a foolish city of broad streets upon which the sun beats down mercilessly, where trams rush to and fro, and where there is not a single noble building; indeed, a mere industrial town of the third class. This we can safely ignore: it has nothing to say to us. There remains, however, the old city, beyond the new town seaward, built altogether upon its triangular promontory thrust out into the sea; this is as curiously interesting and picturesque a place as can be found in all the broad plains of Apulia. Moreover, it is very ancient, and can boast of several noble churches, a great castle, and the shrine of one of the most famous saints in the calendar. All the noise and dirt and discourtesy of the great new town which has attached itself to this wonderful mediæval city is forgotten in a moment in this wonder and delight. Nothing indeed can be found in all Apulia more picturesque than the walled city of Bari, based as it were on the new broad Corso Vittorio Emanuele, thrust out thence into the sea. This is the old city. One wanders into it through the Piazza Ferrarese and the Porta Mercantile, and so round the S. Scholastica ramparts over the sea, in and out of the churches of S. Nicola, S. Gregorio, the Cathedral, under the great Castello on the north, through the narrowest tunnelled ways among houses as old as the Hohenstaufen and scarcely touched in all the so-called improvements, the rise of the vast and regular modern city between the Corso and the Piazza Roma.

We hear no word of Barium, Bari, in history before the conquest of Apulia by the Romans, we know nothing of its origin, but its coins bear witness that it early came under Greek influence, probably that of Tarentum. But it would appear never to have been anything but the walled fishing town which Horace calls it until the fall of the Roman administration, when its position upon the

Via Appia preserved it from utter decay, while this and its port in the centuries which followed made it a supreme object of dispute among the Goths, the Byzantines, the Lombards, and the Saracens. It fell more than once to the Saracens, who thence issued out to lay waste Apulia; but when, with the assistance of Louis II, grandson of Charlemagne, they had been driven out in 871 by the Byzantines, the Imperialists made it the citadel of Apulia and the residence of the Catapan, the governor of the province. The Saracens, however, besieged it again in 1002, and would have taken it but for the Venetians, who sent a fleet under the Doge Pietro Orseolo to relieve it, and therefore there stands to this day in the old market-place in gratitude the Lion of S. Mark.

With the rest of the South, Bari fell to the Normans; but in 1156 it sided with the Byzantines against William I, son of Roger, first King of Naples, and he razed it to the ground and for sixteen years it remained a mere ruin, only inhabited by a few poor priests who would not desert the shrine of S. Nicholas, which alone had almost escaped damage in the general overthrow. The city was rebuilt by William the Good, son of William I, and by 1189 was once more a flourishing city, its port full of the ships of the Emperor Frederick I, about to set out on the Crusade. To Frederick II the city owes its mighty Castle, and there Manfred met and entertained the Emperor of Constantinople. Frederick II, however, had always known the people of Bari "Gens infida Bari verbis tibi multa promittit," and it is therefore without surprise we learn that after the death of Manfred they welcomed his conqueror, Charles of Anjou, who gave magnificent gifts to the shrine of S. Nicholas, but at the same time taxed them so heavily that they had no sooner welcomed him than they regretted Manfred.

In the fourteenth century Bari became a dukedom, and passed from the Del Balzo family to Attendolo Sforza, and after many adventures was ceded in 1500 to Isabella of

Aragon, widow of Gian Galeazzo Sforza of Milan. She was a woman of fine culture, and in Bari devoted herself to the education of her daughter Bona, who inherited Bari and married the King of Poland. In 1555, Bona having lost her husband came as her mother had done to live in Bari, where she died in the Castello in 1558, leaving her Duchy by will to Philip II of Spain, and thus the Duchy came to the Spanish crown and was reunited with the rest of the Kingdom.

In the old city of Bari to-day one's thoughts are full of the history of the place. One passes down these narrow winding ways from Frederick II's castle, which Isabella and Bona Sforza turned into a palace, to the Cathedral of S. Sabino, a building of the eleventh and twelfth centuries utterly ruined in the eighteenth. The whole group of buildings, the great cruciform church under its glorious low octagonal cupola, the beautiful campanile, the circular baptistery, is, however, very splendid, and even on closer inspection a large number of details, windows, carvings, pillars, and especially the cavernous façade with its lovely rose, remain as when they were first made.

Within, however, the church is disappointing, full only of restoration. Two pictures still remain there, ascribed respectively to Tintoretto and Paolo Veronese, which are worth some trouble to see. The first represents the miraculous healing of S. Roch, and the latter the Madonna and Child enthroned on high with S. Catherine and S. George below, the latter presenting the donor to the Madonna.

In the crypt, which has suffered even more than the church from modernization, is a Byzantine picture of the Madonna, S. Maria di Constantinopoli, which is said to have been brought to Bari in 733; here, too, lies the body of S. Sabinus, his head being preserved in a silver reliquary. In the sacristy are preserved two Greek manuscripts of the eleventh century of the Easter *Exultet* sung by the Deacon to the tone of the Preface — the only time in

the year that he is permitted to raise his voice in that tone.

The Cathedral of Bari, however, is by no means the most holy or the most popular church in the city. The greatest shrine in Bari and one of the noblest churches in all Italy, one of the four Apulian *Basiliche Palatine*, the others being at Acquaviva delle Fonti, Altamura, and Monte S. Angelo, is the great church of S. Nicholas towards the sea, which was founded in 1087 upon the site of the old palace of the Byzantine Catapan by Robert Guiscard, who gave the place to the bishop that he might there enshrine the relics of S. Nicholas, which forty-seven knights of Bari had rescued from the Saracens at Myra, in Lycia. Here we have still, though mutilated, a twelfth-century basilica, very nobly planned, and boasting yet wonderfully carved doorways and windows, capitals and precious marble columns with lion bases. The whole as seen from afar, from the Castello for instance, towers up over the city, proclaiming itself the great shrine of the place.

Within, we see at once the church is a basilica, with galleries, transept, and semicircular apse very like the Cathedral; but its secret and treasure are not here but in the crypt consecrated in 1089 by Pope Urban II, where beneath the silver altar, a work now of the seventeenth century, lies the body of S. Nicholas. S. Nicholas, the patron of all boys, whom we invoke under the barbarous title of Santa Claus at Christmas-time, because he brings gifts, and his feast too falls upon 6th December, was a citizen of Patras of a rich and noble family. The best known story concerning him is delightfully told by Voragine: "When his father and mother were departed out of this life, he began to think how he might distribute his riches, and not to the praising of the world, but to the honour and glory of God. And it was so that one, his neighbour, had then three daughters, virgins, and he was a nobleman; but for the poverty of them together they were constrained and in very purpose to abandon them

to the sin of lechery, so that by the gain and winning of their infamy they might be sustained. And when the holy man Nicholas knew thereof he had great horror of this villainy, and threw by night secretly into the house of the man a mass of gold wrapped in a cloth. And when the man arose in the morning, he found this mass of gold, and rendered to God therefore great thankings, and therewith he married his oldest daughter. And a little while after this holy servant of God threw in another mass of gold, which the man found and thanked God, and purposed to wake for to know him that so had aided him in his poverty, and after a few days Nicholas doubled the mass of gold and cast it into the house of this man. He awoke by the sound of the gold, and followed Nicholas, which fled from him, and he said to him: 'Sir, flee not away so but that I may see and know thee.' Then he ran after him more hastily and knew that it was Nicholas; and anon he kneeled down, and would have kissed his feet, but the holy man would not, but required him not to tell nor discover this thing as long as he lived."

Voragine goes on to tell of the death of S. Nicholas after recounting many of his innumerable miracles. He had become Bishop of Myra, "and when it pleased our Lord to have him depart out of this world he prayed the Lord that He would send him His angels; and inclining his head he saw the angels come to him, whereby he knew well that he should depart, and began this holy psalm: *In te Domine speravi* unto *In manus tuas Domine*, and so saying he rendered up his soul and died the year of our Lord three hundred and forty-three with great melody sung of the celestial company. And when he was buried in a tomb of marble, a fountain of oil sprang out from the head unto his feet; and unto this day holy oil issueth out of his body, which is much available to the health of sicknesses of many men. . . .

"Long time after this the Turks destroyed the city of Myra, and then came thither forty-seven knights of Bari,

and four monks showed to them the sepulchre of S. Nicholas, and they opened it and found the bones swimming in the oil, and they bare them away honourably into the city of Bari in the year of our Lord ten hundred and eighty-seven."

That miraculous oil which flowed from the body of S. Nicholas, as Voragine tells us, has not ceased in all these centuries; it still attracts enormous crowds of pilgrims, and is known as the Manna di S. Niccolò. It is sold in tiny flasks outside the church, and is said to cure all kinds of diseases, as is told with much else in that most popular sequence, the model of many others which is still sung in procession by the pilgrims—

Sospitati dedit ægros
Olei perfusio
Nicolaus naufragantum
Adfuit præsidio.

Relevavit a defunatis
Defunctum in bivio.

Baptizatur auri viso
Judæus indicio.

Vas in mari mersum, patri
Redditur cum filio.

O quam probat Sanctum Dei
Farris augmentatio.

Ergo laudes Niccolao
Concinat hæc concio.

Nam qui corde poscit illum
Propulsato vitio,
Sospes regreditur.—Amen.[1]

The whole crypt, upheld by beautiful columns, one of

[1] The sick are given health by the miraculous oil, they who are in danger of shipwreck are delivered by S. Nicholas, he raised a dead man to life by the wayside, a Jew was baptized on the miraculous recovery of his money, a vase lost in the sea and a lost child also he recovered. O how great a saint did he appear when he gave cover in a famine. Sing therefore hymns in praise of Nicholas, for all who pray to him with earnest hearts will be cured of their vices.

which surrounded by a grill is said to have been miraculously brought hither from Myra, and is of a strange and lovely marble, is devoted as his shrine, the holiest spot in Bari and the true centre of the old city. It stands there the last remnant of Byzantium, the Greek Empire and the Greek Church. About this shrine that great council assembled in 1098 in which Urban II tried to settle the differences between the Greek and Latin Churches, and it was to commemorate this that the great episcopal throne in the Treasury was made, a very noble thing. For S. Nicholas was and is to the Greeks what S. Martin is to us, and now for near a thousand years the Church of Rome has honoured his name and sung in his honour some of the loveliest of her antiphones.

From the crypt one returns to wander round the church to look at the spoilt picture of Bartolommeo Vivarini, the Madonna enthroned with four saints, and to visit the tomb of the Duchess of Bari, Bona Sforza, Queen of Poland, with its Polish saints about it, Casimir and Stanislaus.

Little else remains: the ancient and disused church of S. Gregory, the chapel of the Greek Palace, which once stood where now rises the church of S. Nicholas, the Annunziata with its picture of the Madonna by Pietro da Cortona, and perhaps above all the old harbour, the true origin of Bari with its busy life so picturesque still, for all the modern improvements, the tall ships, the bearded sailors, the smell of the sea.

XIX

TERRA DI BARI

BITONTO, RUVO, CORATO, CASTEL DEL MONTE, ANDRIA, BARLETTA, TRANI, BISCEGLIE, AND MOLFETTA

THE vast province of Apulia, divided as it is into three major parts—the Terra d'Otranto in the south, a long peninsula, the heel of Italy with its capital at Lecce; the Terra di Bari, a vast and rolling country of long hills and broad and shallow valleys, whose chief city gives it its name; and the Tavoliere delle Puglie, the great low-lying plains of the north, which, as in the days of Strabo and Pliny, are still famous for their sheep—is not easy to see, for though its natural beauties are few it is filled everywhere with cities, each one of which seems to have something to boast of—a great castle or a noble church; and this is more especially true of the central province, the Terra di Bari.

For the exploration of this uplifted country of great rolling downs Bari is perhaps the best centre, for though the accommodation that great city offers the traveller is none of the best, it is infinitely better than that to be found elsewhere within the province, while all the railways—and in a country where the distances are so great it is necessary to use them—seem to meet in it.

It was not, however, by railway that we determined to set out one morning upon an excursion of three or four days to visit Bitonto and Andria and Barletta, but by

tram. The road lies across the low, rolling hills, everywhere planted with olives and almonds only too obviously utilitarian, to Bitonto, a curiously lonely city of some 30,000 inhabitants, which still retains its old walls and vast round-towered Castello, and boasts of the most beautiful Cathedral in Apulia. Of its vast antiquity there can be no doubt, its coins seeming to connect it with Greek Tarentum, but its sole interest for us to-day lies in its Cathedral, founded about the year 1200, and built upon the plan of S. Niccolò of Bari, which it outshines altogether in its richness of detail and better preservation. We have in it, indeed, one of the noblest examples of the Lombard-Byzantine style, a basilica of three aisles with galleries and arcades everywhere covered with sculpture and carving of the utmost delicacy and fancy, especially about its western and southern portals, the former of which has a glorious sculptured hood, supported by pillars resting upon gryphons. In window, door, and gallery, indeed, nothing can surpass the beauty of this great church in its own style.

Within are two splendid ambones, standing curiously enough on the same side of the nave, the larger of which bears the name of the priestly sculptor Nicolaus, Sacerdos et Magister, 1229. The holy water stoups are of the same period. And if the nave is thus glorified, what can be said of the crypt, its roof borne by twenty-four columns of marble with a profusion of wonderful carving? It easily surpasses any other in this part of Italy.

A charming Renaissance house with a graceful loggia in the town should not be missed.

One goes on through the pruned olives to Ruvo, famous for its wonderful Greek vases and *figurine*, for Ruvo is the ancient Rubi, to which Horace came so weary in the rain. But, in spite of the beauty of the vases, Ruvo ought to be much more famous for its glorious thirteenth-century Cathedral, which has, I think, the loveliest façade to be found in all Apulia. It is a magnificent Norman work

with a glorious rose window, a round-arched double window beneath it, and three portals surrounded with sculpture, that in the midst supported by columns of marble resting on the backs of monsters. The central nave is lofty, and the roofs of the aisles slope up to its height, giving a northern grace and beauty to the whole difficult to forget. Within are some interesting fifteenth-century frescoes. The town stands high, some 900 feet above the sea, a rude neglected place with nothing but its Cathedral and a fine Renaissance court in the Palazzo Spadato to recommend it; but the Cathedral is worth any trouble to see, the wonder being that it is not more famous.

The time-table of the tramway that had brought us so far and enabled us to visit Bitonto and Ruvo is so well arranged that it was possible to go on to Andria before dark, but we only got as far as Corato, a town twice as big as Ruvo, but without any attraction at all save this, that it affords the best starting-place from which to visit Frederick II's Castel del Monte upon the great hills to the west, Le Murge, as they are called, more than 1700 feet above the sea.

The road to this beautiful and lonely building is scarcely fit for a carriage, so rough is it; far better is it to go afoot over the huge stones, though it is not much less than twenty miles from Corato to Castel del Monte and back. The wide views of this strange country, so much more noble as seen in a great expanse than in detail, reward one as one goes, and the Hohenstaufen Castle is in itself a sufficient return for the journey. For it shines there in the sun like a rose, the colour of a Gloire de Dijon, built of the limestone of its own bare hills, a great octagon with a tower at each angle just topping the walls, and a great gate east and west, a ruin, but almost perfect and in utter loneliness.

Castel del Monte is a two-storied building built about an octagonal courtyard; its Gothic windows look within and without, and its chief gate of rosy marble supported by

marble columns resting upon lions looks all across the rolling and stony fields and olive yards of Apulia to the shining sea. Light and graceful as it is, it seems scarce strong enough to endure in so lonely a place the mere passage of time or to withstand the great winds of this vast country which lies beneath it like a sea whose huge rolling waves break about its feet. It is so desolate that it is hard to believe that the gay and learned Emperor who, like a true German, loved pomp above all things could have cared for such a place. Here perhaps he came with his Saracens to hunt or to meditate or to accuse himself, of which indeed he had much need, seeing that for so many years of his life he was excommunicate. His inexplicable figure haunts all this country, and is as curiously ambiguous as Castel del Monte itself. Who was ever hated and loved as he, save perhaps his own son Manfred? What is the truth about him? That he is become the hero of Protestant historians and writers is easy to understand, for he was the enemy of the Pope; but is it possible to see in him anything but a cultured barbarian without a sense of responsibility or any clairvoyance of past or future? I doubt it. That he was cruel we know, and that without measure: his crimes attest it. That he was a traitor to Christendom we more than half suspect. The mere fact that he faced Gregory IX and Innocent IV is not surely in itself a virtue, unless indeed anarchy and atheism are the proper goals of our civilization. Hear, then, this story of Castel del Monte. It was begun by the Emperor in 1238, and it seems that Frederick was anxious for its completion, for we hear that he sent one of his retainers to see when it would be finished, but he fell in love with a maid of Melfi and forgot to return, till he was sent for, when he reported that the place was scarce begun. Then Frederick in a rage sent for the builder, who rather than face him killed himself and all his family. At last Frederick, in spite of the bad roads, came himself and saw this great and splendid work, and furious with the lying lover dragged him himself by the hair of his head to the

top of the Castle and flung him down from the battlements to be eaten by the hawks that still wheel about the deserted tower. The story may be legend, but it is true to the character of the man who was guilty of every sort of atrocity and has been magnified into a hero by the modern world because he was an atheist, tolerated Jew and Mohammedan, and made war upon the Pope.

But the victims of Frederick's cruelty at Castel del Monte were to be avenged; for it was here the sons of Manfred, mere children, were imprisoned by Charles of Anjou. They seem to have been forgotten for some thirty years, for when they were remembered and delivered, or at least brought to Naples by Charles II, we hear of them as "clothed like beggars." How often must they have gazed out from the top of the old Castle as we may do to-day upon this arid and windy country, where the sun is master and one often prays for rain, to the free Adriatic shining there eastward, and the long, long coast from the mighty headland of Gargano with its shrine of S. Michael Archangel to Bari and beyond, or westward to the vast hills of the Basilicata, the wild hills of the South, and between, the purple cone of Monte Vulture as dead and immutable and forgotten as this nameless hill upon which their lives were passed. La Spia delle Puglie the Apulians call the Castle, but indeed it spies out nothing, for the world as seen from there is so vast that nothing can be seen in it but the rocks of which it is built and the sea, which seems to mock it shining in the sun. For everywhere one goes in this country one finds dryness and drought. Whether of old it was covered in its high places with forests now destroyed or whether the climate has changed from other causes, Apulia to-day is no longer the naturally fruitful land of which we read of old: it suffers everywhere from an aridity and a lack of rain that often threaten to make it utterly desolate. Everywhere it is stony, and these stones are gathered and piled into tent-like huts, which with the great cisterns for the storage of the

scanty waters are scattered all over Apulia, and are indeed its most characteristic features. It is partly, as I suspect, this scarcity of water which has made of Apulia a land of cities, a country without villages but with towns really huge, when one remembers the smallness of the total population of the province. In a forty-mile journey, for instance, you pass from Bari through a depopulated countryside with not less than five great cities: Bari itself, which has a population of about 74,000, Bitonto with over 29,000, Terlizza with over 23,000, Ruvo with 24,000, Corato with 38,000, Andria with 50,000. All the people live in the cities, and proceed to their work on the vast farms very early in the morning upon donkeys or mules or afoot, so that every city is noisy and dirty, the streets often impassable by reason of the crowds of people, beasts, and goats.

There is Andria, for instance, to which one descends by way of Corato from Castel del Monte, passing on the way the site of the Disfeda di Barletta, of which I shall speak later. Andria is a thickly populated place of 50,000, thousands of whom pour out of its destroyed walls to their fields every morning at sunrise, returning in the twilight; the place is a vast peasant city, the like of which no other province of Italy knows.

Andria itself is not a very attractive place. It seems to be little older than the Normans, and owes its fame to the Hohenstaufen, Frederick II especially liking it, and it him. It appears always to have been faithful to him, unlike Bari and other cities of his Puglia, which during his absence sided with the Pope. Frederick embellished Andria with many fine buildings, and was in acknowledgment greeted on his return from the Holy Land by five youths of Andria representing the city, who welcomed him with the following Latin hexameters:—

Rex felix Federici veni dux noster amatus
Est tuus adventus nobis super omnia gratus
Obses quinque tene, nostri piguamini amoris
Esse tecum volumis omnibus diebus et horis.

Frederick, who was a good poet, is said to have answered—

> Andria felix nostri affixa medullis
> Absit quod Fredericus sit tui muneris iners;
> Andria vale felix, omnisque gravaminis expers.

These verses, the *felix* changed to *fidelis*, were placed over one of the gates of the city, that of S. Andrea or dell' Imperatore, where they still may be seen.

There are several interesting churches in Andria; one of them, that of S. Agostino, is a thirteenth-century building, having a very noble doorway wonderfully carved, and having reliefs in the lunette under the slightly pointed arch, of S. Peter between two bishops, one of whom is perhaps S. Richard. This church Frederick II gave to the Templars in 1230, but after the suppression of the Order it came to the Augustinians in 1387.

But the best thing left to us in Andria is the Cathedral; this is dedicated to the English S. Richard, who is said to have come here in 492 "to bring light to them that sit in darkness." Without, before the palace of the Dukes of Andria, stands his statue in bronze. The church, however, of old a fine Gothic building, was transformed in 1463, and has been restored again and again. Little of its ancient splendour remains to it; even its tombs have been broken and carried away, so that we do not know any longer where to look for those, surely once splendid, monuments of Frederick II's two wives, Iolanthe of Jerusalem, and that Isabella of England who died at Foggia and was buried here in 1244. Perhaps the ruins of their tombs are in the crypt where, among much debris, are several graves, fragments of sculpture, and wall paintings.

The church of S. Domenico has been restored out of all recognition, but it boasts a splendid piece of sculpture of the fifteenth century, a bust of Francesco da Banco, perhaps by Laurana. The church of Porta Santa is a beautiful Renaissance building.

Apulia is famous for its rock-hewn churches, the most notable of which is that of S. Michele upon the lofty headland of Gargano ; but two not without interest are to be seen within two miles of Andria to the west of the city outside the Porta dell' Imperatore. The nearer of the two is that of S. Croce, where a few frescoes of the fifteenth century, rude things at best, still remain. The more imposing is more than a mile farther, the curious pilgrimage church of S. Maria dei Miracoli, which seems to be older than Andria itself, if one may judge by what is left of its wall paintings. Both are worth a visit. They served of old the Greek monks, who here found a refuge as they came out of the Terra d'Otranto fleeing from the Saracens.

From Andria it is but seven miles to Barletta, the railway and the sea. Upon the way, otherwise uninteresting enough, one crosses a "tratturo," one of those great grass highways, more common in the Tavoliere, a hundred yards broad, along which the vast herds of cattle and flocks of sheep pass from the winter pastures of Apulia to the summer lawns of the mountains of Calabria or Abruzzi.

Barletta itself has little to offer the traveller. It is an ancient and dirty city, of a similar character to Andria, but with something of a port, for it stands upon the sea. It boasts of a huge Castello, dating for the most part from the time of Charles v, a great Cathedral with a Norman campanile and western façade and a fourteenth-century choir and lovely pierced marble windows; but otherwise is spoiled by rebuilding and restoration. It contains a notable and lovely picture, the Madonna della Vittoria, the only signed work of Paolo de' Serafini da Modena, a picture of the early fifteenth century. The spoiled Gothic church of S. Sepolcro in the Corso and the church of S. Andrea near the harbour having a thirteenth-century doorway and a fine picture of the Madonna and Child with saints by Alvise Vivarini, dated 1483, should also

be visited. Close to the sea, too, is the fine baroque palace of Frangianni—La Maria, with a loggia opening on the water.

Close to the church of S. Sepolcro stands the most extraordinary of the city's antiquities, a colossal bronze statue of the Emperor Heraclius, fourteen feet high, which it is said he designed for the church of S. Michele in Gargano; but the ship which brought it to Italy was wrecked in the Adriatic, and the statue was only discovered in the sand off Barletta in 1469, when it was restored and set up here. It is a curiously ineffective work to come from Constantinople in the seventh century.

Barletta is famous for two episodes in the history of Italy which took place within her territory. The first was the proclamation within the city by Frederick II of his successors, his sons Henry and Conrad, upon his departure for the Holy Land, where in the church of the Holy Sepulchre he crowned himself King of Jerusalem. The second was the famous tournament of 1503, which took place, however, between Andria and Corato. In the wars of Louis IV and Ferdinand of Aragon, Barletta was besieged by the Duc de Nemours and defended by Gonzalvo de Cordova. Italian, not Spanish, chivalry had sunk to a low ebb, and spurred on by the taunts of the Spaniards the Italian knights challenged the French to a great tournament, thirteen a side. The Italians naturally claim the victory, and it seems that the French allow that at the first shock seven of their knights were overthrown; they claim, however, that the rest fought so bravely that the judges—French, Italian, and Spanish—declared a drawn battle. The site of the combat is known to-day as the Epitaffo, for there, eighty years after the encounter, the Duke Ferrante Carracciolo, Prefect of the Terra di Bari, set up a monument to commemorate the affair. It bears a long inscription in Latin.

From Barletta we turned southward along the coast

towards Bari, and came first to Trani, which is worth any trouble to see. The town seemed cleaner than most of those in the Terra di Bari, and it boasts of one of the noblest Cathedrals in Apulia. This mighty church is magnificently situated on a hill above the sea. It is a Norman work begun in 1169, and its western façade upon a platform reached by a double flight of steps north and south, and the arched campanile, remain to us from that time, as do the glorious bronze doors founded by Barisano of Trani in 1179. Within, the church is for the most part ruined by restoration, but its vast crypt of 1100 and the older one of S. Lucius, dating from 670, remain. The other churches, S. Andrea, the Ognissanti, S. Giacomo, and S. Francesco, are interesting, the first two chiefly on account of the antique columns and fragments which they possess, while in the Ognissanti too is a fine Norman relief of the Annunciation, and S. Giacomo and S. Francesco retain still their old façades, the latter being a Byzantine building under three domes. The Castello, now a prison, dates from the time of Frederick II, and is worth inspection. But the whole town is so gracious in spite of modern improvements that a whole day is not too much to give to it, lingering in the old churches, or about the harbour, or lounging in the pretty public gardens by the sea.

If the night be spent in Trani, which possesses more than one very fair albergo, there will be plenty of time to visit Bisceglie and Molfetta on the way back to Bari on the morrow. Both, like Barletta and Trani, are great towns of between thirty and forty thousand inhabitants. The former, Bisceglie, should be visited chiefly for the sake of the lovely canopied fourteenth-century tombs of the Falconi in S. Magherita ; but it has too a Cathedral and two huge towers of a castle built by Frederick II. Molfetta has large remains of its old walls, a great church with two campaniles and three cupolas, once a Cathedral dating from the fourteenth century.

XX

LE MURGE

WE left Bari a few days later, going by Modugno and Bitteto, the latter of which has a fine late Gothic Cathedral of the fourteenth century, to Gioja del Colle, some thirty miles due south of Bari on the confines of the Terra d'Otranto in the direct line between Bari and Taranto.

Gioja del Colle is a town of some 20,000 inhabitants, chiefly remarkable for its magnificent Castello built by Frederick II in 1230 to guard the great pass to the south here on the road from Bari to Taranto. This consists of huge square towers, very regularly built of enormous stones something after the manner of the Florentine palaces, joined by great walls similarly constructed. Of all Frederick's castles this is the most northern in style; indeed, certain bizarre details, in the windows especially, which are curiously corniced with marble, suggest German work, or at least that to be found in the church of the Virgin at Cologne.

Nothing else worth seeing remains in this busy city of peasants, and the traveller who has arrived by the midday train from Bari may set out again for Altamura in the middle of the afternoon.

Altamura, a city of about the same size as Gioja, is a far more beautiful place. To begin with, it stands high, some 1500 feet over the sea, and is entirely surrounded still by its mediæval walls, to which indeed it owes its name, or rather to those most ancient fortifications, traces

of which still remain, which the mediæval walls supplanted. Altamura is obviously of very great antiquity, owing its foundation, according to the local legend, to the Myrmidones after their return from the Trojan War. The place was more than once overthrown in the Dark Age by earthquake and by the Saracens, but was rebuilt by Frederick II, who there gathered the Greeks scattered through the Terra d'Otranto and established a university. The place seems to have been a sort of refuge, for we find that the Jews there had a synagogue and a ghetto.

It is indeed to Frederick II that Altamura owes all its value and beauty. He it was who in 1232 founded the glorious Cathedral which was in great part destroyed by earthquake in 1316, but which in some sort nevertheless we still see, in spite of the most dreadful recent restorations. Originally modelled upon the church of S. Nicola of Bari, the Cathedral of Altamura, a Palatinate sanctuary, is a Basilica of three naves. The western façade is especially fine, with its windowed twin towers, its glorious rose and magnificent canopied entrance supported by marble pillars resting on the backs of lions and approached by a flight of steps. Over the central door in the lunette is a fine relief of the Madonna and Child with two adoring angels, and all round the door winds the tree of Jesse, surrounded again by marvellous reliefs, the lowest of which represent on either side the Annunciation. This doorway dates from the time of Robert the Wise. Nor are the windows with their beautiful pillars and exquisite tracery less lovely. Within, the trifore are beautiful, and the sixteenth-century ambone with its lovely reliefs of the life of our Lord is a work of art hard to match in Apulia, where works of this sort and of this time are curiously rare. The fine pavement in the choir should be noticed.

The accommodation to be had at the inns of Altamura is not worthy of the city. We spent a wretched night there, and were glad to go on at nine o'clock the next morning to Gravina.

Gravina, a walled city of some 18,000 souls, stands over a bare ravine crossed by a lofty double bridge. In the tufa of this *burrone* are innumerable caves where the Greek monks of old found refuge. Of the same origin is the church of S. Michele, a huge cavern, the walls and pillars of which have been excavated from the tufa.

Gravina, however, is chiefly worth a visit for the sake of its tremendous ruined Castello, a building restored from time to time, but dating originally from the reign of Frederick II, and for the remarkable baroque church of S. Maria delle Grazie, near the station. This church has an amazing façade, blazoned upon which over its beautiful rose window we see an immense heraldic eagle, while below are the three towers of Castile. A few other buildings in the town are worth notice, especially the old Palazzo Orsini, to which family Altamura belonged in the fifteenth century.

From Gravina we went on through Spinazzola and Palazzo to Venosa, in the Basilicata, Horace's Venusia—"A little town I may not name in verse, but I can easily describe it: here is sold water, the commonest of all things, but the bread is so excellent that the traveller who knows the road carries it on his shoulder a stage further. . . ." This is a most picturesque place, largely built of ancient materials covered with Roman inscriptions, some two miles from the railway, standing high over a wide ravine under the distant peaks of Monte Vulture, and crowned by its ancient abbey church and fifteenth-century castle. Here Horace was born on December 8, 65 B.C., the son of a freedman who possessed a small property here and filled the office of collector, and devoted his whole leisure to the education of his son, whom, when about twelve years old, he carried to Rome. The fabulous, though ancient Casa di Orazio stands upon the road to Venosa from the station. But it was not altogether for Horace's sake we had come to Venosa, but rather for that of Robert Guiscard, who with his first wife, Alterada, the mother of Bohemund,

whom he divorced and who long outlived him, lies in the monastic church of S. Trinità built by him in 1059 largely with the stones of the old Roman amphitheatre and other ancient debris covered with inscriptions. There the great man lies in the silence of this country place, within the shadow of these tremendous mountains.

I protest that in spite of one's childhood, full of Horace, it is not of the little Roman poet, but of that great Norman soldier, one thinks in Venosa, as one passes about its picturesque ways from the ruined and unfinished Cluniac church to S. Trinità and up to the fifteenth-century Castle of Piero del Balzo.

That unfinished church was begun by Robert Guiscard in 1065 as a mausoleum for his house. The plan is wholly French, and was indeed designed by a monk of the Cluniac priory of Paray le Monial; no Italian architect could have conceived it at that time. But when Robert died it was unfinished, and it was never afterwards completed. It is now a sort of garden full of vines and fig trees. It is evident that Robert meant it to take the place of the Trinità before which it stands, and that upon its completion that church would have been destroyed, as happened in fact at Winchester and Wells. It is interesting to see the Norman methods actually in course of operation as we may do here, for time has in this far place preserved them as Robert left them in the midst of his work, even as the ashes of Vesuvius have preserved for us the Pompeii of the first century. And so it is that Robert Guiscard and his first wife—she whom he repudiated for political reasons, though he seems to have loved her—and Drogon, his elder half-brother, lie in the rude old church of S. Trinità instead of in the glorious Norman church he designed to hold his tomb, and those of all his house.

This Benedictine church, which has been restored so often, and indeed wholly transformed, remained with the monks throughout Norman times ; but Charles of Anjou gave it to the Templars, and upon the suppression of their Order it

came into the hands of the Knights of S. John. Apart from the Norman, tombs, however, it has little to offer us. The Norman possesses you in Venosa indeed to the exclusion of everything else. These little tough men, who were like steel when all the rest of us were like wood, haunt the mind, and at last because we could not escape them we set out about six o'clock one morning for Melfi, a journey of about two hours in the public automobile, where Pope Nicholas II in 1059, moved by the great mind of Hildebrand, invested Robert Guiscard their Count and leader, with the Duchies of Apulia and Calabria.

For more than a quarter of a century, in the year 1041, the Norman had been fighting in the South in the pay of the Lombard Princes of Salerno and Capua, of the Dukes of Naples, or the Abbot of Monte Cassino. Already Rainulf had received and founded the fortress of Aversa, with which the Prince of Salerno had invested him, giving him the title of Count. But in Apulia, whither it will be remembered they had first been called by Melo of Bari, the Normans had done nothing since their defeat at Cannæ in 1019. Their position thus seemed to be permanently a dependent one; that it became on the contrary paramount through all the South was due to a new adventure.

There was living at this time at Coutances in Normandy an old knight named Tancred de Hauteville, who had won fame in the wars of Robert, Duke of Normandy, the father of William the Conqueror. He lived in his castle of Hauteville surrounded by his family of twelve sons. Too poor to leave each a patrimony worthy of his birth, he encouraged three of them—William of the Iron Arm, Drogon, and Humphrey—to seek their fortunes in the South. These three young men set out with their companions and followers and entered the pay of Guaimar, Prince of Salerno; but in the hope of booty they soon passed into the more adventurous service of the Byzantine Emperor, then suzerain of Apulia, Basilicata, and Calabria. At that time the Catapan Georgios Maniakis was preparing an

expedition against the Arabs of Sicily. Often before the Byzantines had lured the Norman captains into their service, and Maniakis was following a well-worn precedent in engaging the three sons of Tancred. They and their Normans bore the brunt of the Sicilian campaign, William of the Iron Arm killing the Arab chief with his own hand; but when they claimed their share of the spoil they were refused. Therefore they set sail, crossed the Straits of Messina, and in the depth of winter crossed the snow mountains of Calabria and Basilicata, entering Apulia at last triumphant. To their standard flocked every discontented interest in the South, Ardoin and the Lombards, the Normans of Aversa, and those in the service of Salerno and of Monte Cassino. They marched directly upon Melfi, then the greatest Greek stronghold in Apulia after Bari. Led by Ardoin, they appeared as liberators, offering freedom. Upon Ardoin's appeal the gates were opened to them and they were received in triumph. Henceforth they possessed an almost impregnable fortress in the heart of the South. Their audacious adventure had succeeded; in truth they had that day founded a kingdom.

Melfi indeed was not alone in opening her gates; her example was soon followed by the greater part of the neighbouring towns, and when at length the Greeks appeared to turn them out, the Greeks were broken. With their amazing success, however, discord appeared among them. Ardoin, without whom they could not have succeeded, was a patriotic Lombard who wished to re-establish the independence of his people and to reconstitute in Apulia a Lombard principality similar to those of Capua and Salerno. This, of course, did not chime with the Norman plans. They had formed the very front of victory, had paid for it often dearly enough, and now in possession of the country they determined to keep it. William, therefore, broke with Ardoin, and thenceforth acted as a conqueror. In 1043 the Normans met at Melfi and divided their conquest. Each of their twelve counts

became the lord of a city, while the knights held each a castle in fief. They elected as their chief and lord William of the Iron Arm, who was proclaimed "Count of the Normans in Apulia," and Melfi became his capital.

But the feudal system, as we know, did not admit of possession without an overlord, one held always from a superior, and therefore the Normans, if their government was to be legal and enduring, needed such moral support to face the Greeks, who were already concentrating all their efforts against them. So the Normans sought a suzerain and a lord. In 1043 we see them turn to Guaimar of Salerno, in 1047 to the Emperor Henry II, in 1053 to Pope Leo IX; but their position remained precarious.

In 1047 William of the Iron Arm died, and his brother Drogon was elected in his place; but he was assassinated in 1051 at Montolio, this being the first sign of a vast conspiracy of Lombards and Greeks against the Normans in which many perished. Humphrey was elected to fill Drogon's place, and, having buried his brother at Venosa, he re-established for a time the Norman name by his great victory at Civita; but a few years later the revolution broke out again, this time against Robert Guiscard, the sixth son of Tancred de Hauteville, who in 1047, upon the death of William, had joined his half-brother in the South, and in 1059, upon the death of Humphrey, was elected Count in prejudice of the latter's children, for he was a great soldier.

The election of Robert Guiscard, however, divided the Normans against themselves at the very moment when the Emperors of the East and West had joined together with the Pope against them, while all Apulia was in insurrection. The Norman power in the South seemed about to collapse; that it did not do so we owe to the genius of Hildebrand.

The mighty figure of the son of the carpenter of Soana in Tuscany, a Cluniac monk, later a Cardinal, and finally Pope under the title of Gregory VII, towered over all that

world of the eleventh century. Already as Cardinal under Nicholas II he directed the policy of the Papacy. To realize his dream of emancipating the Papacy from the supremacy of the Empire he needed a military power at his elbow. He saw that the Normans of Apulia alone were able thus to arm him, and in a moment he changed the direction of the whole Papal policy. Entering into secret negotiations with Robert Guiscard in the beginning of 1059, he went in person to Melfi, where he held a council with the object of reconciling the Normans with the Church, and there drew up the articles which for many centuries formed the basis of political law in the South. Under his direction Nicholas II gave full absolution to the Normans, accorded Robert the title of Hereditary Duke of Apulia and Calabria, with Pontifical Investiture of all the lands held in these provinces, and full authorization to take what was not yet taken from the Greeks and Lombards and Arabs in Italy and Sicily. In return Robert Guiscard pledged himself and his successors as lieges of the Roman Church, engaged to pay an annual tribute to the Holy See, and to fight for the Church whenever called upon. And thus two birds were killed with one stone; for the Papal Investiture gave the Normans the legal and moral position they had hitherto lacked against the claims of Lombards, Greeks, and Arabs, and was equally powerful against the claims of the sons of Humphrey. The first was confirmed when in 1060 the Greeks threatened the whole country with the most dangerous invasion that the Normans had yet had to meet; it was utterly defeated, and Robert proceeded to new victories. The second never again lifted up its head.

But with the extension of the power of Robert Guiscard Melfi was deposed from its high estate. When the Norman found himself in possession of Salerno he there established his capital, but Melfi, nevertheless, did not lose its importance all at once. In 1089 Urban II assembled there a Council, and Robert's successor, Roger, not only resided

in, but embellished, the city, which remained a great place and became a favourite summer residence of Frederick II. There indeed in 1231 the Emperor promulgated his famous code of laws compiled by his Chancellor, Pietro delle Vigne.

As we see it to-day, however, Melfi recalls these her great days far less than might be expected. The city stands under lonely Monte Vulture, some 2000 feet above the sea, and boasts of some 13,000 inhabitants. It was in our father's time far more picturesque than it is to-day, for the earthquake of 1851 destroyed the greater part of the city. The mighty, if ruined, castle of the Normans, however, remains for the most part a work of the eleventh century, though disfigured by spoliation, ruin, and additions. It was here Drogon and Humphrey ruled, here Robert Guiscard imprisoned his first wife Alberade, when he repudiated her to marry for political reasons the sister of the Prince of Salerno. Little, however, of the twelfth-century Cathedral is left to us, though we may still see there in strange and fiery mosaic the heraldic lions of the Normans; but the ramparts of the town are but fragmentary, and only one of the gates of the time of Frederick II, the Porta Venosa, remains. Indeed, the most interesting and the most beautiful thing left to us in Melfi has nothing to do with the Normans. It is a lovely antique sarcophagus, now in the Municipio, with splendid reliefs all about it, an almost unique treasure which, according to Lenormant, can scarcely be matched in Rome itself.

Altogether Melfi was disappointing; picturesque as its situation is, under the pyramidal cones of Monte Vulture, it is lacking in beauty, and, were it not for the great scene which took place there in the eleventh century, it would not be worth a visit.

From Melfi we returned by automobile to Venosa, and thence set out by train, passing again through Spinazzola to Minervino and Canosa. Minervino has nothing to offer the traveller save its wonderful situation more than

1200 feet over the sea—it is known as the Balcone delle Puglie—its old towered walls and Castello; but a man might spend a week in Canosa without exhausting its interest.

Canosa stands on the northern slope of the hills, to the south of the valley of the Ofanto. This river, the ancient Aufidus, is the principal river of Apulia, and is peculiar in this, that it traverses almost the whole breadth of the peninsula, rising not twenty-five miles from Salerno on the Tyrrhene, and flowing into the Adriatic Sea. It is in winter and spring still the violent and impetuous stream of which Horace speaks—

> Dicar, qua violens obstrepit Aufidus
> Et qua pauper aquæ Daunas agrestium
> Regnavit populorum ex humili potens
> Princeps Aeolium carmen ad Italos
> Deduxisse modos.

But in summer its wide bed seems but another "tratturo," a vast, bare sheep-walk with the like of which this country is so often traversed, and we can therefore well understand Silius Italicus when, in describing the battle of Cannæ, he speaks of the "stagnant Aufidus."

Canusium, situated upon the low hills to the south of this stream, is only 15 miles from Barletta and the sea by road, but the river in its many windings runs twice as far between the city and its mouth. It stood upon the high road between Beneventum and Brundusium. It was an Apulian city, and its first and indeed only great appearance in Roman history was after the victory of Hannibal at Cannæ, seven miles away towards the sea, when, faithful as it was to Rome, it afforded a refuge for the broken remnants of the Roman army, receiving the fleeing troops with the utmost hospitality and kindness. It was a few years later the scene of a battle in which Sulla defeated Caius Norbanus; but it never played a great part in the history of the Republic except upon the occasion I have mentioned, perhaps chiefly on account of its scarcity of water, though

it stood upon the greatest river of Apulia. This misfortune was remedied by Herodus Atticus, who built the great aqueduct, some remains of which we may still see.

In the Dark Ages Canosa suffered severely from the Lombards and Saracens, to whom and to the Normans it owes nevertheless almost all that to-day makes it worth a visit.

The city we see is, as I have said, set upon a low hill. This was probably the acropolis of the ancient city whose vast walls are spoken of by Strabo, and whose remains here and there we may still find, as well as the meagre ruins of a large amphitheatre and a Roman gate or Triumphal Arch, Porta Varrense, beside the Cerignola road, along which, farther on, we come to the Roman bridge over the Ofanto. But the real delight of Canosa is the mediæval city, the Castello, the Cathedral of S. Sabino and its treasures, among which is the tomb of Bohemund.

At a first glance the Cathedral seems to be much less interesting—indeed, a much later building than in fact it is. But presently one discovers that this great church is a Byzanto-Norman work of the eleventh century under five domes, the old pavement now several feet below the level of the street.

Within are several old columns, a fine crypt with the choir above it, where stands supported by two elephants the glorious episcopal chair made by Romualdus in the end of the eleventh century, carved with eagles and various bands of ornament, and duly inscribed. In the nave, just without the sanctuary, is a splendid pulpit of the twelfth century, one of the finest works of the time left to us in Apulia.

But after all the greatest wonder the church can boast is the tomb of Bohemund. This is in a south court, reached from the south aisle. It is a curiously Oriental mausoleum sadly broken and damaged, having bronze doors by Ruggero of Melfi.

It will be remembered that upon the death of Robert

Guiscard, Roger and Bohemund, his two sons, both claimed to succeed him. It was Pope Urban II and Hildebrand who supported Roger, though he was the younger, in the possession of the Duchy of Apulia and Calabria, constituting the Terra d'Otranto into a principality for Bohemund, whose capital was Lecce.

This arrangement was secured by the first Crusade, which called Bohemund out of Italy and in which he became Prince of Antioch and was twice taken prisoner, only returning to Apulia to raise men and money. It was upon his second return that he died in 1110, and was buried not in his principality, but here at Canosa, and in a fashion almost Oriental, in a tomb that has no fellow in Europe—a vast rectangular *cella* surmounted by a pyramid upon which is set an octagonal drum supporting a slender cupola. All is of white marble closed by bronze gates, altogether Byzantine, the work of Ruggero of Melfi or, as Lenormant claims, of Amalfi.[1] They bear a long and pompous Latin inscription. Within lie the disturbed bones of him of whom his mother boasts still at Venosa—

> Guiscardi conjux Alberada hac conditur arca
> Si genitum quares, hunc Canusium habet.

From Canosa along the line to Barletta, which follows the valley of the Ofanto, the road going more directly over the rolling low hills, it is but a few miles to the great battlefield of Cannæ, the third and last of the great victories of Hannibal, won upon August 2, 216 B.C.

Hannibal, it seems, had seized Cannæ in the early summer. The town had been destroyed in the previous year, but the citadel remained, and there the Romans had large stores, all of which fell into the Carthaginian's hands. Making his camp in the neighbourhood, he occupied the citadel of Cannæ and marked the advance of the Roman generals,

[1] The gates are not at all like those at Amalfi or indeed any others known to us. They are not properly of bronze, but consist of bronze plates upon wooden gates.

Paulus and Varro. These had received orders to risk a general engagement. They came up on the south side of the Aufidus, the same side as that of the town, and there established a large camp, at the same time building a smaller camp to the north of the now stagnant stream. Upon August 2, Varro crossed the river from the larger camp and, joining his forces with those in the smaller encampment, faced about south to meet the enemy, who crossed the river to find him. The battle was thus fought upon the north bank of the river, where, by Cannæ, it bends suddenly southward, forming a great peninsula thrusting due south. The Roman force consisted of some 80,000 foot, half burgesses, half allies, and some 6000 cavalry, only 2000 of which were burgesses. Hannibal, on the contrary, while he had 10,000 cavalry, had but 40,000 foot. As it happened, the scene of the fight conferred upon him an advantage which his genius knew how to use; the plain of Apulia was exactly fitted to the use of cavalry, and it was the ever-charging cavalry which broke the Romans. They tried to flee, but could not, quarter was not granted them; they were annihilated. Even a large part of the ten thousand they had left to garrison their camp was made prisoner; only a few thousand escaped to Canusium. Varro, however, rode into Venusia, and was not ashamed to survive. Hannibal lost only 6000 men, but 4000 of these were Gauls. It was perhaps for him a dearer victory than he knew, or we have realized. Yet at evening it must have seemed as though an end had been made of Rome.

In the same way, men must have thought, though with far more excuse, that an end had been made of the Norman adventure when in the same field the Byzantines broke those warriors whom Melo had brought into the South in 1019 — how falsely in both cases we know and rejoice to remember.

XXI

LE TAVOLIERE—FOGGIA, TROIA, LUCERA

FROM Barletta one morning we started by train for Foggia, the capital of the great plain of Apulia, the Tavoliere delle Puglie, the vast tableland which is the third and most northern division of Apulia, once a huge sheep pasture supporting not less than four and a half million sheep and still boasting flocks which altogether number some half a million. These flocks come down from the highlands in October along the *tratturi* or broad sheep-walks that are so noticeable a feature of this tableland, which grows little else but grass and is quite empty of trees since its soil is but thinly strewn over the limestone rock which everywhere brutally protrudes from it.

As one comes out of Barletta one looks northward across this vast and flat country to the abrupt heights of the great Promontory of Gargano. Passing Trinitapoli and Ortanova on the southern edge of this plain, the line proceeds right across it to Foggia in its midst, passing indeed, and that at some distance, but one town of any interest on the way—Cerignola—upon the higher ground to the south. This is one of the most ancient towns in Apulia, though to look upon it to-day one might think it a creation of our own time, even the Cathedral being an entirely modern building—indeed, in course of construction. But in the principal street is an ancient Roman milestone marking the eighty-first mile from Brindisi, and certain ruins remain also of the mediæval Castle. The place is scarcely worth a visit, but that it bears witness to the transforma-

tion of all this country by modern methods of agriculture which are fast turning the better and higher parts of this ancient pasture land into vineyards and olive plantations.

Foggia itself, the centre and capital of all this country, is a large and dirty town of low white houses very Oriental in appearance, having often terraces upon their roofs, which has preserved very few memories of her long history chiefly owing to the fact that she has so often been destroyed by earthquake, more especially in 1731.

The curiously parvenu-looking city was the successor of Arpi, a few vestiges of whose ruins remain about five miles to the north, which in ancient times was the capital of all this country. The period of its destruction, like the cause of it, is hidden from us, but that Foggia was its daughter we cannot doubt. She appears first under the domination of the Byzantines, then of the Saracens, and then of the Normans, under whom and under the Hohenstaufen she reached her greatest splendour, a major nodal point in all the strategy of the various wars of the South, dominating all the southern roads as she does to-day the railways of Apulia, herself the great central market of these vast pastures. For these reasons Frederick II made the city his headquarters, building there and apparently himself designing a noble palace, all trace of which save an arch, now part of a private house and a great well, has vanished. Upon a stone from the façade of the palace now built into the arch we read three inscriptions, the first of which runs—

HOC FIERI JUSSIT FREDERICUS CÆSAR UT URBS SIT
FOGGIA REGALIS SEDES INCLITA IMPERIALIS.

The second gives us the name of the architect, while suggesting that the design was the Emperor's—

SIC CESAR FIERI JUSSIT OPUS ISTUM PROTO
(magister) BARTHOLOMEUS SIC CONSTRUXIT LLLUD.

In the third we find the date—

A. AB INCARNATIONE MCCXXIII M JUNII XI IND
R. DNON. FREDERICO IMPERATORE R. SEP. AUG A III ET
REGE SICILIE A XXVI HOC OPUS FELICITER INCEPTUM.

The palace thus begun in 1223 and finished in 1225 became a favourite residence with the Emperor; not a year passed but he was in residence there, and there in 1241 died his third wife, Isabel of England, who lies in the crypt of the Cathedral of Andria beside Frederick's second wife, Iolanthe.

But the really interesting thing about this palace is the fact that if the Emperor designed it, as he may well have done, and as the inscription certainly suggests he did, it was built by Bartolommeo da Foggia, who was the father of that Nicolao who in 1272 built the wonderful ambone of Ravello, and whose work we almost certainly find again in the crypt of the Cathedral here, sadly spoilt though the whole building is. In the capitals of those four columns of red marble there we surely see the very hand of the builder of the Ravello ambone. As for the Cathedral itself, only the façade remains of the Norman church of 1179.

Foggia is said to derive its name from the Foreæ, or fosse di grano, where the citizens stored their grain grown once, as it will be again, upon the great plains in the midst of which the city stands. Perhaps the most interesting, certainly the most curious, sight in Foggia is the vast Piazza delle Fosse where the grain is still stored.

The three cities which stand on the last of the high land on the verge of the plain to the west of Foggia are all of them of considerable interest. The most southern of these, Troia, some fifteen miles from Foggia, lies upon the top of a long roll of bare down on the site of the ancient Apulian city of Ælcæ, where Fabius built his camp when he was carefully following Hannibal after Trasimeno. The Carthaginians had marched on Apulia

hoping to find allies and to open communications again with Carthage. In both they were successful, and we read that in 216 B.C., the year after the battle of Cannæ, Æcæ opened her gates to them to be retaken two years later by the Romans. We know nothing more of Æcæ save that it was utterly destroyed during the barbarian invasions of the fifth century, and was a mere ruin when in 1018 Basilios Bojoannis, perhaps the greatest Byzantine after the time of Belisarius and Narses that ever appeared in Italy, was Catapan at Bari. His object was to oppose the progress of Melo and the Normans whom he had brought into the South. With this object he built on the site of Æcæ a new town, which not without a memory of Latin traditions and Greek poetry he called Troia. This he strongly fortified, established there a bishopric, and filled it with Byzantines. At the same time he called to his standard for the defence of the place certain Norman knights who had been in the service of the Count of Ariano. This band entered Troia in 1019 to oppose their compatriots. Beaten at Cannæ, Melo and the Norman chief quitted Italy to call the Emperor Henry II to their aid against the Byzantines. In this they were successful. Henry II appeared, laid siege to Troia, but could not take it. For shame he would not raise the siege however, till, reading his mind, it obtained what it desired by strategy. Out of the city came a procession of children led by a monk bearing a cross and singing Kyrie Eleison, and thus imploring mercy. The Emperor was moved, and seized the opportunity to receive the nominal surrender of the city, which he could not take by force.

In 1059 Robert Guiscard, however, appeared before Troia, with which the Pope had invested him at the Council of Melfi. He was not at first successful, but gained possession of the place in the following year, and there built a great Castello to hold it. In 1097 Troia was destroyed, or almost destroyed, by fire, but was quickly

rebuilt and soon became a very notable and prosperous place. When Duke William came to die in 1127 the prosperity of the Troians encouraged them to regain something of their lost independence. But though the Pope was ready to accord them much of their desire, Roger presently appeared, and after laying siege to Troia was admitted.

With the passing of the Normans, however, Troia began to decline. Frederick preferred Foggia and Lucera, and by the time the Angevins were firmly seated in the Kingdom Troia, whose fortifications they had overthrown, was little more than a small provincial city, no longer fortified.

It is this sudden decline of Troia which has conserved for us the considerable and interesting buildings which the town still possesses.

The earliest building in the city is the church of S. Basilio, a small plain erection without exterior ornament in the form of a Latin cross with a small apse and a Byzantine cupola over the transepts. This was the first cathedral, and was built in the eleventh century.

The present Cathedral of S. Maria Assunta is a very different affair. This is one of the noblest buildings in all the Capitanata. Its noble façade, reached by a double flight of steps from the Piazza, belongs in its lower part to the late eleventh century, while its upper part, with its splendid rose window, has been at least restored in the thirteenth. Within we see a basilica of three naves with a single apse, and before the choir a long transept, all unfortunately vilely painted and spoilt in 1831. The church as a whole, however, was begun in 1093. In 1030 Pope John XIX had accorded to the bishopric of Troia the privilege of depending only upon the Holy See. From that time the people of Troia desired to build a new cathedral worthy of their privileges, and in 1093 the Bishop began the work. But the true builder of the Cathedral of Troia was not this man, but Guillaume Bigot, his successor, a

Norman who gave largely of his own wealth and obtained more from the Duke William. It is to Bishop Guillaume that really all that is finest in the church is due—the glorious façade, the great doors of bronze by Oderisus of Benevento ; but the ambone in the nave comes from the old cathedral S. Basilio.

No one who comes to Foggia should omit to visit Troia ; nor should he who sees Troia fail to visit Lucera, which lies not much more than twelve miles due west of Foggia and not quite so far north of Troia.

If Troia is full of the Norman, Lucera remembers only Frederick of Hohenstaufen and his Saracens. Indeed, Lucera, which stands some 700 feet over the arid plain under its ruined castle on an island of hills, has by far the most interesting history of any town in Capitanata. To begin with, its site, this island of hills with a steep escarpment north and west, sloping gently south and east, was designed by nature for a fortress of the first order, and from time immemorial indeed we see here a fortified town. No doubt it had played a great part in the history of Apulia before, in 326 B.C., during the Second Samnite War, the Samnites besieged the place, when in marching to relieve it the Romans were caught in the Caudine Forks, and Luceria, as it was then called, fell. But when at last the Romans established themselves in Luceria they not only understood its importance but found no more faithful city in all this country. Hannibal longed for it in vain, and the fact that it never came into his hands had a capital effect upon the war. We know little of Luceria thereafter during the Roman time ; Strabo tells us, indeed, that it was declining in importance in his day, but it survived the barbarian invasions, and was a rich town under the Lombards and one of their chief strongholds. But in 663 the Byzantine Emperor Constans II took it and almost entirely destroyed it, and so it remained in ruin for near six hundred years.

It was indeed just a ruin that Frederick II found there in

1223, the year in which he built his palace in Foggia. He had just broken the revolted Saracens of Sicily, and thinking it imprudent to leave them in the Val di Mazzara, where they had such long traditions of independence and where they could so easily be succoured from Africa, and at the same time wishing to use their industry and strength, he decided to transplant them to Lucera, Girofalco, and Acerenza, but principally to Lucera, where he built a vast fortress in which they lived separate from the Christian population of the town, which, since that was but a ruin, must have been small.

After a revolt in 1226 the Saracens accepted their fate, and soon became by far the most eagerly loyal of all the Emperor's subjects. Each and all of them were warriors, and during twenty years they formed the front and nucleus of Frederick's armies, and the fortress of Lucera, finished in 1227, was his principal stronghold in the Adriatic provinces.

It was natural that the Pope should always look with disapproval upon the presence of this Mohammedan force in Italy, though it is certain that the Normans employed a Saracen bodyguard long before Frederick's time. However, this was a different thing; and to satisfy the Pope, Frederick permitted the Franciscans to enter Lucera and to preach there—of course without success, for Frederick refused to assist in any way, nor would he offer any reward or advantage to those who became Christians, which to our day, as sceptical as Frederick, may seem but just, but to a Christian time and people sounded and sounds like treason. Frederick, however, looked for no reconciliation with the head of the Christian world; and in his struggle with the Papacy he was only able to depend upon troops for whom ecclesiastical anathemas and excommunications had no meaning; rather they felt that in fighting the Catholic Pontiff they did Allah service. Things, however, were not favouring Frederick, and in 1239 he concentrated all his Saracens at Lucera, increased their numbers from Sicily, gave them—for they now numbered some 60,000—all the

town, so that it came to be called Lucera Saracenorum, and himself went from Foggia to live among them like a Mohammedan, dressing like the "Sultan" of Lucera, as he was called, and providing himself with a rich and numerous harem guarded by eunuchs. This was the Christian Emperor, the hero of Protestant historians and all the enemies of the Catholic Church! No wonder the Pope thundered; but Frederick was safe in his harem, surrounded by troops who spat upon the Christ in whose name he had sworn to govern Christendom.

After the Emperor's death, indeed, Innocent IV attempted to join the Saracen army to his cause, and even succeeded in buying its chief; but the Arabs would not follow, and when Manfred fled to them they hailed him as king and won him his kingdom, when fortune forsook him, falling in thousands upon the field of Benevento.

But when Manfred was no more the Saracens of Lucera submitted themselves to Charles of Anjou, though when Conradin appeared they re-erected his standard, and Lucera became the hope of all the Ghibellines in the South. And when Conradin had failed and Charles again appeared before Lucera the Saracens refused to surrender the city and were only reduced by starvation. The town fell upon August 15, 1269, the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, in whose honour Charles built on the site of the principal mosque, which stood where of old had been a cathedral, a great new church dedicated to S. Maria Assunta, giving to the city the new name of Lucera Christianorum.

Charles, however, hoping to use the Saracens, did not then put them to death, nor even later when in 1271 they rebelled upon the false rumour of the return of Conradin. Instead he used them in his armies in Sicily and Albania, and in Lucera he placed a colony of Provençals. In spite of all the Pope could do, it was not till the year 1300, when Boniface VIII sat on the throne of Peter and Charles II was king of Naples, that the Saracens were finally disposed of.

The year was a year of jubilee, and Charles II resolved to have an *auto-da-fé* after his own heart. Without the smallest provocation on the part of the Saracens, he sent an army against Lucera under Giovanni Pipino da Barletta, took the town, and put every Saracen without exception, of both sexes, to the sword, only offering life in exchange for baptism. Very few consented to live.

Then in 1302 the Cathedral of S. Maria Assunta was solemnly dedicated and the name of the city, still red with Saracen blood, was changed, though ineffectually, to that of Città di S. Maria. It is difficult to decide which was the worse—the work of Frederick II in bringing the Saracens into Italy, or the work of Charles II in massacring them. The one was a crime against Europe, the other a crime against civilization ; both disgust us with their anarchy.

Two things, and two things only, I think, remain worth seeing in Lucera—the Castello and the Cathedral. The Castello is a vast ruin within great towered walls, some 900 metres round about, which occupies the summit of the hill, the old acropolis towards the west, a mile from and above the town. The walls follow exactly the escarpments of the hill except on the east towards the town, where they are reinforced by a vast ditch hewn in the rock. Twenty square towers of brick stand in the wall, reinforced, at the western angles, by two greater and higher polygonal towers and upon the south by two huge round towers of stone. Here too on the south is the principal entrance. Within stood till the eighteenth century the huge keep where Frederick dwelt and the chief of the Saracens ; and all about was built the Saracen city, the harem of Frederick, the mosques, and the little church of the Franciscans where Christ was offered half in fear as in a heathen country. All is now a heap of ruins, from which it is, I suppose, scarcely possible to reconstruct anything.

Within the town of Lucera there stands the beautiful Cathedral of the Blessed Virgin, one of the loveliest Gothic churches in Italy, the work surely of a French master of the

end of the thirteenth century, consecrated in 1303. Lenormant claims it as the work of Pierre d'Agincourt, whom Charles brought with him from France, and there seems no reason to doubt this conclusion. In any case, we have here one of the most remarkable Gothic works in Italy, a church which would not disgrace the Ile de France itself, while the pilasters of the nave, which surely come from the old cathedral, which was turned into a mosque by the Saracens are of verde-antico.

It is delightful to find a church of S. Francesco still in Lucera, and especially since it is a charming work of the fourteenth century; but neither this nor the cathedral, even for all its beauty, can keep us long in Lucera from the Castello. It is there our thoughts are fixed with the Emperor Frederick, who in more senses than one earned his title of Stupor Mundi.

Standing there on the height looking north towards S. Severo one may descry the ruins of Castel Fiorentino where he died. Discouraged and broken at last, he stumbled into this hunting lodge, a sort of Castel del Monte, in December 1250. He had hoped to make Lucera, but could go no farther, and when he realized where he was, he knew that he would die there, for it had been foretold him that death would find him "near the iron gate, in a place whose name forms the word flower." He had always thought of Florence when he remembered this, and for this reason had avoided the town; for if he was a sceptic, he was certainly not on that account devoid of superstition. There, amid the friends life and his own cruelty had left him, he died upon 13th December, the Archbishop of Palermo giving him, perhaps unlawfully, the Last Sacraments of the Church he had rebelled against so long. The Guelfs assert that he died writhing and cursing in the grip of that devil who had driven him on so strange a road to so strange an end. The Ghibellines assert that he repented him of the evil he had done, and reconciled himself to God and man at last. It is impossible to believe

either Guelf or Ghibelline. Most likely is it that he died as he had lived, sceptical to the last even of the dark into which he was passing, and anxious only as to the Empire and the Kingdom, the succession to which, through his own fault, was in jeopardy.

Manfred, all accounts agree, was with him, who when his father was dead caused the body of the Emperor to be taken in great procession guarded by Saracens down the long roads of Apulia and Calabria and across the Straits to Sicily and Palermo, where he ordered these brief verses by one Trattano, a clerk, to be graved upon his sepulchre (so says Villani)—

> Si probitas sensus virtutum gratia census
> Nobilitas orti, possent resistere morti,
> Non foret extinctus Federicus, qui facet intus.

XXII

MANFREDONIA AND MONTE S. ANGELO

THE way from Foggia to Manfredonia traverses what is, I suppose, the dullest and most melancholy part of the Tavoliere, the great plain of Apulia, and save for the spectacle of the isolated and half-deserted cathedral church of S. Maria Maggiore di Siponto, it is utterly undisturbed in its monotonous loneliness. This curious building stands just beyond the Lago Salso, the Lacus Pontanus of the ancients, a great salt lagoon only divided from the sea by a stretch of marsh. It is really a Byzantine building entirely built of ancient materials from the lost city of Sipontum, upon whose site it stands, which fell into utter decay upon the foundation of Manfredonia. The interior of this lonely sanctuary was rebuilt in the beginning of the sixteenth century by Cardinal Antonio del Monte, the Archbishop of Siponto, and by his nephew and successor, Cardinal Giovanni Maria del Monte, who became Pope Julius III.

The pavement is composed of ancient gravestones, but by far the most interesting thing in the church to-day is the vast crypt upheld by four huge round pillars. This, like the exterior of the building, was not touched in the sixteenth century, and it remains a work of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. To this time, too, belongs the portal of the church, which is among the finest works of its kind in all Apulia. It is supported by two columns of marble standing upon crouching lions, and in the tympanum is a bas-relief. The church was consecrated in 1117 by Pope

THE PORT, MANFREDONIA

Paschal II, and served the ancient town of Sipontum, whose foundation was attributed to Diomed. In later ages it suffered much from earthquake, but, as I say, its final abandonment was brought about by the foundation of Manfredonia by Manfred in 1263.

This undertaking, the foundation of a new city and port, was the result of much consultation with astrologers and sailors, who seem to have given excellent advice, for from the first the new city, which bore the name of the Ghibelline hero, was a success. Geographically the new port might seem to have been a necessity, for it opened direct communications between the Imperial possessions in Epirus and the riches and strength of Apulia, and its position under the great height of Gargano rendered it the safest port on all this coast. Founded in 1263, in 1265 Manfredonia was already built, and in that year the bishop and the inhabitants of Siponto were transferred to it. Manfred indeed seems to have designed it for his capital in Apulia, but all his plans came to nothing with his death in 1266, and though Charles I continued the construction of the port, which he ordered to be called Siponto Novello, hoping to efface from the memory of his new subjects the name of the vanquished hero of Benevento, Manfredonia remained a mere provincial town. We hear, however, of the splendour of the Cathedral to which the relics of S. Lorenzo were brought, but we have no means of judging its beauty, since it was utterly destroyed together with the greater part of the town in 1620, when the Turks suddenly descended upon it, and scarce left anything behind them. All, indeed, that remains of Manfred's time is the old ramparts, now far too large, the splendid mole, and the half-ruined Castello at the base of it.

Apart from these ancient and ruined works, Manfredonia is one of the wretchedest cities of Apulia. The inns are dirty, the food to be had there almost uneatable, and the whole city is at the mercy of the pilgrims who come in

thousands and thousands down from the Abruzzi to go up to the famous shrine of S. Michael, some few hours above Manfredonia, upon Monte S. Angelo.

It was evening when we came into Manfredonia from Foggia to find it in the hands of the pilgrims, the railway station a pandemonium, and every wretched street thronged with them, men, women and children, in the picturesque peasant costumes of the Abruzzi, the mountain district to the north between the Apennines and the sea. To add to our misery, for the noise was such that it was impossible to hear oneself speak, as we came over the plain into Manfredonia at evening a hurricane of wind arose suddenly over the Tavoliere, as often happens in this wild and half-desolate country; the bright sea was white with the wind and angrily dashing itself along the low southern shore and about the vast and lofty headland, while on all the roads huge clouds of dust arose, towering high into the blinded sky.

As well as we could, led by a beggar, we pushed our way to the miserable house in the wretched main street which did duty for the inn. A great room was shown us, in which stood a vast bridal bed curiously adorned, while all about the room were little shrines and altars, holy pictures of all the Madonnas, musty branches of blessed olive. Great candles from some distant Candlemas were hanging by their looped wicks from nails in the wall, and upon what might have been the dressing-table stood a sort of sanctuary in silver paper, wax, and spangles, where sat Madonna enthroned with her little Son under a glass shade, the Early Victorian work of Catholic Italy. All and everything, bed and trinkets, were musty and dirty, and the room smelt as though the window had not been opened for years. Nor was this surprising, for when we succeeded in opening the window, which had been nailed up and was heavily draped, we found that it only opened upon a dark well, the wall of which was not a yard from the sill. In this room we were to pass the horrible night.

I cannot hope to describe the old woman who owned this place and was our hostess. Only the pen of Dickens could do her justice. She was something between Mrs. Gamp and Juliet's nurse. Her life apparently had been spent in pilgrimages, of which the litter in the room was the spoil. She had been to Rome, to Assisi, to Loreto and to Pompeii, where of late a very famous shrine of Our Lady has been established. She was so dirty that it was horrible to go near her, but so full of laughter and gaiety that for all her seventy years it was a pleasure to hear her. Nor was she without wit, and in her curiously simple way extraordinarily cunning. She let us her room and consented to put up two more beds. We then left her to get something to eat in the town.

By this time it was quite dark and all the ways were thronged with the pilgrims, orderly now in procession, passing in two long lines on either side the narrow ways, lighted candles in their hands, lifting up their voices in the long-drawn-out, whining, hoarse litanies that always accompany such processions—

Sancta Maria,
Ora pro nobis.
Sancta Dei Genetrix,
Ora pro nobis.
Sancta Virgo Virginum,
Ora pro nobis.
Sancte Michaël,
Ora pro nobis.
Sancte Gabriel,
Ora pro nobis.
Sancte Raphael,
Ora pro nobis.
Omnes Sancti Angeli et Archangeli,
Orate pro nobis.

We watched them pass up the dimly lighted street bright with their tapers, hundred after hundred. Slowly they went by it seemed for hours, and presently as we made

our way out beyond the town we saw them above us in a long and winding ribbon of sparkling light climbing the mountain side, their sad and wailing song coming to us faintly out of the vastness of the dark with a strange appeal almost pitiful that filled the heart with tears. By what a road they went in the darkness we were to learn on the following day. And so, when we had watched them for a time, we hurried away to find a restaurant.

It would be impossible to find in a Tuscan village a place so wretched as the restaurant of Manfredonia. It was full of flies, even at night, even in the spring; chairs, tables, plates, glasses, forks, and spoons, all were filthy, and we could eat scarcely anything that it could provide: even the omelette was rancid because of the bad oil and the unclean way in which it had been made; the biscuits were soft with age and damp, and the chocolate was so stale that it had gone sour. After a struggle to get something inside us, we returned to the inn, where we found our hostess in a great to-do.

It seemed that within our great room was another, the only approach to which was through that we had taken. So it was, and every day but this day in all the year it would have made no matter; but as it was, two ladies, young and charming, had arrived soon after we had gone out, wanted the room, but could not have it because there were we between them and the only exit. What to do? Eh, Santa Maria, che vuole? We looked at the old woman, we looked at the various shrines, the holy pictures, the dusty olive-branches of some long-ago Palm Sunday, the candles that awaited her latter end. Could it be that so religious a person—one who had made so many pilgrimages—was capable of deceit? These two ladies young and beautiful? . . . But ours had been the last train reaching Manfredonia that day.

Then the most Italianate, who yet remains by far the most fundamentally English of us all, envisaging both our hostess and the situation, expounded to her astonished

PILGRIMS AT A SHRINE ON THE ROAD TO MONTE S. ANGELO

intelligence that *we did not mind.* "Look you, Signora," says he, "if it be that these ladies think they incommode us, it is not so, not at all. Let them have the room—*we do not mind.*"

Let it be noted that true simplicity will often out-face the devil. Do not resist temptation, flee from it. Better it is to drop a stone if you would be rid of it than to fling it far from you. So here: our hostess gasped; but alas! she was not defeated, only repulsed. She sought to explain, and warming to her work, became as eloquent and almost as explicit as Juliet's nurse. Of course the Signori would not mind; were they not young—and these ladies, were they not young too, and beautiful? . . . But with respect it was they who minded . . . and . . . she was an honest woman. Had she not tried it all ways? If we slept here and the ladies within, they must come through our apartment; if they slept here and we within, we must come through their apartment. Neither was to be so much as thought of . . . and there was no lock to the door . . . and so she must lose her money . . . she must. It was hard, but the saints would reward her.

Then really without shame we did what was expected: we took both rooms for the night. That made all well, and more especially because there were no ladies, neither young and beautiful nor old and ugly—no ladies at all. Beside the pilgrims we were the only visitors in Manfredonia that night. We slept . . . I cannot say we slept; we tossed through the night while we were devoured, and were so glad of the morning that we refrained from complaint: we paid and departed.

It was scarcely four o'clock when we set out, and so bitterly cold because of the wind which had not much abated that we had all we could do to keep warm in the little carriage we had ordered overnight. The road lay before us northward and east, rising a little all the way and smothered in dust, till after some five miles it began to climb the great mountain of S. Angelo, now right above us.

Here we left the road and the carriage for the pilgrims' way, a mere rock-hewn track about a yard wide that wound far more steeply than the road up the mountain side. Before we left the road for good, however, we passed more than one shrine by the wayside where a crowd of pilgrims were gathered on their way down the mountain to pray before a crucifix led by a priest : they were very picturesque in their curious costumes seen thus beside the whiteness of the road, the bare whiteness of the mountain, and the little shrine itself. We saluted them and passed upwards. Half-way too, or rather less, we passed a curious towered house, once an inn. Then we left the road for good, only crossing it now and again on our steep way upward by the path we found so hard even in the daylight, but which the pilgrims had used in the dark, singing as they went.

After some four hours we came into the little town that has grown up here some 2500 feet over the sea about the vast cavern sacred to S. Michael the Archangel. This cave, now entirely surrounded by a great church, is at the far end of the town. Surrounded by a courtyard closed by a grille, on the right is a lofty campanile octagonal in form, built in 1274 by Charles of Anjou, who considered that he owed his victory at Benevento to the intervention of the Archangel. At the bottom of the courtyard under a portico of 1295 is the entry to the church, a great flight of fifty-five steps cut in the rock which leads down to a small atrium before the doors of the sanctuary. The church itself consists of a nave set across the cavern, in the depth of which is the choir with the altar right at the end under the rock. This nave is another work of Charles of Anjou's, and was built in 1274. The church is large and impressive, dark and very damp, for a spring of water continually rises within to the left of the altar, upon which stands the statue of S. Michael attributed, without good reason, to Michelangelo. The whole is paved with red and white marble.

It is not easy to see this curious church when it is full

A WAYSIDE SHRINE, MONTE S. ANGELO

THE PILGRIM'S WAY, MONTE S. ANGELO

of a crowd of pilgrims, through which it is almost impossible to push one's way, as upon the morning we came to it. The noise, the confusion, and the awful stench of humanity had appalled us already in the outer court. The way down the great flight of steps was as bad, for it was lined with the lame, the maimed, and the afflicted, all of whom exhibited their wounds with a dreadful and almost brutal insistence which was more than one could bear. But the scene in the church itself beggars description. The mere noise was incredible. Mass was being sung at the high altar, but all around us other devotions were in progress, litanies and prayers were being chanted, and moans and groans rising on all sides. It was impossible to remain for long. Our curiosity seemed more shameful than any superstition, nor was it at its strongest strong enough to drive us through so terrible a mass of wretchedness, misery, and dirt. We retreated, only lingering a little in the atrium at the foot of the steps to examine the marvellous bronze doors of the sanctuary with their twenty-four compartments in which are depicted scenes from the Old and New Testaments, the Archangels Michael and Raphael, and various other stories. These gates, which are certainly among the most curious to be found here in the South, were made in Constantinople and presented to the church by the Pontaleone of Amalfi in 1076.

But what is this shrine of S. Michael which is still able to attract to itself something of the amazing enthusiasm that so many sanctuaries enjoyed in the Middle Age, but that, save at Lourdes and to a lesser degree at Loreto, is so rare to-day?

The Grotto of S. Michael upon Monte Gargano is the oldest shrine of the Archangel in the West. Its story is well told by Voragine in *The Golden Legend*: "The apparition of this angel is manifold. The first was when he appeared in the Mount of Gargon. This mountain is in [the kingdom of] Naples, which is named Gargon and is by the city named Syponte. And in the year of our Lord

three [four] hundred and ninety, was, in the same city of Syponte a man which was named Garganus, which after some books had taken that name of the mountain or else the mountain took the name of the man. And he was right rich, and had a great multitude of sheep and beasts, and as they pastured about the sides of the mountain it happened that a bull left the other beasts and went up high in the mountain, and returned not home again with the other beasts. Then this rich man the owner took a great multitude of servants, and did do seek this bull all about; and at the last he was founden on high in the mountain by the entry of a hole or cave. And then the master was wrath because he had strayed alone from the other beasts, and made one of his servants to shoot an arrow at him. And soon the arrow returned with the wind and smote him that had shot it, wherewith they of the city were troubled with this thing, and went to the bishop and inquired of him what was to be done in this thing that was so wonderful. And then he commanded them to fast three days and to pray unto God. And when this was done S. Michael appeared to the bishop saying: Know ye that this man is so hurt by my will. I am Michael the Archangel, which will that this place be worshipped on earth and will have it surely kept. And therefore I have proved that I am keeper of this place by the demonstrance and showing of this thing. And then anon the bishop and they of the city went with procession unto that place, and durst not enter into it, but made their prayers without forth."

That bishop was S. Lorenzo of Sipontum, and he it was who first built here a church before the cavern and consecrated it upon 29th September, the feast day of the Archangel in the 493. It is certain that this was the first apparition of the Archangel in the West. S. Michael had, however, long had a great importance in Constantinople, and it is curious to note that the bishop S. Lorenzo of Sipontum, the founder of the sanctuary of Monte Gargano, was a cousin of the Byzantine Emperor Zeno.

S. MICHELE, MONTE S. ANGELO

LA POSTA, MONTE S. ANGELO

Beside the sanctuary of the Archangel, Monte S. Angelo has not much to show ; but the church of S. Maria Maggiore is a beautiful building of the twelfth century, and the church and especially the baptistery of S. Pietro, buildings of the same time, are interesting Norman works. This church has remains of some remarkable Giottesque frescoes which are worth seeing. The old Castello, the ruins of which remain, is a building of the fifteenth century.

XXIII

BENEVENTO

FROM Foggia a few days later we set out at last upon our homeward way towards Naples. Crossing the Tavoliere, we said farewell to the great rolling desert of Apulia, its winds, its drought, its curious mirage, which had come to have for us so strange a nobility in spite of its desolation, and indeed suggests often very strongly the ascetic beauty of Castile. So we passed up the wide bed of the Cervara under Troia into the wild valley of Bovino, and the hills, at the threshold of which, 2000 feet above the sea, stands the town of Bovino.

Bovino, the Vibinium of Pliny, is a very ancient place, an episcopal town with a beautiful but small cathedral founded in 905; the present building, however, dates from the end of the thirteenth century. It has a charming façade with a fine rose window and good portals, especially notable being the side doorway, over which in the lunette is a beautiful relief of a bishop between two attendant saints. Certain ruins of the Castello remain, and altogether the place is picturesque and charming, and famous if at all in modern times as the headquarters of the brigands who haunted these hills and forests, the most famous of whom were the three brothers Verdarelli.

From Bovino the line climbs the valley as far as the station of Ariano di Puglia, some 1500 feet above the sea, beyond which it crosses the watershed and begins to descend towards the Tyrrhene Sea. Ariano itself is set upon the hills more than a thousand feet above the railway.

The place is scarcely worth a visit, but is interesting as commanding the watershed between the two seas, and though it cannot claim to be the Equus Tuticus of the Antonine Itinerary for the Roman road, between Beneventum and Troia almost certainly passed to the north, by the present village of Buonalbergo, it is of great antiquity, and probably saw the Romans come and go.

The capital city of all this road between Foggia and Naples is of course Benevento, which in age and importance yields to no city in the South. It absolutely commanded the difficult road from Campania into Apulia, and in the time of the Romans, in the Middle Age, and even in modern days it has played a great part in the history of the peninsula. Nor does its appearance fail to do it justice. No city in this part of Italy is more nobly situated, or, from afar, looks more lordly or more ancient. It stands up high over the road and the rivers which meet about it, the Calore and the Saboto, steeply enthroned and looking loftier than it is. Nothing, indeed, can well be finer than the approach to it from the railway over the Calore, whence the road climbs suddenly into the town and the Piazza in which stands the beautiful Cathedral. Unfortunately that approach is not made through the great Porta Aurea on the north, Trajan's Triumphal Arch, the most considerable Roman antiquity left in the city and perhaps in the South; but all the same no one has ever come into Benevento without remembering Rome and the tragic and famous events which the mirage of the Empire was responsible for in this place in the Middle Age.

Nothing in Italy is older than Benevento, which according to the local legends was founded either by Diomede or by Auson, a son of Ulysses and Circe. It was undoubtedly an ancient Ausonian city, established long before the Samnite conquest of this part of Italy. It is, however, as a Samnite city that we first hear of it, and it is then so strong a fortress that both in the first and in the second Samnite wars Rome does not dare to touch it. In the third Samnite

war, however, it came into her hands, and in 276 saw the great defeat of Pyrrhus by the Consul Manius Curius. The King had taken the field in the spring, and had forced the Consul to flight here before he could join his colleague who was marching to join him out of Lucania. But the division of the Pyrrhic army which should have taken the Romans in the flank lost its way on a night march in the forest-clad hills, and failed to arrive in time. Pyrrhus therefore, expecting this attack to begin every moment, joined battle, and was defeated not by the Romans but by his own elephants, which, terrified by the Roman arrows, turned upon him.

The Romans occupied the Pyrrhic Camp, took 1300 prisoners, four elephants, and an immense spoil. This was the end of Pyrrhus. Beneventum, as it happened, was to see more than one encounter, which ended, as it were, at a stroke, the hope of a whole cause.

After this Beneventum was occupied by a Roman colony, and it was at this time that the Romans gave it the name it has borne ever since. For till now it had been known as Maleventum, a name certainly of evil augury, but this the Romans changed after their victory to Beneventum, because of their good fortune.

The cause of Pyrrhus was finally disposed of at Beneventum. One cannot say the same of the attempt of the Carthaginians, though the two defeats of Hanno, in 214 and 212 B.C. there, had more than a little to do with the final discomfiture of the Orientals. From this time Beneventum flourished exceedingly, and, before the end of the Republic, appears as one of the richest cities in all Italy, while its success and happiness under the Empire are everywhere attested by its existing remains. It was probably at that time as considerable and populous a place as Capua, that is to say one of the chief cities in Southern Italy. This was doubtless due largely to its position upon the Via Appia, where it divided to run east and west to Troia and to Venusia and to Tarentum. Thus

Horace comes to it from Capua and Cocceius' Villa at Caudium. "Hence we go straight on to Beneventum, where our bustling landlord nearly burnt his house down whilst roasting lean thrushes. . . . From that point Apulia begins to show to my eyes its familiar mountains scorched by the Altino. . . ." And for the same reason, namely, its position upon the road, it was constantly visited by the Emperors, especially by Nero, Trajan, and Septimius Severus. There the Senate and the Roman people erected the great Triumphal Arch, which still ennobles the city, in expectation of Trajan's return from the East in A.D. 116, as though here to welcome him back into Italy.

Beneventum preserved its importance throughout the time of the Empire, and although during the Gothic wars it was taken by Totila, who flung down its walls, they were soon rebuilt, and another barbarian people raised her again to play an extraordinary and dominating part in the South. For more than five hundred years Benevento was the capital of the Lombard Kingdom in Southern Italy. Indeed, apart from the maritime cities which remained under the suzerainty of the Byzantine Empire, Lombard Benevento ruled all the South, all that part of Italy which became later the Kingdom of Naples. The Ducato di Benevento began as a part of the Lombard Kingdom, whose capital was Pavia, but it soon became independent, and long outlasted that amazing political achievement. And it may be said that the fact of its success prevented South Italy from becoming merely a Greek province or later a Saracen possession. So Benevento stood from the sixth to the eleventh century, when the Emperor Henry III ceded the principality to Pope Leo IX. As a papal possession it was attacked in 1241 by Frederick II, who partly destroyed it, and, as more than once before, in 1266 a battle was fought beneath its walls which practically decided the fate of a great cause. The battle of Benevento, which disposed of Manfred, was almost as conclusive as that in which Pyrrhus was defeated.

This great encounter took place on February 26, 1266, near the Ponte della Maurella, the remains of which are still to be seen upon the right bank of the Calore above the town. Here Manfred met Charles of Anjou, and partly by reason of the treachery of the Barons of Apulia and the Counts of Caserta and Acerra lost his throne and his life. It is to Villani we owe one of the most vivid accounts of the battle—

"King Manfred, having heard the news of the loss of San Germano, and his discomfited troops having returned thence, he was much dismayed, and took counsel what to do, and he was counselled by the Count Calvagno, and by the Count Giordano, and by the Count Bartolommeo, and by the Count Chamberlain, and by his other barons, to withdraw with all his forces to the city of Benevento, as a stronghold, in order that he might give battle on his own ground, and to the end he might withdraw towards Apulia, if need were, and also to oppose the passage of King Charles, forasmuch as by no other way could he enter into the Principality and into Naples, or pass into Apulia, save by the way of Benevento; and thus it was done. King Charles, hearing of the going of Manfred to Benevento, immediately departed from San Germano, to pursue him with his host; and he did not take the direct way of Capua, and by Terra di Lavoro, inasmuch as they could not have passed the bridge of Capua by reason of the strength of the towers of the bridge over the river, and the width of the river. But he determined to cross the river Volturno near Tuliverno, where it may be forded, whence he held on by the country of Alifi, and by the rough mountain paths of Beniventana, and without halting, and, in great straits for money and victual, he arrived at the hour of noon at the foot of Benevento in the valley over against the city, distant by the space of two miles from the bank of the river Calore, which flows at the foot of Benevento. King Manfred, seeing the host of King Charles appear, having

ARCH OF TRAJAN
BENEVENTO

taken counsel, determined to fight and to sally forth to the field with his mounted troops, to attack the army of King Charles before they should be rested; but in this he did ill, for had he tarried one or two days, King Charles and his host would have perished or been captive without a stroke of sword, through lack of provisions for them and for their horses; for the day before they arrived at the foot of Benevento, through want of victual, many of the troops had to feed on cabbages, and their horses on the stalks, without any other bread, or grain for the horses; and they had no more money to spend. Also the people and forces of King Manfred were much dispersed, for M. Conrad of Antioch was in Abruzzi with a following, Count Frederick was in Calabria, the Count of Ventimiglia was in Sicily; so that, if he had tarried a while, his forces would have increased; but to whom God intends ill, He deprives of wisdom. Manfred, having sallied forth from Benevento with his followers, passed over the bridge which crosses the said river of Calore into the plain which is called the Pietra a Roseto; here he formed three lines of battle or troops; the first was of Germans, in whom he had much confidence, who numbered fully 1200 horse, of whom Count Calvagno was the captain; the second was of Tuscans and Lombards, and also of Germans, to the number of 1000 horse, which was led by Count Giordano; the third, which Manfred led, was of Apulians with the Saracens of Nocera, which was of 1400 horse, without the foot soldiers and the Saracen bowmen, which were in great numbers.

"King Charles, seeing Manfred and his troops in the open field, and ranged for combat, took counsel whether he should offer battle on that day or should delay it. The most of his barons counselled him to abide till the coming morning, to repose the horses from the fatigue of the hard travel, and M. Giles le Brun, constable of France, said the contrary, and that by reason of delay

the enemy would pluck up heart and courage, and that the means of living might fail them utterly, and that if others of the host did not desire to give battle, he alone, with his lord Robert of Flanders and with his followers, would adventure the chances of the combat, having confidence in God that they should win the victory against the enemies of Holy Church. Seeing this, King Charles gave heed to, and accepted his counsel, and through the great desire which he had for the combat, he said with a loud voice to his knights, 'Venu est le jour que nous avons tant desiré,' and he caused the trumpets to be sounded, and commanded that every man should arm and prepare himself to go forth to battle; and thus in a little time it was done. And he ordered, after the fashion of his enemies, over against them, three principal bands: the first band was of Frenchmen to the number of 1000 horse, whereof were captains Philip of Montfort and the marshal of Mirapoix; of the second, King Charles with Count Guy of Montfort, and with many of his barons and of the queen's knights, and with barons and knights of Provence, and Romans, and of the Campania, which were about 900 horse; and the royal banners were borne by William, the standard-bearer, a man of great valour; the third was led by Robert, Count of Flanders, with his Prefect of the camp, Marshal Giles of France, with Flemings, and men of Brabant, and of Aisne and Picards, to the number of 700 horse. And besides these troops were the Guelf refugees from Florence, with all the Italians, and they were more than 400 horse, whereof many of the greater houses in Florence received knighthood from the hand of King Charles upon the commencement of the battle; and of these Guelfs of Florence and of Tuscany Guido Guerra was captain, and their banner was borne in that battle of Conrad of Montemagno of Pistoi. And King Manfred, seeing the bands formed, asked what folk were in the fourth band, which made a goodly show in arms and in horses and in ornaments:

answer was made him that they were the Guelf refugees from Florence and from the other cities of Tuscany. Then did Manfred grieve, saying, 'Where is the help that I receive from the Ghibelline party whom I have served so well, and on whom I have expended so much treasure?' And he said, 'Those people (that is, the band of Guelf) cannot lose to-day'; and that was as much as to say that if he gained the victory he would be the friend of the Florentine Guelfs, seeing them to be so faithful to their leader and to their party, and the foe of the Ghibellines.

"The troops of the two kings being set in order on the plain of Grandella, after the aforesaid fashion, and each one of the said leaders having admonished his people to do well, and King Charles having given to his followers the cry, 'Ho Knights, Monjoie!' and King Manfred to his, 'Ho Knights, for Suabia!' the bishop of Alzurro as papal legate absolved and blessed all the host of King Charles, remitting sin and penalty, forasmuch as they were fighting in the service of Holy Church. And this done, there began the fierce battle between the two first troops of the German and of the French, and the assault of the Germans was so strong that they evilly entreated the French troop, and forced them to give much ground, and they themselves took ground. The good King Charles, seeing his followers so ill-bestead, did not keep to the order of the battle to defend himself with the second troop, considering that if the first troop of the French, in which he had full confidence, were routed, little hope of safety was there from the others; but immediately with his troop he went to succour the French troop, against that of the Germans, and when the Florentine refugees and their troop beheld King Charles strike into the battle, they followed boldly, and performed marvellous feats of arms that day, always following the person of King Charles; and the same did the good Giles le Brun, constable of France, with Robert of Flanders and his troop; and of

the other side Count Giordano fought with his troop, wherefore the battle was fierce and hard, and endured for a long space, no one knowing who was getting the advantage, because the Germans by their valour and strength, smiting with their swords, did much hurt to the French. But suddenly there arose a great cry among the French troops, whosoever it was who began it, saying, 'To your daggers! To your daggers! Strike at the horses!' And this was done, by the which thing in a short time the Germans were evilly entreated and much beaten down, and well-nigh turned to flight. King Manfred, who with his troops of Apulians remained ready to succour the host, beholding his followers not able to abide the conflict, exhorted the people of his troop that they should follow him into the battle, but they gave little heed to his word, for the greater part of the barons of Apulia and of the Kingdom, among others the Count Chamberlain, and him of Acerra and him of Caserta, and others, either through cowardice of heart, or seeing that they were coming by the worse, and there are those who say through treachery, as faithless folk, and desirous of a new lord, failed Manfred, abandoning him and fleeing, some towards Abruzzi and some towards the city of Benevento. Manfred, being left with few followers, did as a valiant lord, who would rather die in battle as king than flee with shame; and whilst he was putting on his helmet, a silver eagle which he wore as crest fell down before him on his saddle-bow; and he seeing this, was much dismayed, and said to the barons, which were beside him, in Latin, 'Hoc est signum Dei, for I fastened this crest with my own hand after such a fashion that it should not have been possible for it to fall'; yet for all this he did not give up, but as a valiant lord he took heart, and immediately entered into the battle, without the royal insignia, so as not to be recognized as king, but like any other noble, striking bravely into the thickest of the fight; nevertheless, his followers endured but a little while, for they were

already turning; and straightway they were routed and King Manfred slain in the midst of his enemies, it was said by a French esquire, but it was not known for certain. In that battle there was great mortality both on the one side and on the other, but much more among the followers of Manfred; and whilst they were pursued by the army of King Charles, which followed them as far as the city (for night was already falling) and took the city of Benevento and those who were fleeing. Many chief barons of King Manfred were taken; among others were taken Count Giordano, and Messer Piero Asino degli Uberti; which two King Charles sent captive to Provence, and there he caused them to die a cruel death in prison. The other Apulian and German barons he kept in prison in divers places in the Kingdom; and a few days after, the wife of the said Manfred, and his children and his sister, who were in Nocera of the Saracens in Apulia, were delivered as prisoners to King Charles, and they afterwards died in his prison. And without doubt there came upon Manfred and his heirs the malediction of God, and right clearly shown the judgment of God upon him because he was excommunicated, and the enemy and persecutor of Holy Church. At his end, search was made of Manfred for more than three days, and he could not be found, and it was not known if he was slain, or taken, or escaped because he had not borne royal insignia in the battle; at last he was recognized by one of his own camp-followers by sundry marks on his person, in the midst of the battle-field; and his body being found by the said camp-follower, he threw it across an ass he had and went his way crying, 'Who buys Manfred? Who buys Manfred?' And one of the king's barons chastised this fellow and brought the body of Manfred before the king, who caused all the barons which had been taken prisoners to come together, and having asked each one if it was Manfred, they all timidly said Yes. When Count Giordano came, he smote his hands against his face, weeping and crying

'Alas, alas, my lord,' wherefor he was commended by the French; and some of the barons prayed the king that he would give Manfred the honour of sepulture; but the king made answer, 'Je le fairois volontiers, s'il ne fût excommunié'; but forasmuch as he was excommunicated, King Charles would not have him laid in a holy place; but at the foot of the bridge of Benevento he was buried, and upon his grave each one of the host threw a stone; whence there arose a great heap of stones. But by some it was said that afterwards, by command of the Pope, the bishop of Cosanza had him taken from that sepulchre, and sent him forth from the Kingdom which was Church land, and he was buried beside the Rio Verde, on the borders of the Kingdom and Campania; this, however, we do not affirm."

Little or nothing remains in Benevento to-day to remind us of Manfred. The city in so far as it is ancient is Roman and Lombard, its Castle, a work of the fourteenth century, alone reminding us of the Aragons, who in some sort may be said to have avenged Manfred, and to have claimed the Kingdom as the heirs of his House.

Rome remains in Benevento as in no other city of the South. It is not only that she stands there in all her glory in the Triumphal Arch of Trajan, but that her marks are everywhere, on the walls, the churches, and the very houses of the city.

The Arch of Trajan, the Porta Aurea erected by the Senate and the Roman people in honour of the Emperor in A.D. 115, resembles the Arch of Titus in Rome, but is constructed of Greek marble, is 50 feet high with a passage of 27 feet. Of old it was adorned with a quadriga and the statue of the Emperor: these have gone. The fine series of reliefs, however, remain.

It is to a different relic of another and a barbarous age that we come in the little Piazza at the top of the Corso. Here stands the little round dark church of S. Sofia, modernized and rebuilt, it is true, but still funda-

mentally a building of the Lombard time, dating from the eighth century, and borne by eight antique columns, two of marble and six of granite. Beside it stands a building of the eleventh or twelfth century, the cloisters of a Benedictine monastery, doubtless founded by the monks of Monte Cassino, who had so much to do with Benevento at that time. Its curious capitals are worth notice, as is the lofty campanile in the Piazza.

It is a work of the same period that we find in what, when all is said, is the loveliest building left to us to-day in Benevento, the very noble Cathedral which dates from the eleventh century, but is as we see it largely of the thirteenth, when the campanile was built. Here on the wall we see the ancient relief of a boar, reminding us that in the time of Procopius the people of Benevento claimed to possess the tusks of the Calydonian boar.

Without, the Cathedral remains largely of the earlier time, the lower part of the façade being especially fine, particularly the main doorway here, ennobled with the richest and loveliest carving, and the great doors of bronze with their seventy-two compartments all filled with exquisite reliefs of scenes from the life of Christ and figures of Saints. These date from the end of the twelfth century.

Within, the church which is a basilica of five naves borne by pillars is modernized, but it still contains more than one treasure, such as the two beautiful ambones with their splendid carving and statues and less fine mosaics of the early fourteenth century, the fine paschal candlestick of about the same time, and the splendid bronze chest in the Sacristy adorned with reliefs and precious with enamels of the twelfth century.

Little beside remains in the city worth seeing, a few Roman things, the debris of a bridge, the foundations, perhaps, of baths or a palace. Our journey was over, and with heavy hearts we made our way back to Naples, rejoicing only in this, that we had seen the South.

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